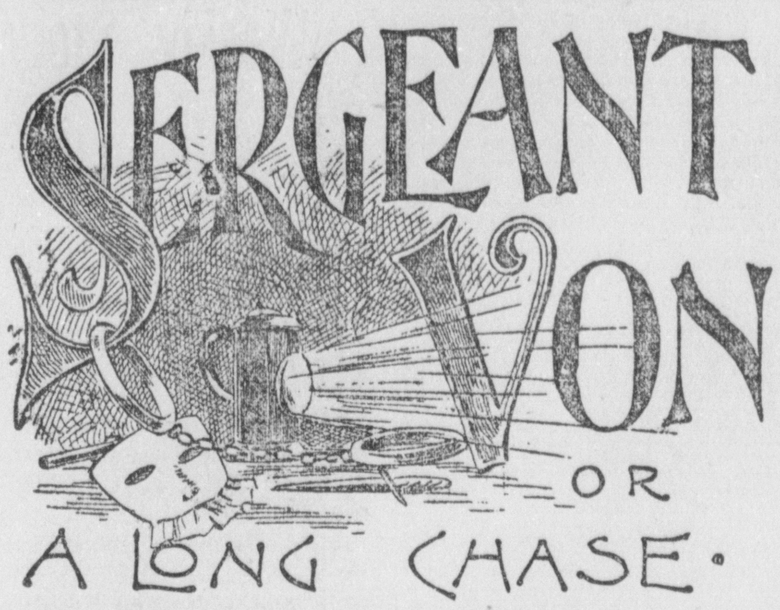
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By "UNKNOWN."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sergeant Von was one of the brightest of the brilliant corps of detectives under the management of the prince of detective chiefs—Inspector Byrnes. A large amount of extraordinary swindling had been taking place, and the inspector and his men were wellnigh baffled. For a long time Sergeant Von followed a young Englishman named Maxon, but finally it appeared that Maxon was not the man who was guilty. If he had a suspicious character, nevertheless he was not the man mentally who could have done the clever job. It was the work of a genius. But who was he? About the time Sergeant Von was leaving San Francisco for the farthest Orient in search of the swindler a fashionably dressed and highly cultured gentleman was getting down from the train at New Haven. He represented himself as connected with a Western university, and was soon hobnobbing with the faculty of Yale and moving about among the first families of the Elm City.

Among these was the president of the People's Bank, Gov. Marlington. The wily schemer soon had the bank official deeply interested in his scheme for making gold. The web was fast closing about the victim.

The professor explained all about how gold could be manufactured. He wanted $60,000 at least to begin on. When asked how it was to be increased he replied, that it could be done by integral and differential immersion. Ex-Gov. Elnathan Marlington thought he had a full explanation and decided to invest $60,000—$30,000 borrowed from Prof. Kincale, was the sum total of the amount put in the Elnathan Marlington. Then Cadwin started his solution in the vats which was to turn into gold. He turned the money about in the vats with a stick, and turned poor Marlington's head with technical trash about unities and harmonies.

Two nights after the money was deposited the swindler went in, opened the vats and withdrew every cent, leaving pieces of lead in place of the shining gold.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard," and there is no truer reflection than that which holds that the same talent, boldness and persistent labor employed by men like this would suffice for a far greater success in the honest walks of life.

"We are making a sort of chemical powder, together, Gov. Marlington and I," he said to Clancy. "I cannot exactly explain it to you, but the secret really belongs to me, or rather to my family. I told you I was over here on a family affair, you know. It is on that account I have to keep very quiet and even change my appearance."

"Well, now! well, now!" responded Clancy, in good-hearted admiration of everything his principal did.

"Marlington is a skinflint of the first order, and the only way to get even with him is to use some of his own Yankee sharpness against him. One must fight the devil with fire; you can understand that?"

"I can, sor."

"I have got to smuggle a certain quantity of the mixture away to England, in order to get out our patents there in our own name. That is what I am giving you in these boxes."

"Wud it be annything like dy-noo-mite?"

Belcourt gave a mysterious wag of the head.

"It's safe in its present condition, but I'll admit to you, Clancy, that it is something like dynamite."

"Horoo! I'm wid you, thin, all the time," exclaimed his hearer, who, like most good Irishmen of the present day, had a spark of the Fenian in his composition, and hoped the material might be used in striking dread into the "Sassenach" oppressors of his country.

"The boxes must not be pried into or interfered with in any way. The admission of the least breath of air would ruin the powder."

"Do you mane I'd be inquishatuv about the boxes, and be afther thryin' to open them? Niver ye fear, I'd let ivry last wan o' them blow me to smithareens afore I'd luk to see what was inside."

As the pretended "chemical powder" was bulky and heavy, it was necessary to make a plan to get it away from the place without suspicion.

"Lave it to me," said Clancy, "I'll sail it round in me boat beyant the lighthouse yanther, and take it to wan o' the shmall shtashins on the railway, where I'll ship it to wan o' me relashins as oysthers o' me own ketchin'."

He had an old boat on a strip of muddy beach close to his cabin, in which he sometimes amused himself with attempts at oyster catching and fishing, and he said he had managed a boat at home when sometimes acting as an assistant in conveying tourists about the lakes of Killarney.

Belcourt would hardly have given him credit for so much ingenuity. "I am afraid that wouldn't do," he replied, however; "they'll be apt to look up what you had been doing lately, after I've gone away from here, and that would constitute a trace."

"Oh, but I'll go too; I wudn't be shtoppin' longer in a place that cud be thraitin' a foine, open-handed gintleman loike yourself wid so much maneness."

"No, you must stay here when I am gone—at lest for some time," said Belcourt positively. "You must pretend, for a good effect, that I've cheated you by borrowing your earnings, and so on."

The plan of shipping the plunder already accumulated as some very common kind of freight was adopted, but in even a bolder form. It was sent by the local steamboat, just across the bridge from Clancy's place, Belcourt, in one of his protean disguises, appearing at the office in the dark warehouse with it late in the evening, and then going to New York to receive it there.

"If it were only in bills, now!" he half grumbled, in sybaritic fashion. "However, every good thing has its drawbacks; if it were in bills the numbers might have been taken, and I couldn't so easily get away with it."

On this visit he was purposely absent a couple of days, to give the better effect—that is to say, so that he might not be followed too quickly when he should finally absent himself for a far longer time. He went to the theatre, his choice being a very "spectacular" ballet having a popular run at the time; passed with a kind of gleeful daring very close to a detective whom he knew had been in pursuit of him in a Western city; sent off some foreign cablegrams in cipher, and changed the larger part of his gold into British bank-notes. All that remained he gambled away in a reckless bout at a gambling house by way of further protest against the ennui of New Haven.

This being accomplished, he went back to deal the finishing stroke. The last vats were rifled, and the spoil, placed in the back yard, was conveyed away by Clancy in a wheelbarrow, under cover of cutting the grass there. The unities and harmonies, the integral and differential amalgamation were completed; the $60,000 of Gov. Marlington were swallowed up in toto in the yawning pockets of Vernon Belcourt, Esq.

He had never been so pleasant to Mrs. Garberry as on the day he departed; such conduct tended more than ever to confirm the view that lady secretly held, that it was absurd to watch such a man on any pretext. Gov. Marlington was there, and gave him a most cordial shake of the hand as he drove away. He had said he was going to take a hasty run to Boston, but would be back within thirty-six hours.

It was the dusk of a summer evening, and Clancy had already arrived to begin his night's vigil. Belcourt called back to him when he had gone a very short distance, and Clancy ran after the carriage. Coming back he said that Belcourt was a little short of change, and had borrowed something over a dollar, to pay the driver, till his return.

Belcourt bought his ticket for Boston in some such way as to particularly draw the attention of the agent to himself. He entered the train, but immediately got out again on the other side, and was lost in the darkness. Some hours later the Shore Line train for New York was boarded, in the first village to the westward, by a sailor with a battered sea-chest of moderate size, but quite heavy in proportion to its dimensions. He had been set ashore there from a coal brig, he said, and was going to New Jersey to join his people.

Thus vanished away Vernon Belcourt and his striking scheme. The place that had known him so well knew him no more. It was the midst of the university commencement season, when so many people were coming and going that it would have been difficult to trace him, even if he had taken much less pains at concealment. When such slight effort as there finally was to follow him was made, it was remembered that when a man ostentatiously sets out for Boston he sometimes even really goes there as the best means of doubling, and it was there he was most searched for.

When Belcourt was away, Marlington was apt to be oppressed by a slight feeling of uneasiness in spite of himself. He was on hand, therefore, as soon as the 36 hours were up, to welcome him home.

"He has not yet returned," said Mr. Garberry.

"Not yet returned? Well, send and let me know at once when he arrives."

Six hours more; 12 hours more, without the maker of gold. Then he was anxious, indeed. He looked for a message, a telegram. Twelve hours more, and he was almost beside himself. Another whole day, and still no telegram, no sign. He haunted the Chapel street house, and was all but ready to open the tanks and look at their contents. But reflection on the Unities and Harmonies restrained him. It wanted but five days to the completion of the allotted period, and he might spoil all by his panic.

"What shall I say to the professor, too, when he comes back?" he asked himself. "How shall I explain such rashness? It will not do to laugh it off; no indeed, for there will be our whole experience spoiled, and my chance perhaps gone forever!"

On the fourth day he no longer reasoned. He was just bursting out of the People's Bank with a desperate intention, when he met his brother-in-law, Prof. Kincale, just returned with his daughter to be present at the commencement exercises.

"You don't look well, Elnathan," said the professor; "you've got a touch of your sciatica, haven't you? By the way, when's payday coming in that fine scheme of ours? Pretty close now, isn't it? How's everything going?"

"Fine, fine," returned Marlington, with a brow like a thunder cloud.

He hurried to the Chapel-street house. Mrs. Garberry was there almost weeping; she had no news. He seized an axe and smote upon the nearest of the vats, widening with the sharp edge the crevice between two of the staves till he had made an opening out of which the turbid fluid poured, inundating the cellar. He was not a man of physical power, but now he was gifted with the force of many. Not satisfied with emptying the cask, he braced himself and overturned it.

Down it came with a boom and a bang, and out from its hollow depths, with a dull clink, rolled a multitude of disks looking like money. Mrs. Garberry looked on at his proceedings in terror.

He fell upon his knees with an exclamation of gratitude, in spite of the mire, but at the very first touch he knew the meaning of the leaden counters. He uttered a shriek almost like a woman's.

"Help! help! I am robbed; I am robbed," he cried.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAVELS OF SERGEANT VON.

Nevertheless that spark of hope which is said to spring eternal in the human breast had not altogether flickered out. He hoped that a portion of his gold might remain.

"Perhaps," said he, "it is only one tank that has been stripped."

He set to work with furious energy to investigate the condition of the rest. Their contents flooded the cellar with a tide as gloomy as the fabled Styx. His hat floated away on it; his garb, so trim and natty at the People's Bank, was bedragged and smeared with mud.

His further exertions ended only in the more complete and confirmed despair. He turned furiously upon Mrs. Garberry.

"You were his accomplice; without you it could never have been done. You shall suffer for it, too.

He was hurrying away to call the police, but the housekeeper, so outraged by this charge that all the sympathy she might have had for him at first was dissipated, would not let him. In the midst of their altercation Prof. Kincale happened in.

"Why, what, what—bless me! what's all this?" he demanded, putting up his eyeglass in his most offensive, dilettante way.

"It means that we have lost $30,000 apiece. There never was any science about it, never any experiment at all. It was only barefaced, infamous plunder. And you, you ought to have known it."

"What? what? what? I have lost $30,000? Not at all: it's your affair. I left you the money for investment, upon your guarantee. I had nothing to do with it. I look to you for repayment."

With this began a feud that divided the house of Marlington against itself for many a long year.

Marlington's suspicion fell next upon his night-watchman, but in this very moment came Clancy—who had been watching for indications—moaning and bewailing the loss of his money.

"I undershtand he's not comin' back," he exclaimed, "and ye saw yeersilves how he borryed a dollar an' a half from me as he borryed manny a wan befoore it. I'll be put out o' me house for want o' payin' me rint. But I'll folly him to the ind o' the land, so I will, afoore I'll lave him go free wid me hard airnins."

The capitalist made himself a trifle presentable and went to the police station, a-burning for utterance and satisfaction. It was a good Gothic building, set amid some old mansions of the town, and making an ornament of the lower side of the public green. Though the distance was not great, he had time on the way to cool somewhat, but it was not till he sat in a chair face to face with the chief official that he was fully impressed with a sense of what he was about to do.

"I am about to destroy my credit as a guardian of large financial interests, my standing in society and even, in the present embarrassed condition of affairs, my financial solvency, for the pleasure of a chase after a villain who has got safely away, and from whom there is no chance of anything being recovered even if he were arrested."

At a moment's notice, he decided, like his predecessors in Vernon Belcourt's list of victims, to pocket his loss for the sake of greater interests involved, and make no complaint. He told some vague story of a threatening letter received, of which he would furnish further particulars at another time, and withdrew. Such decisions are not arrived at with ease, and this one all but suffocated Elnathan Marlington, and later threw him upon a bed of sickness.

He had furthermore to pay for Mrs. Garberry's wounded feelings, and to buy both her silence and Clancy's. As to Clancy, having remained about the place long enough, as he and his late employer conceived it, to satisfy appearances, he disappeared, and nobody took much pains to look after so unimportant a person. In spite of enforced discretion as to this principal affair, several unpleasant things got out about the soi-disant Prof. Cadwin. It was known that he went away under a cloud. It was said that he was not a married man at all, that he had trifled shamefully with the affections of the elder Larbush girl, and that she had been all ready to elope with him when he disappeared.

Meantime Sergeant Von had entered that grand harbor of Yokohama, which he was some time since approaching. He was 15 days behind his runaways. The smiling, sunny landscape, the lazily smoking cone of the volcano of Fusiyama, and the entire strangeness of everything in the empire of the "Rising Sun" seemed to mock his feverish anxiety and promise to baffle his pursuit, yet he set out amid all these novel conditions with unabated energy.

He obtained some vague indications among the consulates, clubs, banking houses and commercial establishments of semi-European Main street, back of the quay, which induced him to start for Tokio, the ancient Yeddo, the capital of the Mikado's dominions. Since the day of the railway, Yeddo has been hardly more than a suburb of Yokohama, or vice versa. His heart sank at the thought of conducting a search in this city of a million inhabitants, made up of low wooden houses all packed together in a mass and all alike.

"Yet there are but few places among this yellow-skinned, blue-bloused race, after all, where foreigners, looking out for their own comfort, would be likely to go," he said to himself, and he found much comfort in the reflection.

One of these places was Asaksa, the fine and curious park of Tokio. He happened upon their trail there in the most singular manner. They had stopped to have their pictures taken in one of the many little photographic establishments that abound—for the Japanese excel in photography, and are even more interested in seeing their own likenesses than their Occidental neighbors—and the proprietor had put copies outside by way of an advertisement. There they were in plain view before him.

It was a work of no great difficulty, with the aid of an interpreter, to follow up this lead. They had sailed for Nagasaki, through the Inland sea, by one of the little native steamers touching at all of the principal ports, a distance of 720 miles.

The mention of these numerous ports seemed to offer almost limitless opportunities for escape and the ending of the chase in paralyzing uncertainty. But Von made up his mind that they would stop at least at Kobe, the most important colony of strangers next to Yokohama. He voyaged down the surpassingly lovely Gulf of Yeddo, therefore, on the Tokio-Maru of the Three Diamonds Company's line, a steamer Japanese only in name, for the equipment and nearly everything else on board were gratefully American. His judgment was right. The landlord of the Hotel des Colonies, an agreeable little Frenchman, at Kobe, told him they had been there, had given a very lively supper at one of the tea houses, had had one of their periodical quarrels over some question connected with the dancing girls at this entertainment, and had separated but finally come together again and gone on. The landlord had seen their tickets, and knew they were for Nagasaki.

"As they do not suspect they are followed," said Von, "it is not likely they will throw away money by stopping at any point short of that place."

The Toki-Maru would have been still his affair, but he had necessarily lost her, as well as several days' time, by the delay, and his next resource was a steamer of the French Messageries Maritime, which he was enabled to go aboard of at the same time she took up her pilot, off Kobe.

To a less engrossed mind than Sergeant Von's this voyage through the Inland sea ought to have been full of pleasure, and perhaps something of its charm struck in even upon the practical Sergeant. Japan is but one great collection of islands, the statistical count some 3800 in all, and most of the lesser size seemed to be set down in this irregular archipelago. They were cultivated and inhabited. Tufts of green forest, gigantic trees shading little chalets under wide-spreading horizontal boughs, bluff, sharp-pointed rocks pierced with openings, and a pleaid of volcanic-looking cones on the horizon exactly realized such scenery as we study on the fans and porcelain. It was like sailing through an interminable series of lakes. At one moment you were approaching a bold headland through which no one could imagine a way, and the next you were in the open sea, and the white sails of a multitude of junks and fishing boats picked out strongly on the vivid blue water vanished like a procession with banners.

"It's all very pretty to look at," said Von, "but it's dangerous, too. I hope that Japanese pilot up there is a good one. I shall feel much surer about making time when we're well out of it."

It was dangerous; there was no end of labyrinths, straits, narrow passages, some with angry-looking reefs and boiling with violent currents, where the least deviation would have been fatal. The Japanese pilot alone was in command.

The vessel grazed a sunken reef, which injured her bottom more seriously than was believed at the time. Passing out of the Strait of Samosaki she touched again, and her screw and steering gear were affected. Declining assistance, she expected to be able to go under sail. A gale sprang up, it increased to a typhoon, she was blown past the islands of Goto and Hirido, where the wonderful missions of Saint Francis Xavier flourished till the destruction of Christianity in the 17th century, and finally far out of her course to the southward, where she was wrecked.

Many lives were lost in this disaster. Sergeant Von, who numbered among his accomplishments that of being an excellent swimmer, saw his fellow passengers perish all around him, but he kept himself afloat on a piece of spar, and, after long exposure to a scorching sun, hunger and thirst, and the monsters of the deep, drifted to the vicinity of the large island of Quaelpaert, used as a penal colony for the government of Corea. There he was picked up by a Danish brig and carried a long, slow voyage, entirely out of his way, to Hong Kong.

It would not be fair to say that he was nothing daunted by this fate, but his patience was not exhausted.

"To Nagasaki," said he—having satisfied himself that there had been no arrival at Hong Kong meantime, to obviate the need of this journey—"to Nagasaki I was bound, and to Nagasaki I will go."

Fortune now seemed to smile more favorably upon him. Maxon and his female companion had not eluded him at any of the intermediate ports in the Inland Sea, but had really come to Nagasaki. Nor had they, as he dreaded, shipped for Shanghae and lost themselves along the remote route of North China. Considerable as was the interval that elapsed, he heard perfectly definite information about them. He was overjoyed to learn that they had taken an American bark, whose place of destination was still another of those fine stations with which England girdles the world for the benefit of her commerce, namely, Singapore, on the Straits of Malacca. Singapore was as far distant from Hong Kong at Hong Kong was from Nagasaki; and the immediate cause of his joy was that by a connection possible to be made by the Peninsula & Oriental Company's steamer at Hong Kong he could reach Singapore before the sailing vessel. The runaways were as good as captured.

What futile plans! what painful labors to little purpose! Surely crime and punishment are farther apart than ever, hopelessly far apart; is there a possibility that they can ever be brought together?

He had small eyes this time more than before for the wonders of British rule as shown at the port, the Victoria, the Queen's Road and the Hong Kong club. He scarcely breathed easy till the intensely green shores of Malacca, tufted with feathery palms, and the quay of New Harbor hove in sight, and he cast anchor at much-desired Singapore.

Fortune favored him still; the American bark had not yet arrived. Having now plenty of time on his hands, he made his arrangements for bagging his game with the greatest deliberation, and then cabled Inspector Byrnes of his whereabouts and a request for instructions.

It was an insufferably hot night and day, and, dressed in white with his cork helmet, after the custom of the country, few would have recognized at a first glance this well-known figure of the detective from the Central station, New York. He took his siesta every day from noon till 4 o'clock, and then walked forth to make his observations. He did not feel very well, to tell the truth; a good deal of fine rain fell, and he would often be wet and chilled while at the same time perspiring inwardly.

He had the high satisfaction at length of seeing his fugitives land and install themselves at the Hotel de l'Europe. He was then able to secure lodgings across the way, from the window of which, by very good luck, he could command the chamber they occupied. The use of a good field glass put everything they did under his eyes. They were quarrelling worse than ever before. Surely some valuable light for the cause of justice must yet be shed by these violent disagreements.

Carefully studying every detail of their conduct, he was surprised meantime that his orders from Inspector Byrnes did not arrive. But this was accounted for when he learned that the cable was cut in the Indian ocean and no messages were being delivered. Singapore is an extremely cosmopolitan place. With one foot in India and the other in China, as it were, it counts all the varieties of Asiatics among its population of 100,000 souls, and its streets present an unusual motley of costumes and babble of tongues. Among the Europeans, too, the same trait prevails, and there are occasions when one will meet acquaintances almost as freely as on Broadway or Pall Mall.

As others met acquaintances it need not be deemed strange that the Maxons should have met one also. This acquaintance was Josephine Cadour's, a Capt. Langton of the British army, a good-looking officer, who at once took her away on some pleasant excursion and then came and installed himself at the same hotel. The circumstance was followed by the most furious altercation of all between her and Maxon. It took place in the Botanical Garden, one of the show-places and chief treasures of the city. They sat down in a pavilion there and quite forgot that the vegetation with which it was covered was not as thick to the ear as to the eye. Von, careless of serpents and venomous insects, placed himself amid the tropical shrubbery in a favorable position for hearing their excited words.

The woman twitted the man with stealing a large sum from his father in England, and he twitted her in return with being the instigator of it and with sharing a large part of it with some other person unknown. They were clearly husband and wife; the truth of the Chicago story was confirmed and so was his own opinion of their guilt. Maxon accused his wife furthermore of bringing him to India only to give her the chance to rejoin this Captain Langton. In a white heat of rage she admitted it, gloried in it.

"If you want to hear it, you snivelling idiot," she cried, "that is exactly what I have come here for. And you, I brought you along because I happened to want a companion. You had the idea that you could get some situation with the rajah of Benares, whom you had met in England. That did well enough for a bait, as you needed to be led, as a donkey is led by tying a bundle of hay before his nose. I told you if you could once arrive here he would probably do something for you. Well, perhaps he will; go and try it. As for me, I swear I love Capt. Langton and will live with him. I never want to set eyes on your imbecile face again."

"This Captain Langton, can he be the mysterious unknown? Can he be the principal, then?" Sergeant Von demanded of himself.

There were reasons to believe that they were meditating another flight. The breaking of the cable threatened him with a new misfortune. Yes, they had taken their tickets for Calcutta; must he again lose them? In the midst of his serious trouble on this score a despatch reached him. At last! He made no doubt it would order him to put his hand on the pair, and, this step once taken, all perplexities would be cleared away.

But he fairly reeled, instead, as he read his despatch, so contrary and astounding was its purport. It was very brief and pointed, and there was no room for any mistake.

"Wrong parties," it said. "New devolpments. Return to Liverpool, by Suez; notify me, and await orders. Signed BYRNES, inspector."

The shock to his hopes and professional pride, and the sudden dashing down of an object upon which all his attention had so long been fixed, was too strong for our poor Sergeant Von in his present condition. A fever that had been hanging over him claimed him as its own, and it would be hard to say just how he pulled through it.

The lovely panorama of wooded hills in the Malay Archipelago already began to aid his convalescence as he sailed from Singapore for Europe. At Calcutta he heard that Josephine Cadour, or Mrs. Maxon, had definitely taken up her residence with Capt. Langton, and that Maxon had some beggarly sort of situation with the young rajah at Benares, a young despot—in spite of his European education—who was as likely as not to toss him down the sacred staircases in the holy city, some fine day, to feed the fishes in the Ganges.

Five days to Ceylon and a glimpse of the cinnamon gardens, six or seven more to Steamer Point at Aden—the hottest days of all the trip on the ancient Red sea where Pharaoh's hosts were drowned. It took as many days to pass the short length of the Suez canal as to traverse the whole 1300 miles of the Red sea, owing to the plethora of vessels which checked one another's movement. The Mediterranean one day at noon; four days later the Straits of Messina; then Capri and Vesuvius rose on the view.

The steamer would go on to Marseilles, and probably do several days of quarantine first at the little port of Trioul; but Sergt. Von made greater speed by landing at Naples and taking to the railway. Up the whole length of Italy he hurried through the St. Gothard tunnel, along the Rhine, through Belgium and Holland, across from Flushing to Queensboro, and from Queensboro to Liverpool, an entirely well man now, awaiting the instructions of his chief, and ready to throw his full energies once more into any new direction in which they might be led.

Crime and punishment were very far apart still, but a faint glimmer of light was arising that a junction between them might yet be effected.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY BLYTHEWOOD.

On the Liverpool steamer, the Celtonia, which sailed out of New York about the 7th of July, was a gentleman who made himself very agreeable to the other passengers. He was dark, of slender build, medium height, a quick glancing eye, in which there was occasionally the faintest shadow of a cast, and he appeared on the list as Vernon Belcourt.

Vernon Belcourt? was this prudent, was this like his usual astute self, to register his own name, or that which by long adoption seemed more nearly his own than any other? He was escaping from an extensive series of crimes in America, and the last one at New Haven was as yet a matter of hardly more than two weeks' standing.

Yes, surely, so far as anything could be called prudent in such a career, Vernon Belcourt would suffice, for it was by this name, just as it was under his present and real aspect, that he had chosen to perform these deeds that could least be called in question, and live that life that departed least from ordinary standards of respectability.

It may be supposed that one in his position would have but few facilities for finding out who his fellow-passengers were going to be, in advance. He consulted eagerly the printed list, lying on the sofa in his cabin, and found some names there that interested him.

"Prof. Kincale and Miss Kincale," said he; "bah! it can't be that they have taken the notion to come to Europe on this same steamer; doubtless there are dozens of Prof. Kincales in America. And yet the name isn't too frequent, and nothing is more common than coincidences. If it should be the same pair, it isn't possible they should recognize me in this wholly different style, especially as they never had but the slightest glimpses of me in any style. But here goes to try it; the sooner it's over with the better."

And with his accustomed boldness he went to throw himself in their way. They were apparently not yet on board, and he posted himself, well wrapped up, near the rail to watch the rest of the passengers come up the sloping gangway.

A chilly rain was falling, and it was for the nonce more like winter than midsummer. A brass band, playing loudly on the dock, in honor of a rich German brewer going abroad, could not dispel the gloom, and the tears shed in leave-taking seemed better justified than usual since even the elements took it so hardly. Presently there alighted from a carriage a middle-aged man with a sour expression of countenance—Prof. Kincale with his air of a sulky boy, only in an aggravated degree—and a young woman with fine bright eyes,—Miss Katherine Kincale, looking particularly pretty in her costume expressly designed for the voyage, even though so much muffled up against the rain. They came on board followed by a multiplicity of small boxes and packages, and went below.

"Surely that's the couple," commented Belcourt.

He changed his purpose of throwing himself in their way at once, but went forward and picked out among the steerage passengers huddled near the bow of the ship a man whom he addressed as Mullaney. Mullaney did not respond till he was tapped pretty roughly on the shoulder, and then turning round he disclosed the familiar face of Clancy.

"Here's a rope, Mullaney," said he.

"Clan—" began the other by way of correction, but a severe glance put him down.

"Here's a rope, Mullaney," drawing him along to the place where it was stretched across. This separates the part of the ship devoted to the first cabin passengers from that devoted to the second cabin and steerage passengers. Do you understand it?"

"Shure I do; we do be on this side, and yez do be on the other side, like the shape and the goats."

"Well, don't come anywhere near this line during the whole time you're aboard the steamer. Keep away from it and out of sight altogether. The reason is, there are some people here who might recognize you—a Prof. Kincale and his daughter from New Haven, who may have seen you about the hotel."

"I'll not lave them set an eye on me."

"And, Mullaney."

"Yis, sor."

"That's all. You understand when you're my body-servant you're to answer to the name I call you by, and no other, and be devilish quick about it, too."

Outside of Sandy Hook there were brief gleams of sunshine. The Celtonia passed some steamers belonging to other lines which had left before her, much to the enthusiasm of the passengers, but again was beaten by one that had started later, by way of keeping their spirits properly in check. It was during these fortuitous contests that Belcourt presented himself before the eyes of the Kincales. There was not the slightest trace of recognition on their part. Feeling thus entirely safe, two new passions awoke in his breast. The first was his former admiration for Miss Katherine Kincale's comeliness, which now stood a much better chance of being gratified than ever. The second was curiosity. He wanted to give himself the luxury of hearing what was said of him in New Haven after his departure, from very first hands as it were. To these, too, was soon added a third design, that of—through the daughter, perhaps—fleecing again the father, who seemed to offer yet further opening for imposition.

He was gracious with the other people as a means of approaching them. He was musical for instance, having a genuine talent in that direction, and drew little groups around him at the piano, Miss Kincale sometimes listening with the rest. But she was reserved, and particular about the acquaintances she made, and it needed some special opening to break the ice.

There was a great deal of fog the first few days, and the dismal fog-horn tooted pretty frequently. All at once it tooted with exceptional loudness, the bells that signalled the stopping and reversing of the engines jingled, and the operation was performed so suddenly that a violent tremor shook the steamer. Out of the fog loomed a great ship, close at hand, and bearing down upon the Celtonia. The steerage people in wild panic, could be seen racing to the other side of the deck to avoid the first shock of the collision. Many even of the better class of passengers were terror-stricken. Belcourt's opportunity was come. He ran to Miss Kincale with a life-preserver.

"There is no danger," said he, "but permit me to place this at your disposal. Shall I help you put it on?"

"You are very good," she responded, and while she was turning pale and uncertain even whether she ought not to faint, the danger passed; the phantom ship glided astern, escaping the steamer's quarter by but the merest hair's-breadth, and vanished as quickly as she had come in sight.

The natural excitement of the moment threw down the barriers, and Belcourt, availing himself of all his ingratiating arts, took care that she should appreciate his compliment in selecting her above all others for his saving care. She had a great deal of vanity, and he made the most of this weakness.

"Poor papa!" she said, "he is in such a nervous state himself, he could have done very little for me."

"Ah! he is not well?" in a tone of deep sympathy. "He has the air of a—a profound thinker, a truly learned man. I suppose his excessive devotion to a—"

"Science," supplied Miss Kincale.

"To science, and his responsibilities in the cause of education have worn him down, and he needs rest. Believe me, my dear young lady, he will recover. With proper rest, he has a long vista of useful and, I am sure, honored years before him."

"It was partly that and partly—well, my poor father has received a dreadful shock lately."

"A shock? not apoplexy? not paralysis? Pardon this perhaps excessive interest I take in one so dear to you. It is not for his own sake, it is for—But I have no right to express myself as I would in this matter."

"It was worse than apoplexy, worse than anything. It was a shock to his confidence, and what is there so bad as to have one's confidence in one's fellow-men, in one's own kindred, destroyed?"

"Yes, indeed," sympathetically.

"Ah, what treachery there is in this world, Mr. Belcourt. I hope your experience of it has not been so sad as ours. Would you believe that his own brother-in-law robbed him, robbed my father?"

"How could that have been?"

"I am ashamed to speak of it, and perhaps I am wrong to do so, but I think I really ought to as a warning to others. He involved him in a disgraceful scheme, and stole, yes, literally stole, all the money my trusting father put into it. Papa is so indignant he will scarcely even speak of it, and he has not given even me all the details. All I know is that it never had any chance of success, it was simply a barefaced fraud. Oh, I have no patience with relatives."

Belcourt cast up his eyes sadly, as if he could hardly realize that such things could be.

"So papa had to come to Europe; the loss of such a sum of money has unsettled him so he cannot fix his mind upon anything."

"Nothing is sadder than for a family that has been used to every luxury and refinement to have to come down and feel the stings of poverty."

"Oh, we don't feel the stings of poverty exactly," her native vanity coming to the surface. "We are going to travel about, and I guess we shall have as good things as other people, only it's very annoying, that's all."

Belcourt smiled. He felt very sure before he left New York that his secret was being kept, and he had once more succeeded in the way he wished, and now it was confirmed. He breathed freer; there was no pursuit; he could do exactly as he pleased.

From such glorious hazel eyes, such a really lovely head as that of Miss Katharine Kincale, with her smooth pale skin and red lips, it would seem that something remarkable in the way of intelligence might be looked for, and yet the truth must be told, she was thoroughly commonplace and dull. Belcourt, when not engaged in desperate deeds, could talk ably on intelligent topics, his superficial interest giving more vivacity than a real one. But he took her on her own ground, and adapted himself to her level. He flattered her about her music, and listened with apparent rapture to some of her selections, which were really only those of the boarding-school tyro. For his own part, nothing would induce him to continue playing past 10 o'clock, even for her—and even at some risk of discovery which this singular trait involved.

"Why do you invariably stop at 10," she asked him, remarking it as others had done before.

"Early to bed and early to rise, makes us healthy, wealthy and wise," he hummed gayly.

But he did not go to bed, even if he then left the cabin; he went upstairs instead to play poker, for high stakes, with Mr. Chingley, a rich young noodle going to Europe for the first time, who considered this an excellent way to begin his travels.

He flattered himself that he was going to make a very easy conquest of Katharine. Her beauty attracted him in the sensuous way, and he was on the point of stealing his arm about her well-moulded waist one evening when they stood together at the stern, looking off on the moonlight dancing on the waves. But there was a slow, dull, yet tangible resistance—a latent shrewdness which he would not have expected to encounter in such a character. She was fond of admiration, and of a pretty general admiration too, and wanted several strings to her bow. Thus Belcourt saw her walking off presently with the captain and the first officer—good-looking men after the florid, healthy type of the steamship marine—on quite as good terms as with himself; and one morning after breakfast she declined, quite brusquely, he thought, his offer to play duets, and went off to join young Chingley, unmitigated noodle as he was.

This was something of a blow. Belcourt went back to his cabin meditating upon it in vexation. There he found Clancy, who stole to his room in a furtive manner every day to brush his clothes and shoes and make him generally comfortable. Clancy presumably could not help him in his meditations. When the work was concluded he had the man-servant sit down and begin a brief writing-lesson. But he was more brusque and Clancy was more uneasy than usual at this exercise, which Belcourt had introduced by way of making the other more useful to him.

There were many admirable maxims of honesty and virtue at the top of the copy-book pages, which it may be believed made no great impression on either of them. It was not in imitation of these that Clancy was now laboring along the lines, much more often below or above than upon them; with his whole phyiscal energy devoted to the task, and his tongue often thrust out to follow in airy convolutions the curves of his pen, he was endeavoring to write his own name. There was something that suggested Egyptian hieroglyphics in his writing, so naive and irregular it was.

"Keep in the track, keep on the course, man alive, and don't go breaking down the fences and taking a header into all the ditches," said Belcourt crossly. Seizing the clumsy fist in his own, he forcibly made him trace the letters as they should be. "There you are; that's 'Michael Mullaney' as it should be.

"An' wud annybody know be the sight o' that I was Michael Mullaney, inshtud o' Michael Clancy?"

"To be sure they would; I'll take care of that. You just draw what I tell you on the paper, and don't bother your head about anything else."

"Thin you must show it to the profishor's dawthor," exclaimed the ex-porter, wiping his sweating brow, "for I'm ruckinized. Yes, if ye broke ivery bone in me body, it's thrue for me, I'm ruckinized."

"Recognized?" cried the master, with a look of rage for the moment positively venomous; "what's the matter with you? What are you talking about?"

"It was day before yestherda'. I was cuddled for a bit of a nap on a coil o' rope when I woke wid hearin' a great laughin' and screechin' and a grand hullaballoo intirely. Some o' thim cabin passengers, wid ladies amoong 'em, had come there to see the anchors and the forward parts o' the ship, and the sailors had fetched them in, as the way o' them is, and med thim pay the drinks afore they'd lave thim out."

"And somebody in this party knew you?"

"The young leddy, sor. It was all laughin' and rollickin' like, and I was only half awake, and the first I knew somebody was sayin', 'There's a man that usehed to be in our hotel, in New Haven,' says she, 'His name is Clancy.'

"'Mullaney,' says I very quick, for plenty o' them was sthandin' around hearin' that thought that was me name, 'Mullaney Clancy or Clancy Mullaney, it's all wan.'

"'An' what are you doing here; it's quite odd to see a familiar face so far from home?' she asks.

"I was in terror o' me life they'd think I shtole the chemical powdther—"

"Chemical powder be d—d!" muttered Belcourt, hardly taking pains to pronounce it under his breath either.

"And tuk the money to buy me ticket to Europe. So, be way of accountin' for mesilf, I says, 'I was out of a job,' I says, 'and I met a fine gintleman that I was known to in the old country,' I says, 'and he tuk me wid him to work on his family esthates,' I says. I lave ye me word I was that frighted that I had to tell them some sthory, for fear o'—"

"Perhaps this may be turned to good account after all," reflected Belcourt. "Her conduct does not show any such change as would indicate the rise of sudden suspicion. Undoubtedly Clancy has a clean bill of health. Since they know you as Clancy, let the Mullaney go for the present," he said, turning to the man.

"An' a good riddance to it, for it was very heavy on me mind."

"Instead of keeping away from the boundary, go there now as much as possible. Attract the young lady's attention. She will speak to you again. Tell her all you know about my great doings in America: I have been over there to buy a railway in Ohio and to look after my ranches in Montana and fruit-lands in Florida. Give me the finest character you can. Tell her more yet about my English estates—down in—Warwickshire.—Vernon Belcourt of Strandham Towers, first cousin to Lord Bramwell of Champerhouse and Gen. Presberg of the Guards. Strandham Towers is five miles square and has one of the best hunting packs in the kingdom. See?"

"Maybe I cud shpake aisier of the Irish eshtates."

"Speak of them too.—Belcourt Lodge, Killarney, close to where you were born. Put it on thick. You haven't seen all that yet, but you're going to, you know. It's only very slightly premature.

These directions were acted upon and their good effect was visible. Miss Kincale had only been waiting apparently to feel more sure of his importance. With the traditional American interest in such things, she would much have preferred even now that some sort of title were added to the rest. Even Prof. Kincale, finding him a man of business, abated somewhat of his grumpiness, and condescended to talk occasionally. A man well posted in the matter of investments in different parts of the world, one who bought railroads, ranches, and fruit-lands, was clearly different, he said to himself, from the ordinary travelling Englishman who comes over under pretense of hunting buffaloes and the like, and is of no sort of profit to any one.

Belcourt now got on much better with the fair Katherine. He hit off the peculiarities of their fellow-voyagers and held them up to contempt for her identification.

"It is amusing to see the pretences of people who have no standing at all at home," said he; and he gave a graphic imitation of "the great knife-swallowing feat" of some of his neighbors at table, who would raise their elbows high into the air and shovel their food down their throats with a knife-blade in a way that threatened to put a premature end to their existence.

"I assure you that I have been round among them all, and had to drop them one after the other; they were impossible," he continued. "There is but a single person on board worthy of thorough devotion—and I wish she would receive me into her service, so that I might never be able even to look at anybody else.

"And that person is?"—

"That person must be nameless."

He ridiculed in like manner the accent and faults of a self-constituted master, a teacher in some American school, who set up to explain how French should properly be spoken, to a little class of the younger people which assembled every morning on deck.

"But, then, you couldn't expect the poor man to confine himself to English," he added, in his caustic way, "for he knows nothing about that either."

This line of criticism at first rather struck terror into Miss Kincale, for she was very far from strong in foreign languages either, but he flattered her boarding-school French as unscrupulously as he had her music.

"You have just a charming shade of accent and just those slight touches that make your way far more fascinating than the original," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "You must change nothing."

"And you," she asked, "how is it that you come to speak French so fluently?"

"Oh, it is no credit to me." The startled cast appeared for an instant in his eye. "I am French on the mother's side and connected with some of the highest families in France. I have spent no end of time at their chateaux."

Miss Kincale allowed herself to be steadied by his firm support in some of their promenades on the pitching deck, and made no very serious objection when he occasionally pressed the round, plump arm he held in his against his side. In short, Vernon Belcourt, Esq., might have made more dangerous progress still except that she was physically apathetic, and that the appearance of a new person on the scene constituted an interruption.

It might seem too late for the appearance of any new person on an ocean steamer which had sailed more than five days away from land, but the circumstance was well accounted for, as will be seen.

Belcourt, all of whose habits were brisk and active, was on deck in good season in the early morning. The bell for breakfast had not yet sounded, and it may be that he had come up especially to get a little sharpset for that meal.

He was smilingly accosted by a lady who came up the companionway, supported by a strong, serviceable-looking maid.

"Lady Blythewood?" he exclaimed, in great surprise.

"Yes, though I'm afraid there's not much left of her at this stage of such a wretched voyage."

There was, however, a good deal left of her. She had one of those round matronly figures that constitute the feminine type of attraction between 30 or 40 or longer, and her features, though irregular, were attractive. In particular her complexion was smooth and fine. Around her rather large mouth, pouting lip and well-modelled chin played much mobility of expression. Here was plenty of flesh and blood, a temperament pulsing with life, a character strong, but wilful, and though by no means without faults, inclining to generosity free from calculation. Circumstances would have much to do in making such a woman a power either for good or evil.

She did not look her best at sea, but her black hat, tied down with a blue gauze veil, and her enveloping wrap, beneath which two trim boots appeared, were becoming. She had a novel in her hand, and she sent her attendant down stairs with it on pretext of changing it for another.

"And where and how—" began Belcourt.

"Yes, I know exactly all the questions you want to ask me,—where did I come from? and how did I happen to be on board without your knowing it? and I am just going to answer them. In the first place I am a very bad sailor, you know."

"No, I did not know that, all our past acquaintance having been confined so much to terra firma."

"Well, I am. I did not find it out till my first voyage over, in the spring, and then I was so scared I determined I would never come back again. But of course I had to. My affairs required my presence over here, and I took my passage at a moment's notice only the day before the steamer sailed. I knew if I had time to think about it I should back out. I came down and got into my berth at once."

"And you have remained there ever since?"

"Why, yes, against, as I suppose, the universal advice, to go on deck and bestir oneself—but there's nothing worse for you than taking advice. The plan has worked very well; I might have been out yesterday or even the day before, but I brought my vanity along with me too, and I didn't want to present myself till my small share of good looks had re-established itself. You see now why I did not figure in the passenger list. If you had known I was on board would you have sent some inquiries of sympathy, in memory of our old acquaintance?"

Though she asked this in an arch way, there was something in her manner that denoted a more than superficial interest in him.

"Oh, of course if I had known, no service would have been too great to offer."

"Never mind, you can make yourself agreeable to me for the rest of the voyage; there isn't much more of it. I hope there is no one else on board with any greater claims to your devotion."

The breakfast bell rang and she went down to the dining-room, where her appearance was a decided event. Miss Kincale's large hazel eyes quite stood out when she saw her.

"Why, it's Lady Blythewood, the English beauty and great swell, who was visiting Roderick Tunbridge's family in the spring," she exclaimed in excitement. "It seems she's a friend of Tunbridge's daughter, Lady St. Gilpin, and came over with her. I saw her in their four-in-hand at the Jerome Park races. My! she's stylish, but I can't see that she's so very extraordinary."

Though this acquaintance checked the advances of Belcourt in the direction of Miss Kincale for the moment, it did him much good with her in the long run. Anybody who could be on as good terms as he was with such a personage, she argued, must himself be of importance.

Lady Blythewood really took possession of Belcourt in the impetuous way she had indicated. It then became his task to keep the two women apart. This was not difficult, for there was some jealousy on the part of Miss Kincale, while Lady Blythewood did not care much for feminine friendships at best, and, if not haughty, had a reserved manner which easily kept people at a distance.

It was evident by the turn of their conversations that he had given her quite a different account of himself from that involving Strandham Towers, Lord Bramwell, Gen. Presburg and the rest. With her he kept his aristocratic French connection, but represented that he was born in France of English parentage.

The final days of the trip were fine. The couple looked out over the crisp curling waves of a blue sea spotted far and wide with white caps, the flocks of Neptune, like a pasture with its sheep.

Lady Blythewood sat with her finger between the pages of a book but rarely consulted it, and now and again the rich blood mounted consciously to the roots of her dark hair.

"The last time I saw you, you were just leaving for India," said she. "You broke up our pleasant programme at Carlsbad for that."

He gave a grimace, if not openly, at least in the depths of his hardened conscience.

"Ah, that was India with a vengeance," he said to himself. "I went away to work that Vienna jewelry robbery, the greatest one of its kind ever done."

"But I did not think you would come to America. And being in America, why do we not meet? Did you not know I was at Roderick Tunbridge's? It was in the newspapers; they put everything in the newspaper in America."

But by some accident, probably while at the West, Belcourt had missed it.

"You visited at Lawrence Tunbridge's?" he said with marked emphasis.

"Yes; why not? He was a little absent-minded and crabbed on account of his business now and then, but he meant well. He told me in confidence there had been mysterious forgeries of his name in various parts of the country, and he was a good deal troubled by it."

Belcourt was more or less constrained, instead of possessing his usual lively air, in these interviews, and he now became almost gloomy.

"Do you ever think of the days at Blythewood House?" she went on.

If he had spoken what was truly in his mind his answer would have been somewhat as follows:

"Yes, I think well of Blythewood House; I think of it now, and bitter is the memory of the day I first saw it. I had escaped from Portland prison. I was hunted and shot at like a mad dog; I wallowed in the mud of slimy ditches, was stiffened with cold and gnawed by the pangs of starvation and thirst, till at last I reached a spot where my friends had hidden for me a handsome suit of clothes, and some tools for sawing off my manacles. The hunt recommenced; I was near a hedge, and I made my way over it. There, by great good luck was a lady in serious difficulties with a new pair of spirited horses she had bought. I seized one of them, mastered him, and was soon sitting in her phaeton beside her, driving away safely through the very midst of my enemies. I told her some fine ingenious stories to account for myself; I pretended to have hurt my thigh severely in dealing with the horses; I went to bed at the country house; and the upshot of it was, I spent a couple of weeks there, while the chase after me died away in other directions, leaving me free to do just as I pleased. This was Blythewood House, and this was Lady Helen, wife of Capt. Sir James Charles Blythewood of Blythewood, seventh baronet of the name."

He might have added, if he would have told the whole story, that the husband, then living, and since dead, was a mere sot and animal, whose only service to his wife was to go away and leave her chiefly to herself.

Her repulsive experience of married life had perhaps lowered all her ideals and inclined her to follow some reckless impulses which had continued even into her widowhood. It is said that women have finer intentions which warn them of danger when malevolent persons are near, but this must only be for delicate natures uncontaminated by the evil of the world, for no such intuition warned Lady Helen of the baleful character of this acquaintance of whom she made so much. On the contrary, such had been the effect of his arts, she looked upon him as a person of peculiar charm. He was one who had aided to brighten her life when it was full of trouble and much in need of it; and her fancy had lingered about him ever since more than was for her own good.

"Do you still see that resemblance in me to somebody else, of which you once told me?" she asked him.

"Yes, I was thinking of it only now." And of whatever he was thinking, he regarded her with a softer look than often appeared in his cruel, unscrupulous eyes.

"Tell me all about it," she urged. "Why do you make me ask you so often?"

"That must be for another time."

"Then it must be for the time when you come to visit me in London, or at Blythewood, for you will come very soon will you not?"

"I shall be only too charmed."

"No, no, your speeches to me are too courtly, too artificial. The question is, Will you or will you not come and pay me a visit at Blythewood?"

"I have to go at once to the continent for a short stay, but after that I will do so at the first opportunity."

She had to be contented with this, but he had in reality not the slightest intention of visiting her.

"She at least shall be safe from harm from me," he murmured.

It is not likely that there was another soul in the world for whom he would have promised as much. It was not gratitude, for her service in saving him from his jailers had been unwitting, and besides, gratitude had no place in his composition; he looked with contempt upon those who allowed themselves to be softened by it, as only affording him one more capital chance to take them unawares and victimize them. Nor was it prompted by regard for any excellent qualities in Lady Helen, for excellent qualities had never stood in the way of any of his designs.

It was simply his whim, his superstition, founded upon a vagary of memory.

CHAPTER IX.

VERNON BELCOURT MAKES A FIGURE IN LONDON.

From Liverpool the Kincales went directly to Paris. Belcourt had known they would do so before he launched the story about his estate of Strandam Towers. Being merely en voyage, they did not know as yet what their address would be. "But you can always have it from our bankers," they said.

"If I am not much mistaken I shall draw a good deal more from that banker than an address," commented Belcourt under his breath.

He got into disguise very speedily after landing, and began the preliminary measures of a European campaign. He required neither much space nor much apparatus to alter his aspect. He would enter a cab and emerge from it greatly or completely transformed, and then entering another would come forth quite a different person still.

He left Clancy to secure luxurious lodgings for him at the Angel Hotel, while he passed about among the red-coated soldiers and the "bobby" policemen in an easy way, like a figure very much at home in the place, and kept rendezvous with various individuals evidently arranged in advance by cable.

In the dusk of evening he entered a house not far from the quiet neighborhood of Faulkner square. He met there a society with which he did not often allow himself to come in personal contact, but which was really not less after his own heart than any other. They were "Red" Murray and "Yaller" Sternberg, two men who had taken the house to use it as a cover for perpetrating a burglary in the vicinity. There were "Scotty" and "Lufty" and "Big Peter," known in the higher walks of coin, bank note and bond counterfeiting. Aaron Goldstein, most expert of managers in the handling of stolen goods, and "Blink" Sparenburg, the king of the confidence men. They were generally known by some sobriquet much better than by their own names. Thus "Red" Murray owed his title to a strong crop of red hair, which a liberal use of unguents would but little darken; "Yaller" was by nature extremely blonde, and "Blink" had a drooping eyelid. So the knights of old were known in their feats by some peculiarity of looks or dress that afterward became a part of their heraldic coats of arms.

Belcourt used these agents from a distance, and probably had the better command over them from the very fact that he did not often show himself. Nor did he show himself even to them undisguised; it is likely that few of them had ever seen him as he really looked. It so happened that a number of these choice spirits found themselves in the place, and the opportunity seemed especially favorable for a brief meeting.

Hints were given and plans made that night that were to result in mystification, dread and heavy loss in more than one county of England. Sparenberg displayed with pride an ingenious new implement for burglary. "Red" and "Yaller" took Belcourt aside confidentially to lay their plan of robbery before so good a judge, and ask his criticism upon it. Cards were laid out and there was heavy play, but the drinking was restrained within the bounds of prudence.

"Come," said Scotty, "what new tricks have you got to tell us about from America? They say the Yankees are smarter than the boys on this side."

This provoked general resentment.

"They get to work quicker," responded Belcourt, nevertheless. "Why, a Yankee cracksman will have a whole job done while some of you lumbering fellows over here are looking round for your three or four partners and just beginning to get things together in a cut-and-dried way."

He regaled them with an account of some of his clever doings in the United States, apart from the chief of them all, the gold-making swindle, which he meant to keep entirely to himself. He was the leader of these men on the convivial ground as on every other. His stories, his songs, his ribaldries were more original and taking than anybody else's. His repartee, often enough twitting on deeds that would have sent their perpetrator to the penitentiary or the gallows, fell sharp and searching as dagger-thrusts under the fifth rib. He gave exhibitions of pocket-picking which would have drawn the admiration of the best specialists in that branch. He drank, or appeared to drink, the heaviest bumpers. In short, whether to hold his influence or whether he really enjoyed an occasional orgie such as this, in a circle where every deference to virtue might be tossed aside and every villainy avowed, he played excellently well the role of Lucifer among the inferior spirits.

"Where is 'Sly' Hickey?" he asked, by way of showing that his two-years' absence in America had not impaired his memory even for acquaintance of a minor order.

"The luck is agin Hickey," answered "Scotty." "He's doin' extra time at Dartmoor. He got changed there from Portland; everything was all right and he was just goin' to get out, when he had a 'screw' (a warder) over him that done something he didn't like. He give the 'screw' a clip that was near endin' him, and Hickey got five years more."

"I always thought Sly was a wise man; I thought he knowed better than that," said "Lufty." "You want to keep your hands off o' people."

"I don't agree to that," put in Big Peter, gruffly; "if Sly had quieted his man in the first place, there wouldn't ha' been no one to blow on him, and he'd never ha' been there." And it was evident that this "quieting" meant much more than an innocent process.

"I was transferred the other way—from Dartmoor to Portland," said Belcourt; and he went on, adapting himself as easily to the thieves' jargon as he did to the language of polite society. "When I was in Dartmoor, I got a mighty easy lagging. I bested the croker (got the best of the doctor) and fetched the farm (was sent to the hospital). There I lived on the fat o' the land, having a square (i. e., corrupt) warder on my side—tobacco, poultry, fruit, bottled stout and brandy, and sometimes I went down and read the newspapers in the governor's office. That's what made the dog's life at Portland all the worse. There I was starved and jugged in the dark cell for a month for picking up an old scrap of newspaper that was blown over in a dust storm to the works where our gang was quarrying stone for the breakwater."

He did not tell them that it was from this scrap of a local journal he got his account of Blythewood House and its mistress which stood him in such good stead in adapting himself to that efficient place of refuge; and he did not speak of his escape. He trusted to keep from them, as from the police, any complete knowledge of events—now well vanishing into the past—which might suggest treachery on their part.

"When you come up to the Smoke"—a thieves' appellation for London, which is not without genuine expressiveness—"When you come up to the Shmoke," said Aaron Goldstein, speaking to him apart with warm enthusiasm, "we got a pe-ewtiful fine new house to show you, shust builded. I got me my office now in dot house. I guess you was better get you an office in it too. Nodings ever was like de conveniences of dot house nowhere pefore."

Belcourt appeared in the "Smoke" very shortly. He took expensive chambers in Piccadilly, and for a few weeks led the life of a man of wealth and fashion. There were horses, dinners, a livery for Clancy, and plenty of acquaintances of a prosperous sort.

Almost immediately on his arrival a public dinner was tendered to Vernon Belcourt, Esq., by alleged citizens of prominence, in admiration of his services as president of the great Anglo-American Improvement Company. They asked him to name a day when he would receive this compliment. The correspondence and the speeches at the banquet were reported in the newspapers—or at least in some of them, where it was handsomely paid for by the line. The principal toast was offered by the director for British affairs, and a piece of plate by the director for French and Belgian affairs—two of the men with whom Belcourt had held stealthy rendezvous at Liverpool. It was not quite clear what the company was intended to improve, but it was said to have resident managers in all the principal cities of Europe, and certain it is that its shares began to be taken and greatly improve the fortunes of its founders.

It was a time when there was an unusual abundance of unemployed funds in London, and the first business of Belcourt was in fact the starting of bubble companies. A number of these were got well under way or left in such a state that they could be manipulated just as well from a distance. The Oronoco Guano Company, the International Wheel & Axle Company, the Three Kingdoms Steam Wrecking Company, the Limited Live Stock, the London & Nevada Mining, and various other companies, all making a plausible showing and imitating closely the names connected with legitimate enterprises, offered an opportunity to fools to part with their money, which a few were not slow to embrace.

For the furtherance of these plans the promoter had several different names, different addresses, and different types of character. It was amusing to hear the humorous-cynical tone in which he chose to talk to Clancy on the subject, contemptuous of the lingering honesty of that servitor, who marvelled beyond measure to see him issue forth perhaps three or four times a day as so many different personages.

"It's good for one's health, friend Clancy," said he, "to make a complete change in one's appearance now and then, or even frequently. Galen and Hippocrates would have laid it down as one of the principal laws of hygiene if they'd only thought of it. It gives a new point of view, sets the blood circulating differently. And besides, these aristocratic connections of mine, they demand very peculiar things, as I have told you. It is principally on their account I do these things, see? You will understand it all when we get down to Warwickshire."

He sent home a valuable safe of the newest construction, and, with a companion, spent most of the night in destroying it. They struck it powerful blows with a copper sledge covered with leather, so that the noise was but little heard. They took out the fine temper of the steel with the flame of a spirit lamp driven against it by a blowpipe; they bored it with diamond drills; burst the hinges with powerful jack-screws and shattered the lock by means of powder blown into crevices with an air-pump. This hardly seemed to consist even with the mysterious deference due to aristocratic ties.

"We have to see what means robbers might take to get into such a safe; so as to head them off," explained Belcourt to Clancy, offering not the least objection if he chanced to look in.

Belcourt's brain was fertile in iniquities, and he had other irons in the fire besides his bubble companies. He went to see counterfeiters, who were preparing for him certain fraudulent stocks and bonds; he conferred with one Victor Traversin, concerning the establishment of a bogus Continental news agency, and with Andrew Naylor of the Currycomb Inn, Blackwell, and James Dyce of the Western Breeze Club, Tottenham Court road, who were willing to aid him in a brilliant scheme of turf frauds.

The counterfeiters were found in the house described in such eulogistic terms by Aaron Goldstein. That worthy himself, with his strong accent and strenuous efforts to appear the easy man of the world, had his office there, as he had said, and his full shelves, capable of being emptied in a jiffy, together with various other arrangements for the despatch and security of a hazardous business, were a sight to see.

The place was a remarkable one, new rather within than without, and the latest triumph of invention in providing a place of security for those whose deeds loved darkness. It opened on the Seven Dials, but had also affiliations, near or remote, with far more respectable streets. It had lookout points, bell-wire communication for alarm signals, a whole legerdemain of hidden doors, duplicate staircases and unexpected outlets of escape. With its congeries of cellars, blind alleys, courts and garrets, it was a kind of squalid Escorial, or citadel of iniquity, in the heart of London.

Belcourt also took a room in it, to use on occasion, and Clancy sometimes went thither with him.

"Of all the houses iver I saw, that's the quarest house intirely. Ye has a baker's dozen o' ways o' gettin' into it, and as many more o' gettin' out of it," commented Clancy.

It would be hard to say just when Clancy found out that his employer was a man at warfare with society, but probably not till very much later than one might suspect. And then perhaps the native Celtic admiration for boldness and dash—even when they were arrayed against the law and everything in human affairs that should be held sacred—may have aided to reconcile him to this service. Of no very strong morality originally, he was gradually perverted by a mixture of motives, by his gratitude, his loyalty and even by fear. For on observing signs of revolt Belcourt did not fail to make use of menace also, artfully letting it be understood that the New Haven affair was robbery, of something much more serious than a chemical powder, too, and he, Clancy, might yet be punished for it in the Yankee State prison at Wethersfield.

"We're in that business together," said he, "and if you want a friend you just stick to me, for you'll never find another such a good one."

He let fall plenty of cynical maxims and advice, and as some of this was much beyond the comprehension of his listener, it was only another way of talking to himself and enjoying the relief of a declaration of his principles.

"Don't be taken in by all the stuff you hear about honesty and virtue," said he; "it's only a sniveling dodge got up to prevent smart men from taking what belongs to them and getting a good living. Do you know what belongs to a smart man?"

"Well, maybe it's not very clare in me moind."

"Everything belongs to a smart man that he can lay hands on without getting into trouble."

"Well now! well now!"

"I don't believe in trouble; it's bad for one's health, and I have a particular regard for my health. Suppose I should look for a regular job or position in business, that would be taking it away from somebody else, wouldn't it? I couldn't do that, you

know: I'm too kind hearted. I never robbed a man of a day's work by doing it for him. The working class ought really to be very grateful to me. I think I'll run for Parliament or Congress some day on that platform."

As they passed along from St. Giles one day of yellow, oleaginous-looking fog and drizzling rain, he pointed out some of those cruel episodes and sights of wretchedness such as London affords. The streets were slippery with a black mud, as viscid as paint, and the hansom cabs passing almost noiselessly seemed to try expressly to run the pedestrians down. Terrible shapes of humanity staggered out of the gin shops. A couple, besotted with drink, stood by a lamppost on a corner, reviling each other. The woman made a maudlin attempt to strike the man, fell her length, struck her head upon the sharp curbstone, and her blood mingled with the black slime.

"There's your honesty, there's your hard-working industry," exclaimed Vernon Belcourt in contempt, though it was glaringly apparent that the condition of these people was due to their own laziness and vice. "I tell you what, this world is a fight. Look at dogs over a bone. They don't stop to think that the other dog wants it or needs it, and piously draw off and leave it to him, while they go without themselves. They just grab it if they're able. That's innocence, the kind of innocence that was made by nature, too, and men are just the same as animals. If there's anything you want in this world, just help yourself to it."

"And wud I be helpin' meself to what belongs to you, for igsample?"

"Don't be too cunning, brother Clancy; when one has a pal, that's a very different matter."

"And if somebody else wud be wantin' to take away me own propertee?" went on Clancy, thus stating unconsciously all the most elementary problems of political economy, on the settlement of which civilized society is founded and is able to hold together.

"Knock him on the head. A smart man must have plenty of 'sand' and know how to defend himself."

"That same way o' life do seem to me moighty rishky, then."

"Not so risky as you might think. The attacking party has the advantage, as in a big battle. It need not be very numerous, but concentrates its strength at a certain point, while the other side is spread out in a long line. Look at human society as we see it, big, clumsy, cowardly, thrown into a flutter at just nothing at all. You make your strike and get away before it knows what has happened to it. I declare I only wonder we don't accomplish a thousand times as much as we do."

The very next day, actuated, as it almost seemed, by hardly more than the bravado of showing Clancy what audacious strokes could easily be accomplished, he drove to a principal jeweler's on Oxford street, and ordered for his wife's inspection a parure of diamonds, worth some £4000. He received the messenger in a handsome lodging in Mayfair, briefly engaged for the purpose, chloroformed him, stripped him of the property, and returned home with it, to enjoy his triumph undetected.

It might be thought that his returns from these frequent sources of revenue would have sufficed to gratify the most grasping appetite, but, far from it, he was a perfect sieve for money, rarely had more than a little ready money about him, and the motive of gain was, therefore, always a pressing stimulus.

He went down to Warwickshire with Clancy at last, but by no means to visit ancestral estates or the members of a noble connection.

Their place of destination was Leamington, a quiet little half-rural city with a mineral spring and an unusually attractive public garden. They were joined there by an accomplice. They crossed benevolent Dr. Jephson's public garden at night and reached the villa occupied by a worthy retired brewer named Maxon.

Clancy kept guard without as a lookout, yet near enough to know something of what was transacting within. Of his two companions one stood ready to overawe the family in case they gave trouble; the other burst open a safe, by the same means Clancy had seen applied at home in Piccadilly, and rifled it of its contents. He heard the dull blows of the leather-covered copper mallet and the smothered explosion of the powder which blew the lock to fragments.

The retired brewer, it seems, had but lately sold out his interest in the brewery, and in this safe, of the strongest and newest make, he had placed temporarily all his worldly possessions.

The local paper, in commenting on the robbery, said: "The wisdom of providence in dealing with weak mortals is often inscrutable. One might almost suppose the malice of some personal enemy in the series of misfortunes that have fallen upon this most excellent family of late years. Mrs. Maxon was already suffering from a serious illness, and it is hardly believed she can recover from this latest blow. Mrs. Maxon was proud of drawing attention to the circumstances that she was, for many years previous to her marriage, governess and confidential inmate in the family of the Prince de Bosquet-Darille, of the Department of Eure in France. Her illness was the recurrence of a nervous malady the seeds of which were laid at the burning of the chateau of that family, some years ago, in the north of France, where she chanced to be making a short visit at the time; for sad fatality seems to have pursued this poor lady even more than her husband."

But it was the husband, instead, for whom the bells of the parish church were soon tolling. The retired brewer, Maxon, heartbroken by a blow from which he could never hope to recover, was carried to the church yard; his wife maintained existence upon the merest pittance collected from fragments of the crash; and a kindly, charitable household that had the regard and liking of all was thus totally destroyed.

Belcourt and his man hurried to France, the former quieter than usual but burning as with a fever of suppressed excitement. He gloated over the accounts of the robbery as he read them, and from time to time drew long breaths of exultation.

"Now then there is something else for madame the ex-governess to think about," said he; "and these funds will make good my expenses in sending our young man travelling about America."

From Rouen, in the department of Calvados, they went on to the smaller manufacturing city of Louviers, on the Eure, where woollen goods are largely made.

"This place is called Louvier-le-Franc, Louviers the Free—because the weavers repelled some invasion and got the right to bear that title from a blustering king in the middle ages" said Belcourt, bitterly, "but here I was a slave. I was born in this place, and what a Louviers the bound, the accursed, it was to me!"

Clancy started with surprise at the conflict between this statement and what had formerly been told him. He had a French master, then, instead of an English one? Belcourt said nothing about the fortune or station of his family, and if he visited now the home where his childhood's days were passed, he gave no sign of it.

Many of the factories were tastefully built and had flowers and shade trees disposed about them, but the water in the river and canals was stained with the dyestuffs used in the cloth-making process. The light of old-fashioned lanterns, swinging from wooden posts, fell at night upon green sluices with mysterious gleams that recalled the tanks in the dark cellar at New Haven. A cold, dismal storm, such as sometimes occurs in August, whirled the leaves about in strong gusts as if it had been autumn, and added to the depression occasioned by the gloomy mood of Belcourt.

"Now," said he, "I am going to show you the dwelling of some former friends of mine. I like to go there sometimes to refresh my recollection."

Their course took them across a footbridge and then a short distance in the direction of the pleasant hamlet of Pantarville. They turned off the road and entered a tall iron gateway with traces of gilding, and rich armorial bearings interwoven in its pattern, which stood ajar and half-ruined. Within were the blackened walls of a chateau which must have been one of the most charming possible—the burned chateau of the Prince of Bosquet-Darille.

Belcourt placed himself to study the view with full deliberation, and then walked about at leisure among the different parts of it still accessible.

"A fine residence that in its day," said he. "It went up in a blaze one night—by accident—nobody exactly understood how. It has never been rebuilt, probably because the family could not get together enough money for it again. And then, there are not many of them left now. The most interesting of them all died about 12 years ago at Brussels. It was a woman; she had married a high official at the court of Spain."

He spoke this last with a very drawn face and with sighs.

"That was not built for nothing, you see," he said, pointing to the principal facade, as they approached it over a neglected grass plat between long lines of stately trees. "Those beautifully carved windows, tangled over with vines, are renaissance of the purest period; all that left wing and chapel belong to a much earlier chateau, in the gothic style. As to yonder stout old round tower, its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity."

He sought particularly a kind of square tower forming one of the angles of the front. A grassy court of its own bordered it at the side, and by this was a hedge once formerly clipped and adorned with statues, beyond which ran a lane to the orchard or some farm portion of the domain. He kept pacing back and forth, verifying certain positions, pushing aside the vegetation of the hedge from without, gazing at a window below which had made part of a long parlor, and a very much ivy-clad one above which had probably belonged to a bedchamber. He must have had some moving experience there.

"Clancy, have you lived long enough in the world," he asked, "to know that a man is such a fool, especially in his youth, that he never ought to be allowed to draw the breath of life?"

From there they took the train and went to Evreux. It was not at the cathedral, graceful at the same time with its strength, nor at any other antiquities of the town, comprised in the three arms of the river Iton, that they went to look. They drew up before a grim edifice which could only be clearly seen over the top of a high enclosing wall.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"It's not a hotel," replied Clancy. "Or, if it is, they makes it mosht inconvaynient for thravlers to foind the grand intrance."

"It is a maison de correction."

"A mayson de corrick—? corrick—?" returned the other, anxious to please, but without the faintest idea of what was said to him.

"A house of correction—for younger criminals—a prison, a piece of hell. That is where they blast the hopes of youth, where they degrade, torment, stamp a lasting mark of shame upon you, often for a plan or purpose that in some one richer and finer would have been deemed worthy of credit and applause. Why do I let one stone of it stand upon another?"

Clancy saw him white and trembling with the fury of his passion. But presently he resumed with the graceless sarcasm he knew so well how to employ:

"I have no personal interest in the matter; oh, dear no! I sometimes give you a few histories and theories, but, bless you! I never took anything except what I inherited from my noble ancestors. There are persons who do not believe in capital punishment, nor in penal systems, thinking the human conscience ought to be left to right itself. They are philanthropists. Well, I am one of them."

With these various manifestations he shook off most of his dejection and resumed his usual spirits.

"Now then," he exclaimed, as he alighted at the Gare de l'Ouest, the Northern railway station, at Paris, and called a cab to convey him to his carefully selected destination, "now then for affairs on the continent. And my American fellow-passengers must not be forgotten."

CHAPTER X.

VERNON BELCOURT FINDS GOLD IN PARIS.

By the continental plan of domestic life, not only is every man's house his castle, but, in the course of the violent political troubles that take place, his garden wall is often likely to have to serve as his redoubt. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that Pro. Felicien Chamart of the Paris faculty of letters lived behind a plastered rubblestone wall so high as to conceal not only the strip of garden where he passed much of his leisure in pleasant weather, but even his modest dwelling. Unless you had been up in the windows of the buildings opposite you would not have known there was any house at all at that number of the Rue de Vaugirard.

The professor was sitting under a little arbor, completing an essay for a handsome prize in money offered by the Academy of Moral Sciences; and his two young daughters, mere schoolgirls, sweet, naive and childish, and very plainly dressed, were hovering around him.

"Oh, my! what ugly, ugly wrinkles. I am going to get my flat-iron and smooth them out," said Georgette, when he looked up for a short respite. "Why don't you let me copy for you? I don't want any papa who works so hard."

"Not at all; there's no pleasure like exercising the mind," he responded, still regarding with lingering admiration his last sentence.

"If you get the prize we're going to have the patch of ceiling repaired that's fallen down in the corner of the dining-room, aren't we, papa?" demanded Hortense, leaning affectionately upon his shoulder. "And Georgette's going to have the morocco-bound album—you know, to put all the photographs of our friends in; we haven't any place for them now, and they're getting so dusty and spoiled."

"Yes, all that; but most of it is going to be put away to help make a dot for you two girls. You'll be of an age to marry now almost before you know it, and the times are getting so mercenary that the young men won't take even the most charming girls in the world, like you, without money."

There was a ring at the garden gate, and the bonne brought in the card of a visitor.

"It's Prof. Rostopoff of St. Petersburg, the distinguished savant, who was here only the day before yesterday. He brought me letters from the first scientific names of Russia and Germany, you remember," exclaimed Prof. Chamart, throwing off his black skull-cap, in lively agitation. "What a compliment, for him to come a second time so soon! Quick, Francoise, my best black coat, the one with the Legion of Honor in the buttonhole! Show him in here, but not till you give me a few instants for preparation. And, children, decamp! or if you stay, be upon your very best behavior!"

The visitor was ushered through the damp rooms of state on the ground floor, and advanced with much ceremony and affability into the garden. He was elderly, dark, and wore his hair in the leonine manner: no one would have recognized Vernon Belcourt under yet a new disguise.

"Only too greatly flattered, too greatly flattered," murmured Chamart, when he began to offer apologies for returning so soon.

"The truth is, that I am not at all contented," said the mock professor.

"Ah, you are not comfortable at your hotel?"

"No, not that. I am at the Hotel Fenelon, as you know, which is very tranquil, and especially patronized by the conservative and religious classes. I have been a good deal in the United States, where democracy has run mad—and, alas! I fear its history may be the same even here in your beloved France—and I like now to find myself as much as possible among conservative people. I do not mind even if I am called a little old-fogyish."

This agreed perfectly with Prof. Chamart's peculiar shade of political opinions.

"My object in coming to Paris in vacation, when the schools are closed, and a society congenial to my own tastes is not to be expected," went on Rostopoff, "is, in fact, that I have considered entering upon something which is a wide departure from my usual sphere. From this my mental uneasiness arises."

"Ah, to be sure; that would naturally make a difference."

"His whiskers don't look natural to me," Georgette took occasion to whisper to her father, as she hung about him caressingly. But the father gave her a very reproving look, and the next moment, as if in punishment, she was to be sent away.

"I must beg your entire secrecy as to what I am about to say to you," Belcourt said, gazing reflectively around, which was a signal for the departure of the young girls. "You will perhaps inquire why I have chosen you to receive this confidence. In reply to that I will say, with the famous Englishman, Dr. Johnson, that the scholar wanders about the world without pomp or circumstance, only known and valued by men like himself. I have felt the need of confiding my project to some one of my own sort, before going into the commercial world with it. Will you pardon me for declaring that I have seen no one who so fully inspires me with confidence as yourself? I felt it from the very first moment, and the pleasant picture of domestic life I see about you only serves to confirm it."

"Flattered to the highest degree, I am sure. So it is something commercial then?"

"Yes; considering the wrong that lack of money often does to our best capitalists of being useful in this world, I have conceived the purpose of becoming rich. I took it from the Americans when I was there. With all that is against them, they have some excellent ideas after all."

"You call that an excellent idea? What we really want to learn, on the contrary, is how to be contented."

"It is a good idea for me, since fortunately I have found a means of satisfying it."

"You have a means of becoming rich?"

"Yes, to almost any conceivable extent. Great discoveries float in the air, as I often think, and this time one of them has been vouchsafed to me instead of another. In investigating the effects of rapid revolution upon matter I have discovered that the structure of millstones is so altered after a while that they are filled with fine grains of gold. There is something in the motion that imitates the process of nature."

"Ah, really? I shall crack one open at the first opportunity."

"That would do no good," replied Belcourt, gravely; "The unities and harmonies have to be watched, and then, at a certain happy moment, the gold can be extracted by a chemical preparation of my own. Like all good things, it is simple, but I fancy no one else will be likely to find it out just at present."

In short, he played Prof. Chamart as he had ex-Gov. Marlington at New Haven. The scheme, though different, belonged to the same general field, and many of the same expressions, the same semi-scientific jargon and verbal mystifications were made to serve. It was a field for which Belcourt had a peculiar liking, it appeared, and Prof. Chamart, though the more diffident of his own opinion because his occupation was belles lettres and not science, was converted by that ocular demonstration which makes any kind of science needless.

The two went together to a yard on the quays near the Pont de Jena, where millstones were dealt in. Belcourt had already been there, and, by arrangement with an employe, placed some stones of his preparation in a row from which Prof. Chamart was allowed to freely choose.

Needless to say the two the professor selected were of the prepared sort. They were taken home and put to brew in a tank of chemicals set up for the purpose in good Prof. Chamart's garden arbor, the arbor being then carefully put under lock and key against all intrusion. Hortense and Georgette hovered about it with lively interest, but no information rewarded their pains.

When Belcourt left Prof. Chamart's it was only occasionally that he went to the staid Hotel Fenelon, near the church and square of Saint Sulspice. More often he hurried over to the right bank of the Seine, and, after various detours, entered the Passage des Panoramas. At these tines he managed that it should be toward evening when he left the garden, and he proceeded first to take a stroll in the greater Luxembourg Gardens near by, in the course of which he effected great changes in his personal appearance. Prof. Rostopoff generally melted away, as it were, amid the dusky clipped alleys and spectral statues of the Luxembourg, and when he appeared on the other side of the river it was as quite a different person.

The old Passage des Panoramas is one of those labyrinthine arcades, containing a multitude of diminutive shops and making a convenient resort in wet weather, such as Paris provides. It does not present the brilliancy of some of the others; on the contrary it has seen its best days, and is rather shabby than otherwise; but it has numerous exits on different streets, and, under cover of the continual bustle of ordinary people coming and going, would seem to give especial advantages to a person desiring concealment.

Belcourt had established his late valet, Michael Clancy, there, above a restaurant, in a room approached by two or three different staircases, which he used as a pied a terre for changing his different disguises. If he entered in one and left in another what was there, in either case, to distinguish him from the patrons of the (not at all) Grand Restaurant des Fleurs? Clancy was there under the fiction of being a groom who was looking for a place in a gentleman's family. His instructions were to pass his time, when not more pressingly employed, in making the acquaintance of the English-speaking grooms of Paris and drawing information from them about their masters.

After some little time still another lodging of an humbler sort was taken for Clancy, over in the poor alley of the Gros Caillou, near the Champs de Mars, and he alternated between these two.

Leaving either of these places, Vernon Belcourt appeared in his own person, and repaired to that imposing caravansary on the Boulevards which shelters the elite of the earth, the Grand Hotel. That was in fact his proper lodging. The Kincales were there, and he had got their address from Monroe's Bank and established himself there the second day after coming to Paris, pretending that it was quite by accident.

He affected to find it his duty to play the host, being in Europe. "When I am in America again," he said, "you shall do the honors."

They were rather dazzled by the grand gilding, the grand frescoes, the grand chamberlain with his medal around his neck; the Queen of Portugal was there, and they had no part in the bustle that surrounded her; and they had a very wet season at Aix and Plombieres which had driven them back to town. So that they would have been rather disconsolate without him, and accepted his attentions with a good grace. He gave them dinners at leading restaurants, theatre parties, and drives in the Bois. If Miss Katharine was inclined to politely demur, her father accepted it all with alacrity; his moroseness did not extend to anything which made so tangible a figure in estimating their daily expenses.

Belcourt apologized too for not having them down to his country place in England, alleging that his architect had kept certain repairs and additions he had going on there in a very backward state, so that he was quite disgusted with him.

Paris was naturally stripped of its principal residents at this season; there was but a poor show of equipages on the Champs Elysees, and in the Bois, along the Allee des Acacias, and by the Cascade, where carriages were often as thickly wedged together as the icy links of a glacier, they were but few and far between. Nevertheless, one of the better sort containing nice-looking people, would now and then be met with. Belcourt would bow to the inmates with much empressement, and then explain that they were persons very high in the social or political world, and friends of his. The people, taken by surprise, and fancying it some mistake which it was best not to treat with rudeness, returned his bow, and thus appeared to establish the acquaintance.

In this way considerable talk came up about titles of nobility, and Belcourt verified, in Miss Katherine, that American taste for them, which is so surprising that even foreign sharpers among us do not take advantage of it with instant alacrity.

"You would hardly believe what keeps me in Paris—besides the very great pleasure of seeing you both?" said Belcourt.

They looked at him inquiringly.

"There is an old French title, on my mother's side, which had lapsed, and now clearly belongs to us. My family wanted me to look up and enter the papers to take possession of it. It's rather a good one too; what would you say to the Vicomte de Belcourt? But to some of us English, and to all you Americans," he added artfully, "those things are absurd."

"Not at all," returned Katherine; "I think it is lovely."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UMPIRE'S DAY OF REST.

Why He Thought He Was Having Fun When They Mobbed Him.

[New York Sun.]

It had been a close game. And it had been full of those close decisions which both clubs and their backers think wrong if the voice of the umpire is against their wishes. Finally, in the 10th inning, when the bases were full and only one run was needed to win, the umpire decided the striker out.

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. The losing club rushed at the umpire with shrieks and curses, and but for the prompt interference of the police he would have been butchered then and there.

The excitement was prodigious. The angry masses surged back and forth, and every man on the ground but one was in a fury. That solitary exception, that one calm and unruffled man was the umpire.

His imperturbable patience and suavity attracted the attention of a reporter, and when the mob had exhausted its violence against the protecting cordon of police and the umpire was at length able to leave the field in safety, the reporter accosted him.

"Well, you've earned your money today," he remarked, sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't know," said the quiet man. "That wasn't much. I'm just off for my holiday and resting myself."

"May I ask you, sir," inquired the reporter respectfully, "if the scene of today strikes you as a holiday rest what may be your regular business?"

"Certainly," replied the strange, calm man. "I am the complaint clerk in the gas company's office."

Walking Down Hill Makes Bow Legs.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"Bow legged people are generally thought to have involuntarily deformed themselves by crawling when in infancy," said a physician and surgeon to a Dispatch writer yesterday. "Not so," continued the M. D., "for in a number of years of practice I have paid attention to many malformed people who have had their limbs 'bowed' even after maturity."

"Why?" was the inquisitive interrogation.

"Well, it is a peculiar fact that persons residing in altudinous houses—of which there are numberless in both Pittsburg and Allegheny—are the ones to whom I refer. The daily ascent and descent of hills, where the horse cars or inclines do not traverse, has been the cause of more crooked limbs than was ever thought of. The ascent of a hill, of course, makes muscular development; but in the descent a person throws the entire weight of his body upon the knee and ankle joints, which relax in order to ease the strain upon the forelimb, and the main weight falls for support upon the ankles. There is a superabundance of avoirdupois bearing down upon them, which naturally causes them to crook, thus throwing the limb from the ankle to the knee into a "bow" shape. The only remedy I could suggest would be for all hill denizens to descend."

Ants Make a Temperance Drink.

[Tampa Tribune.]

"Did you know that ants would make lemonade?" said a Bridge street grocer to a Tribune man the other day. "They will, for I have seen them do it several times. The other day I left a slice of lemon on the counter, and there happened to be some sugar not far off, and directly I noticed the ants carrying the sugar to the lemon juice. I thought it was rather queer as well as cute, and, to test the matter, have tried it several times by putting a piece of lemon on the counter and placing some sugar near by, and the ants never fail to carry the sugar to the lemon. What do you think of that now. It is an absolute fact."

How Long to Sleep.

[Home-Maker.]

Up to the 15th year most young people require 10 hours, and till the 20th year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous deragements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable, or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life cut short at an early age.

Jumping at a Conclusion.

[Lawrence American.]

Mr. Talkative (at the table)—What are your opinions in regard to future punishment, Mr. Stayathome?

Mr. Stayathome—I don't believe in it.

Johnny Stayathome (whose thoughts are of the near future)—Then, pa, I suppose that lets me cut of the lickin' you said you were going to give me after supper for slapping sister's face.

A Sudden Rise.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"How much is cannel coal, Mr. Littleton?"

"I think it's $18. Just wait a minute." He goes over to the bookkeeper.

"Has Elkins paid his bill yet?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, Mr. Elkins, I find cannel coal has gone up to $24."



THE GOLDEN APPLES AND THE DOVES.

A Servian Fairy Tale.



NCE upon a time there lived an emperor who had three sons. Before his palace grew an apple tree which every night produced golden apples, and every night this precious fruit was stolen without it being possible to discover the thief.

One day the oldest of his sons said to his father: "I wish to pass the night near the apple tree to see who comes and takes the fruit." So when evening came he went and posted himself in the garden near the apple tree, but he fell asleep and when he awoke the apples had disappeared.

The second son, in his turn, made the same attempt, and he, too, failed as his brother had done.

The third son, named George, then determined to try his luck, and on the third evening concealed himself near the magic tree. More vigilant than his brothers, he managed to keep awake until midnight. The golden apples glistened in the starlight. As the clock struck 12 nine doves with golden plumage alighted upon the tree. One of them transformed itself into a beautiful young girl, who approached the prince and began to talk graciously with him. During this time the other doves, who were her sisters, plucked the apples from the tree.

"Give me at least one of them," said George.

"I will give you two," she replied; "one you will keep and the other you will give your father."

"Thank you. What is your name?"

"Ida."

"Shall I see you again?"

"If you wish."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow night."

As she spoke she again took the form of a dove and disappeared.

The next night George returned eagerly to his post, and the youg fairy came as the evening before and chatted in a most friendly manner with him. He was overjoyed to see her again, and she seemed contented to sit by his side.

Night after night George met his lovely companion, and each time the beautiful Ida seemed more and more charming to him. Every night she gave him two golden apples, which he carried to his father, who was greatly delighted with them.

His brothers, however, jealous of his success, and wishing to know how he had succeeded where they had failed, paid an old sorceress to follow and watch him in his nocturnal visits. She concealed herself in a dense growth of bushes, where she could distinctly see the tree which bore the golden apples.

At midnight eight doves alighted upon the shining branches. The ninth descended near the young prince and transformed itself into a beautiful maiden. The old witch slipped noiselessly behind her and cut off a lock of her hair. The gentle Ida uttered a shiek and disappeared with her companions.

Evening after evening George vainly waited near the apple tree. Vainly he called her name as if he hoped that she might hear him. He wept and supplicated her to return, but she did not come. He loved her passionately, he felt that he could not live without her, and he resolved to go even to the end of the earth in search of her. His father attempted by every possible means to turn him from this adventurous and perilous project, but finding that his determination was fixed he finally gave a reluctant consent.

George departed with only one attendant. After travelling a long time, over mountains and through valleys, he reached a lake near which arose a magnificent palace. There dwelt an old queen, with her only daughter, who was one of the ugliest young girls in the world. The prince approached the palace and asked the queen if she knew where he could find the doves. "Yes," she replied, "every day, at noon, they come to bathe in this lake. But do not think of those foolish creatures. Remain here, you shall marry my daughter, who is very agreeable and very rich."

"I thank you," replied George. "You do me great honor, but I cannot accept your offer."

The old lady, seeing that he could not be persuaded, tried to corrupt his valet, and said to him, as she handed him a little whip, made of a serpent's skin: "When your master steps upon the border of the lake, go up behind him and strike him with this."

The unfaithful valet did as she directed. By the power of the magic whip, the young prince was immediately overcome by a profound sleep. At the same moment the doves arrived. One of them approached the prince and said to him in a caressing voice: "Awake my faithful friend, awake my dear husband. But he heard nothing. He lay there as if he were dead. The poor dove uttered a deep sigh and flew away. Then he awoke, and asked his attendant what had passed. The traitor told him that eight doves had come and bathed in the lake, and that the ninth had vainly attempted to awake him.

George listened to this recital with a feeling of the deepest grief, and only consoled himself by the hope that he should be more fortunate the next day. The next day, however, he slept as he did the day before. The attendant told him that the dove, on departing had said: "Tell your master that I shall be here again tomorrow; after that, I shall return no more."

George, once more in despair, promised himself that this time he would not yield to the fatal sleep. The next day, he was on his horse early in the morning and galloped furiously up and down the border of the lake to keep himself awake. At noon, however, notwithstanding his resolution, he suddenly was overcome by sleep.

When he came out of this lethargic condition, the valet told him that the dove had again approached him, and that, after vainly trying to arouse him, she had departed, crying: "Say to your master that he will see me again if he crushes that which ought to be crushed."

"Very well," said George, "I understand," and with one blow of his sabre he cut off the traitor's head.

Then he set out on his way alone, deeply afflicted at not having seen his well beloved, but resolved to seek her until he found her. After wandering many days, he reached a hermitage and asked the hermit if he knew where the golden doves could be found.

"Ah!" replied the old man, "it is your good genius that has led you here, for I can give you the information you desire. These doves live a few leagues from here. You will go straight ahead and presently you will see a large gate with great iron bars. Beyond that gate is the city of the doves."

The information was exact. In a few hours George arrived at a superb city, which was the capital of the empire of the doves. One of the doves met him at the gate and asked him who he was and what he wished. He replied, modestly, that he desired to see the fairy dove called Ida.

"Ida! Why, that is the queen herself; the eight other doves are her ladies of honor."

The stranger's arrival was at once announced to the queen.

"Let him enter!" she cried in a transport of joy, and as soon as he appered she threw herself into his arms. It was indeed he. It was her lover, who would presently become her husband.

The marriage was shortly afterward solemnly celebrated, and George, happy with her whom he had so long sought, determined that he would never leave that delightful spot.

One morning the queen announced to him that she must go out with her maids of honor and leave him for the day. She handed him a bunch of keys, saying: "Here are twelve keys, with which you can, if you wish, open eleven cellars. As for the twelfth, do not attempt to enter it. It will bring you misery if you do."

George promised her not to forget her injunction, and as soon as she departed he began an inspection of the eleven cellars of the palace. When he reached the twelfth, although determined not to enter it, he paused before the door. He held the fatal key in his hand, and he recollected what his dear Ida had said to him and he did not wish to disobey her. At last, however, conquered by curiosity, he opened the door. In the middle of the cellar he saw an immense cask, and from this cask came a plaintive voice which said: "Have pity on me, generous prince, have pity on me, give me a glass of water."

George, moved by compassion, gave the glass of water, and instantly one of the iron bands of the cask broke. "I am very thirsty," repeated the plaintive voice, "give me another glass of water." Unable to resist the piteous appeal, George gave a second glass, the second iron band broke. A third time the voice of the invisible being invoked the prince's pity, and upon the water being given the band then broke like the other two. Out of the cask burst a huge dragon, which rushed out of the cellar and then out of the palace, and, meeting the queen, who was returning, it seized her and carried her away. The ladies of honor returned weeping to the palace and announced the frightful news to George, who, overwhelmed by grief, mounted his horse to go once more in search of Ida.

One morning, as he passed the border of a lake, he saw a fish struggling upon the land. "In the name of heaven," it cried to George, "throw me back into the water, and some day I will render you a service. Take one of my scales, and if ever you have need of me rub it between your hands."

George pulled off a scale, put it in his pocket, and then placed the fish in the lake and continued his way.

Another day he saw a fox, which had been caught in a trap. "In the name of heaven," said the poor animal, "set me at liberty. A time will come when I may be useful to you. Take one of my hairs, and, when you have need of me, rub it between your fingers."

George liberated the fox and kept one of its hairs. A little further on he saw a wolf which had also been entrapped, and who addressed to him the same prayer and made the same promise. George set him free and again resumed his way.

Finally he met an old man, who told him where he would find the city of the king of the dragons.

At last he reached it, and entered the palace of the monster, where he found Ida alone. What joy! What cries of tenderness there were when the two met.

But there was not a moment to lose. At any moment the ferocious dragon might return. The young queen hastily mounted a horse with her dear husband, and the two fled from the palace at full speed.

The dragon presently returned and learned what had happened. "Have I time to dine?" he asked his horse, "or must I go at once in pursuit of the fugitives?"

"Eat and drink at your leisure," replied the faithful animal; "we shall have no trouble in overtaking them."

After eating a hearty dinner the dragon mounted his horse, and soon came up with them. He seized the queen, and said to George: "Go. For this once I pardon you, in memory of the glasses of water you gave me. But if you ever appear again in my palace I will have no pity on you."

The next day, however, George returned to his dear Ida. Again he found her alone, and the two together sought a new means of escape.

"I must discover," said the prince, "where that horse that runs so swiftly came from. I will try to procure one like it, and we can then flee without fear of being stopped."

"That is a good idea," replied Ida. "I will try to obtain this information."

As soon as the dragon returned she asked him whence came this marvellous horse, and he replied:

"In the mountains dwells a sorceress who has twelve incomparable horses, and in the corner of the stable another horse, which seems old and infirm, but which is, in reality, the best of them all. But the sorceress will not sell her precious animals for silver or gold. He who wishes to obtain one must work for her, as a servant, for three days and three nights. If for these three nights he has faithfully cared for a certain mare and her colt, he has a right to choose one of the horses; if he fails, his life must pay the forfeit."

The next day Ida told her husband all that she had learned, and begged and entreated him not to undertake such a perilous adventure. But nothing could shake his resolution. He departed and travelled until he found the sorceress to whom he expressed a desire to enter her service.

"Do you know," said the sorceress, "that you are risking your life?"

"I know it," replied the courageous prince.

"Well then, tonight you shall make your first trial."

When the evening came the sorceress pointed out the mare to George, who mounted her to drive her to pasture, with her colt. He was brave and watchful, and he did not see why he should not accomplish the task of watching her until morning. But at midnight he fell down asleep. When he awoke the mare had disappeared, and he found himself seated upon the trunk of a tree holding the bridle in his hands.

In despair, he rushed in every direction seeking the lost animal, and, as he passed near a lake, he suddenly recollected what had happened to him on the border of another lake. He rubbed between his hands the scale of the fish that he had thrown back into the water. Instantly the fish appeared and said: "What do you wish, my benefactor?"

"The mare belonging to the sorceress has escaped from me and I do not know where to find her."

"She has been changed into a fish, and she is among us with her colt which has also been transformed. Strike the water with your bridle and cry to her: "Return here, black mare!""

No sooner said than done. The mare appeared upon the border of the lake and George threw the bridle over her head, and, just as the day was breaking led her back with her colt.

"Eh!" cried the old sorceress, with a frightful laugh; then she entered the stable and gave the mare a sound beating. "Stupid beast that you are," she said to her, "you should have concealed yourself among the fishes."

"That is what I did. But the fishes unfortunately, are his friends and they betrayed me."

"Well, tonight hide among the foxes."

In the evening George returned to the pasture and made every effort to keep awake. At midnight he again fell asleep and again the mare escaped him. This time when he awoke he did not feel so much disturbed. He had heard the advice given by the sorceress. He rubbed the hair of the fox between his fingers.

Instantly the fox appeared. "What does my liberator wish?"

"The mare which I was charged to guard has escaped from me, and I wish to find her."

"She and her colt are among us, changed into foxes. Strike upon the ground and cry: 'Return here, black mare!'"

George did as he was directed, and once more brought back the mare to the sorceress, who, this time, could hardly restrain her anger. "Stupid," she cried, giving the mare a still more severe beating, "you should have hidden among the foxes."

"That is what I did," replied the mare, "but the foxes are his friends, and they betrayed me."

The third night, George again brought the mare back to the stable, she having sought to hide herself among the wolves.

"Now," he said to the sorceress, "I have performed my task; I ask for my recompense."

"It is only just," she replied, endeavoring to conceal her rage. "There are twelve superb horses. Choose whichever one you please."

"I should never dare to mount one of those magnificent creatures," said the prince. "That poor beast I see there in the corner is much better suited to me."

"No!" cried the old sorceress. "What an idea to take such a miserable animal, when you can pick from such a fine collection as these twelve."

"According to our agreement I have the right to choose, and I choose that horse there in the corner."

"Well," murmured the old witch, "I must yield."

George took the horse, which really seemed to be a most miserable beast. He led him by the bridle into the forest. There he washed and cleaned him, and suddenly the horse began to neigh, his eyes flashed like lightning and his breast and flanks shone like gold.

In an instant he transported his young rider to the dragon's palace. Ida was still there, alone. She longed to depart, and she joyfully sprang up beside George upon the back of the powerful courser.

When the monster returned, he said to his horse: "Have I time to dine, or must I start at once in pursuit of the fugitives?"

"Eat and drink at your leisure," replied the horse. "It makes but little difference when you start, you will never overtake them."

"Forward! forward at once!" cried the dragon, "and gallop at full speed." He departed, and presently George, seeing him coming, tried to urge on his noble steed. "Have no fear," replied the horse, "he will not overtake us." Then, turning his head toward the horse which carried the dragon, he cried: "You are very good to tire yourself out in pursuing us. Why do you allow yourself to be spurred by the monster who is on your back? Throw him on the ground and come with me."

"You are right, my brother," replied the dragon's horse.

At these words he rose on his hind legs and his master fell upon the rocks, which crushed his head so that he died.

George and the young queen reached their kingdom in safety. They were received with acclamations of joy and they lived there happily for many years.



"I WILL GIVE YOU TWO," SHE REPLIED.

Brer' Gardner for 1892.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"I hold heah in my hand," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened in due form, "a letter from de office of de mayor of Cincinnati, axing me if I will be a candydate fur President in 1892, an' addin' dat I am called by 6,000,000 cullud people. De secretary of dis lodge will write him a letter in reply. He will write de word 'Chestnuts!' sign my name below, an' direct it to dis anxious inquirer. Dat word exactly expresses my feelin's.

"In de fust place I ar' no mo' fit to be president of dis United States dan a 'possum ar' to teach Greek. In de next place, I hav l'arned from sad experience dat sich honeyed words conceal an object. Eight y'ars ago a man in Chicago announced dat I was de choice of 20 States fur president. He cum on yere 10 days afterwards an' borrowed $20 of me, an' I hev nebber seen him since. Fo' y'ars ago a pusson in Buffalo predicted dat I would be nominated on bof tickets, and a week later he showed up heah an' boarded on me two weeks, an' skipped out wid my best suit. It was suggested last y'ar dat I be nominated fur guv'nor of dis State. Dat suggestion cost me $15. Dis yere individual in Cincinnati will be sloshing around dis way next week, if he doan' git dat letter, calkerlatin' to hit me for $10 an' a week's board.

"De man who thinks he's got a political call has made a mistake. What he takes fur de voice of de nashun am simply de voice of de fool killer."

Brother Stepback Smith wanted to inquire if Brother Gardner would not change his mind in case his nomination was spontaneous.

"No, sah!" was the vigorous reply. "Dar am no sich thing to begin with. De people of this kentry doan' git up an' howl fur any particular man. Dar's too much good timber. Whar' any howlin' is dun it's paid fur at so much per howl. Sit down, Brudder Smith."

THE GERMAN WOMAN.

How She Lives from Maid to Wife, With Incidents of Courtship.

[London Globe.]

The German woman is neither the excellent housewife which she professes to be, nor the bluestocking she is often thought. "Gretchen" exists no longer, except on the lids of the boxes of candied fruits, and she is quite a match for Faust when she meets him. In fact the German girl of today, especially in Berlin, is not so much like the Marguerite of Goethe as the London of "Gyp."

German school life is a serious business. It begins at 7 years old, and the two subjects of study which are specially in favor with all classes of people of any pretensions are French and the piano. "I do not think it is an exaggeration," says the writer, "to say that 95 per cent. of the daughters of parents in easy circumstances play the piano, and 90 per cent. speak French."

As soon as a girl has been confirmed, her education is generally concluded, unless she goes in for special higher branches of study. Her parents begin to think of getting her married, and she goes to her first ball. Courtship, the preliminaries to which generally take place on the floor of the ballroom, or, in the winter, to the rhythm of the same waltz time played by the same military band on the ice is inaugurated thus: If the young man means business he calls on the young lady's parents one Sunday and breaks the ice. He will then be asked to dinner, and a ceremonious exchange of little sentimental presents will take place between the pair, interlarded with sentimental sentences—always in French.

When an engagemnt has been definitely announced the young people are allowed quite an English amount of freedom in their intercourse. Indeed, if we may believe the writer, their manners and customs are considerably more frankly free than ours in this country, for she says, "they do not scruple to kiss each other in public as often as they feel inclined, and there is nothing more disagreeable at a soiree than the spectacle of one of these sentimental couples." Before marriage the German girl is a mighty reader of novels, her capacity for sentimental stories being simply inexhaustible. Rarely, however, does marriage in Germany prove the realization of any of the dreams in which her girlish fancy has taken delight.

The German married woman has never occupied the same place as does the French woman, by reason of the total absence of any sentiment of chivalry and romance in the treatment of woman by man in Germany. True, the sons, the husbands, the brothers of the women of Germany deserve our respect for their energy, their character, all that supplies a nation with its force.

But how disastrous is that force for the women. Force is more fatal to grace than even to right. What hardness in that dignity! What carelessness, what supreme indifference on the part of those proud and selfish heroes who do not ask their companions of the other sex to understand them and appreciate them, but only to keep house satisfactorily and to bear a number of children! So far, indeed, does the German husband carry his want of gallantry that he absolutely dislikes to see his wife make use of any of those advantages of the toilet, the results of which are comprised in the epithet scornfully applied to a well-dressed woman—emparisienee.

The state of intellectual, moral and social subjection of the German woman naturally does not tend to develop any originality in her. She never starts a new idea or a new fashion. Imitation, not invention, is the utmost of which she is capable, and even in imitating she is slow.

The German woman, in a word, is crushed beneath the overwhelming superiority of her lord and master. The famous "deutches weib," who is the traditional type of the German woman, is just the Germana of Tacitus—the servant of man.

OPEN YOUR WINDOWS.

No Reason to Be Afraid of the Air While Sleeping.

[Sanitary World.]

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one.

In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in 24 hours. One could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make the night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after 10 o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.

ADDITION TO THE PHONOGRAPH

Instantaneous Photography for Reproduction of Speech and Speaker.

[Paris Letter.]

At a recent meeting of the French Academy M. Lippmann presented a note by G. Gueroult, in which it is suggested that by the combined use of a phonograph and an apparatus for instantaneous photography and reproduction of the pictures obtained it would be possible to reproduce at any future time not only the speech of a person, but also bring before the audience a vivid picture of the person's gestures and facial expression.

The procedure would be somewhat as follows: A person speaking or singing into the phonograph would be photographed by an automatic apparatus geared with the barrel of the phonograph. The pictures would be instantaneous, and taken at the rate of say, 10 pictures per second. They would then be developed and arranged in a special lantern for reproduction on a screen isochronously with the phonograph, when the latter is reproducing the speech. An audience might thus be enabled, not only to hear the utterances of, say, a famous actor, but also see himself and his actions represented on a screen. About a year and a half ago M. A. Bandsept of Brussels experimented with a similar apparatus.

A Queen as a Balloonist.

[Madrid letter to London Daily News.]

Queen Christina has given another proof of her coolness and pluck which has created great enthusiasm among her soldiers. A detachment of the royal engineers, with their officers, were about to make a first trial of some military balloons recently purchased in France, and were working knee deep in mud in the Royal Park, some miles outside Madrid, when suddenly a royal carriage appeared, in which were seated the Queen, Countess Sorondegui (mistress of the robes), and Col. Ayallon (aide-de-camp). The Queen picked her way, not easily, through the mud to where the engineers were preparing the balloon, and she astonished everybody by saying that she had come for the express purpose of joining in the first ascent. Her lady in waiting declined to accompany her when her majesty lightly stepped into the balloon with Col. Ayallon. The order was then given to let the cable go, and, held by two slender ropes, the balloon, bearing the Queen, the colonel and four soldiers, rose to a height of about 300 yards. After enjoying a splendid view of Madrid and its environs her majesty gave the signal to lower the balloon, which stopped 10 yards from the ground to allow a photograph to be taken, and the Queen landed, welcomed by enthusiastic cheers from the soldiers. The balloon has been christened Marie Christina of Hapsburg.

The 1804 Dollar.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"There is something curious about the American silver dollar and half dollar of 1804," said a numismatist. "There were about 20,000 of the dollars coined, but not one of them ever got into circulation. Two of them are in well-known coin collections today, however, and they are the most valuable of all American coins. Why the dollar of 1804 was never seen in circulation after leaving the mint in one of the unsolved government mysteries. It is asserted on good authority that the two 1804 dollars now in existence, while having been made from the original die, were in reality not coined for many years after that year, when they were surreptitiously struck, and, it is supposed, issued to a person in high authority, from whom they subsequenty passed into the collections referred to. The half dollar of 1804 is surrounded by a mystery equally profound. There were over 150,000 of these coined, but not one was ever known to be in circulation. On the other hand, but 7000 quarter dollars were coined in that year, and specimens of these are in every collection and numismatist's shop.

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Critic Literary Reviews	3.00	3.50
Cleveland Weekly Plaindealer	1.00	1.80
Congregationalist	3.00	3.50
Cincinnati Weekly Times	1.00	1.75
Century Magazine	4.00	4.60
Christian Union	3.00	3.60
Cottage Hearth	1.50	2.60
Cassell's Magazine of Art	3.50	3.90
" Family Magazine	1.50	2.30
" Quiver	1.50	2.30
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.10
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Chautauqua Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.00
Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.60
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.30
Domestic Monthly, with premiums.	1.50	2.05
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Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
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AROUND THE FARM.

CHEMISTRY OF VEGETATION.

The Elements of Plants—How Derived and Taken Up—The Part and Importance of Lime—The Value of Rotation of Crops—The Manner of Chemical Action—Other Information Necessary in Successful Farming.

The ultimate elements of plants, that is, the substances with which plants must be supplied in one form or other, to sustain their growth, are carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, silicon, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, manganese.

Of these, the carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur and phosphorus are grouped together to form the various organic compounds furnished by plants, the remaining elements being arranged generally in the following forms:

Chlorides and silicates of potassium and sodium, calcium sulphate, phosphates of iron (manganese?) calcium, magnesium and ammonium, salts of potassium, sodium and calcium, with vegetable acids.

Plants are capable of receiving food, either in the form of gas through the instrumentality of their leaves, or in solution of their roots.

The carbon, which is their most important constituent as regards quantity, is taken up in the form of carbonic acid gas by both these organs of the plant. This carbonic acid is derived either from the surrounding atmosphere or from the decay of the organic matters contained in the soil which surrounds the roots of the plant.

The hydrogen is derived partly from water and partly from the ammonia which is carried down to the roots of the plant by rain, or is evolved in the putrefaction and decay of the nitrogenized organic matters of the soil.

The ammonia also forms one great source of the nitrogen in plants, another being the nitric or nitrous acid, which is either brought down by the rain or formed within the soil by the nitrification of the ammonia.

As to the oxygen, it is obtained both from the carbonic acid and water, which contain this element in larger proportions than is ever present in any vegetable product.

The sulphur and phosphorus contained in the organic part of the plant appear to be chiefly derived from the sulphates and phosphates of the soil. The chlorine, silicon and the metals are derived from the mineral constituents of the soil. It is not difficult to imagine the course of formation of a fertile soil from a primary rock (of granite, for example) under the influence of the atmosphere and rain, exerted through a very long period.

It will be remembered that granite consists chiefly of quartz (silica), feldspar (silicate of aluminium and potassium or sodium) and mica (silicates of aluminium, iron, potassium and magnesium): in addition to these there may always be found in granite minute quantities of calcium phosphate of sulphates, of chlorides and of manganese.

By the disintegration of such rock, under the action of air and moisture, a soil will be formed containing the various mineral substances required for the food of the plant. If now, upon the thin layer of soil thus formed over the face of the rock, some seeds of the lower orders of plants, the lichens, for instance, be deposited, they will grow and fructify, deriving their carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen from the air and rain, and their mineral constituents from the soil.

The death of these lichens would add new elements of fertility to the soil in the shape of the food which they had condensed from the air, and of the saline ingredients which had been converted within their organizations into forms better suited to sustain the higher orders of plants.

Given these, the seeds of a higher vegetation, a similar process may be supposed to take place, and at length animals would be attracted to the spot by the prospect of vegetable food, and by transporting to it elements which they had derived from other sources would eventually confer upon it the highest fertility. The soil then coming under tillage, the crops raised upon it are consumed by animals and removed to a distance, so that the mineral food contained in the soil is by degrees exhausted, and unless it is restored the soil becomes barren.

To restore its fertility is the object of manuring, which consists in adding to the soil some substance which shall itself serve directly as food for the plant, or shall so modify, by chemical action, some material already present in the soil, as to convert it into a state in which the plant may take advantage of it.

As example of substances which are added as direct food for plants may be enumerated:

1. The ashes of peat, turf, coal, wood, etc., which furnish the mineral substances originally obtained from the soil by the vegetation from which these materials were formed.

2. Gypsum, or calcium sulphate, magnesium sulphate, potassium sulphate, and sodium sulphate, which appear to be valuable, not only as sources of sulphur, calcium, magnesium, potassium and sodium, but because they are capable of decomposing the ammonium carbonate, which is either brought down by rain or evolved by putrefaction in the soil, and of converting it into ammonium sulphate which is retained in the soil, whereas the carbonate, being a volatile salt, would be again exhaled into the air and lost to the plants.

3. Phosphate of lime (calsium phosphate) or bone ash, and also contained in the minerals coprolite, phosphorite, apatite, also phosphate meal, a by-product of the steel manufacture and South Carolina rock phosphate.

4. Sodium cloride, or common salt, serves as a source of sodium, for in contact with the calcium carbonate, which is found in all fertile soils, it is partly converted into sodium carbonate, which may in turn be converted into sodium silicate, or any other salt of sodium necessary to the growth of the plant.

5. Sodium nitrite is held to be of great service in some cases, as yielding both sodium and nitrogen in a form serviceable to the plant.

6. The silicates of potassium and sodium, which are especially useful to crops containing, like the cereals, a considerable proportion of silica in their stems, since, although that substance is contained in abundance in all soils, it is not available for the plant unless converted into a soluble state by combination with an alkali.

7. Sulphate of ammonia is, of course, useful, both for its sulphuric acid and ammonia.

8. Plants, or parts of plants, ploughed into a soil, would obviously furnish food for other plants by their gradual putrefaction and decay.

9. Bones, which furnish carbonic acid and ammonia by the putrefaction of their gelatinous matter, as well as a large supply of phosphate of lime.

10. Urine, yielding much ammonium carbonate by the decomposition of the urea and uric acid, and an abundance of the phosphates and other saline matters required by the plant.

11. Solid excrements of various animals, containing the insoluble salts (especially phosphates) of the animals' food, as well as easily putrescible organic matters yielding much ammonia and sulphuretted hydrogen.

12. Guano, the dung of carnivorous seabirds, which owes its very high value partly to the large proportion of urate of ammonia and other nitrogenized organic substances which it contains, and partly to the presence of phosphates and salts of the alkalies.

13. Soot, which appears to act chiefly by virtue of the salts of ammonia derived from the destructive distillation of the coal.

The chief substance employed for acting chemically upon the constituents of the soil, so as to render them more serviceable to the plant, is lime, which modifies in a very important manner both the organic and mineral portions of the soil. Its action upon the former consists in promoting its decay, and the conversion of its elements into those forms, viz., carbonic acid, water, ammonia and nitric acid, in which they may be of service to the plant. Upon the inorganic constituents of the soil, lime acts by assisting the decomposition of minerals, particularly of those which furnish the alkalis, and thus converting them into soluble forms.

In some cases fertility is restored to an apparently exhausted soil without the addition of manure, by allowing it to lie fallow for a time, so that under the influence of the air and moisture such chemical changes may take place in it as will again replenish it with food available for the crops.

It is not even necessary in all cases that the soil should be altogether released from cultivation; for even though it may refuse to feed any longer one particular crop, it may furnish an excellent crop of a different description, and, which is more remarkable, it may, after growing two or three different crops, be found to have regained its power of nourishing the very crop for which it was before exhausted.

Experience of this has led to the adoption of the system of rotation of crops, by which a soil is made to yield, for example, a crop of barley, and then successive crops of grass, beans, turnips, and barley again.

The possibility of this rotation is partly accounted for by the difference in the mineral food removed from the soil by different crops; thus turnips require much of the alkalies and lime; wheat, much alkali and silica; barley, much lime and silica; and clover, much lime, so that the soil which had been exhausted for wheat, because it no longer contained enough soluble silica, might still yield sufficient alkali and lime to a crop of turnips, and when the alkali was exhausted might furnish enough lime to a crop of clover, after which, in consequence of the chemical changes allowed by lapse of time in the soil, more of the original minerals composing it might have been decomposed and rendered available for a fresh wheat crop. Another explanation of the benefit of systems of rotation may be given in those cases in which the refuse of the preceding crop is allowed to remain on the land.

Some plants, extending their roots more deeply into the soil, avail themselves of mineral food which is beyond the reach of plants furnished with shorter roots, and when the refuse of the former plants is ploughed into the land the surface is enriched with the food collected from the subsoil.

Our knowledge of the chemical operations taking place in the plant, and resulting in the elaboration of the great variety of vegetable products, is very slight indeed. We appear to have sufficient evidence that sugar and starch, for example, are constructed in the plant from carbonic acid and water, that gluten results from the mutual action of the same compounds, together with ammonia, or nitric acid, and certain sulphates and phosphates, but the intermediate steps in this conversion are as yet unknown. All seeds contain starch, gluten, or some similar nitrogenized substance (legumine, for example), together with mineral matters, these being provided for the nourishment of the young plant until its organs are sufficiently developed to enable it to procure its own food from the air or from the soil. During the process of germination, the seed absorbs oxygen and evolves carbonic acid gas, and since the albuminous constituent is the most mutual substance present, it is probably this which undergoes oxidation and excites the conversion of the insoluble starch into soluble sugar. At this stage, the seed requires, as is well known, a fair supply of water, the elements of which are acquired for the conversion of the starch into sugar; water is also required to dissolve the sugar as well as the altered albuminous matter and the mineral salts, in order to form the sap of the embryo plant. These constituents of the sap, directed by the mysterious vital energy in the seed, build up the root, which extends itself in search of nourishment down into the soil, and the leaves which discharge a similar function with respect to the air. As soon as the leaves are developed, the plant becomes able to decompose carbonic acid, water and ammonia, to provide the organic components of its sap. Some part of these changes, at least, appears to take place in the leaves of the plant, from which, during the daytime, oxygen (together with a little nitrogen), is continually evolved. The leaves have been compared to the lungs of animals, the functions of which they reciprocate, for whilst, in the lungs of animals, an absorption of oxygen and an evolution of carbonic acid gas is observed, in the leaves of plants it is the carbonic acid gas which is absorbed and oxygen is disengaged. In the dark, plants exhale carbonic acid gas, but in much smaller quantity than they decompose in the light.

That oxygen must be evolved, if plants construct their carbonaceous compounds from carbonic acid gas and water, is obvious on reflecting that all these compounds contain less oxygen, in proportion to their carbon and hydrogen, than is contained in carbonic acid gas and water. Thus we may conceive the formation of all the compounds of carbon and hydrogen, or of those elements with oxygen, which are met with in plants, by the concurrence, in various proportions, of carbonic acid gas and water, and the separation of the whole or a part of their oxygen. It is equally easy to represent the formation of nitrogenized compounds from carbonic acid gas, water and ammonia, with separation of oxygen, for the nitrogen in all such compounds is present in so small a number of atoms relatively to the carbon and hydrogen that the amount of oxygen separated from the carbonic acid gas and water would always far more than suffice to convert the whole of the hydrogen of the ammonia into water, even if this hydrogen did not itself take part in the formation of the compound.

If sulphur be a constituent of the vegetable compound to be formed, it is conceivable that the sulphuric oxide derived from the sulphates present in the soil should cooperate with the carbonic acid gas, water and ammonia.

The chemical tendency of vegetables, therefore, is to reduce to a lower state of oxidation the substances presented in their food, whilst animals exhibit a reciprocal tendency to oxidize the materials on which they feed.

With respect to the last stage in the existence of the plant, the ripening of the fruit, we know a little more concerning the chemical changes which it involves. Most fruits, in their unripe condition, contain cellulose, starch, and some one or more vegetable acids, such as malic, citric, tartaric and tannic, the latter being almost invariably present, and causing the peculiar roughness and astringency of the unripe fruit. The characteristic constituent of unripe fruits, however, is peetose, a compound of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, the composition of which has not been exactly determined.

Pectose is quite insoluble in water, but during the ripening of the fruit it undergoes a change induced by the vegetable acids, and is converted into pectine, which is capable of dissolving in water, and yields a viscous solution. As the maturation proceeds, the pectine itself is transformed into pectic acid, and pectoric acid, which are soluble in boiling water, yielding solutions which gelatinize on cooling. It is from the presence of these acids, therefore, that many ripe fruits are so easily convertible into jellies.

Whilst the fruit remains green, its relation to the atmosphere appears to be the same as that of the leaves, for it absorbs carbonic acid gas, and evolves oxygen, but when it fairly begins to ripen, oxygen is absorbed from the air, and carbonic acid gas is evolved, whilst the starch and cellulose are converted into sugar under the influence of the vegetable acids, and the fruit becomes sweet. It has been already seen that the conversion of starch and cellulose into sugar would simply require the assimilation of the elements of water, so that the absorption of oxygen and evolution of carbonic acid gas are probably necessary for the conversion of the tannic and other acids into sugar. When the sugar has reached the maximum, the ripening is completed; and if the fruit be kept longer the oxidation takes the form of ordinary decay.

The scheme of natural chemistry would not be complete unless provision were made for the restoration of the constituents of plants, after death, to the atmosphere and soil, where they might afford food to new generations of plants.

Accordingly, very shortly after the death of a plant, if sufficient moisture be present, the changeable nitrogenized (albuminous) constituents begin to putrefy, and chemical action being thus excited, is communicated to the other parts of the plant, under the form of decay, so that the plant is slowly consumed by the atmospheric oxygen, its carbon being reconverted into carbonic acid, its hydrogen into water, and its nitrogen into ammonia, these substances being then transported in the atmosphere to living plants which need them, while the mineral constituents of the dead plants are washed into the soil by the rain. Moist wood is slowly converted by decay into a brown substance, which has been called humus, and forms the chief part of the organic matter in soils.

Alkalies dissolve this substance, and on the addition of an acid to the brown solution, a brown precipitate is obtained, which is said to contain humic, ulmic and geic acids, but these substances do not crystallize, and their existence as definite acids appears to be somewhat doubtful.

Two other acids of a similar kind, crenic and aprocrenic acids, have been obtained from the same source, and are also found occasionally in mineral waters.

COTTONSEED HULLS.

A Wonderful Revelation.

W. R. Davie writes to the News and Courier of Charleston, as follows:

"While in Rome, Ga., last March I saw something that was a revelation to me.

"Arthur Sullivan, of the firm of Towers & Sullivan, showed me in one enclosure about 70 beeves (generally old work oxen), that had been fattened on cottonseed hulls alone. No corn, no fodder, hay or shucks, nothing but cottonseed hulls as they came from the huller of a seed oil factory just across the street, and many of these oxen were so fat that they would not stand up, except to eat, as fat and fine as any I ever saw come off the mesquito grass of western Texas. Around three sides of this enclosure were covered sheds containing troughs filled with hulls from which the beeves fed, and the fourth side contained similar troughs constantly filled with pure water, to which they had constant access. That was all, cottonseed hulls and water.

"Subsequently I met a gentleman living in this city who told me that he had a milch cow to which he had been feeding bran, meal and hay at a cost of 30 cents per day, for which the cow yielded him four quarts of milk per day, at a cost, outside of labor and trouble, of 7½ cents per quart. He had been induced to change her rations to cottonseed hulls, with a small amount (one pint at a feed, I think) of cottonseed meal, with the result of an increase to eight quarts of milk a day, at a cost of 4 cents a day, or half a cent a quart.

"Later on I met Isaac Gailliard, late of Fairfield county, this State, who told me that having lost a large amount of hay by fire in January last he had since fed seven milch cows on cottonseed hulls alone for roughness at a cost of two cents a day each; that is, the hulls cost him 15 cents per 100 pounds, and the seven cows just ate 100 pounds a day, and, with the addition of a small ration of meal, kept in beautiful condition and yielded milk generously. I saw the herd—fine, fat, sleek Devons—and they gave every evidence of the highest condition.

"It was, indeed, a revelation to me, and showed up a vista of the vast possibilities of the cotton-producing region in cattle growing, dairying and beef production."

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Hints for All Farmers' Profit.

Peppers planted now will yet bear fruit large enough for mangoes.

It is better for the ground and for the weeds to plant seeds of some useful vegetable after the early crops are removed. Shall plant a part of my garden the last of this month in late potatoes.

By thinning judiciously, parsnips and carrots of medium size can be grown. They are better than overgrown or very small specimens; the former comes from thinning too much, the latter from not thinning at all.

My Gandy strawberry plants, set this spring, bore quite a crop of large fruit. Better put it down on your list. I am well pleased with the appearance of the Haverland. The Eureka, the new berry sent out by the Cleveland Nursery Company, has fine foliage and bears a large, well shaped berry. I like the Pearl, of which the F. J. spoke favorably two years ago. For high quality the last picking of May King beats them all. The Belmont is biggest and best at the beginning. Jessie holds on well to the end; the shape, size and quality are good, but in yield the promise of the blossoms was not fulfilled. The enormous crop of fruit set on the Bubach scalded and rotted. It takes at least three years' experience with a berry to judge intelligently of its merits.

If your early peas have ripened sow them again expressly to grow seed for next year's planting.

The idle garden, in straight rows, free from weeds and all the crops flourishing, is seldom seen during this busy season. It is a life and death struggle with weeds and insects, and I can sympathize with my readers. Let us keep a good heart.

Liquid manure poured around the egg plants will keep them growing.

I like White Plume celery for early use. Nellis' self-blanching is good for early or second early use. For late, I plant Golden Heart and Boston Market.

About the middle of June I cultivated my asparagus, and raked in a heavy coating of fertilizer. A heavy rain came down a few hours later, and carried the soluble matter right down to the roots. How the "grass" does grow! It is not too late to try it on yours.—[Farm Journal.

Seasonable Hints.

For currant worms nothing seems to possess any advantage over powdered white hellebore. For the cabbage flea beetle, water-slaked lime dusted over the plants was entirely successful. The paris green and plaster mixture is worthless for this pest. The tent caterpillar was easily destroyed by rubbing off the nests as fast as they appeared with a swab attached to a pole and saturated with spirits of turpentine. For squash bugs a mixture of hard soap, kerosene oil and water produced no visible effect. A little paris green added to the mixture rendered it entirely efficacious. Calomel for the striped beetle, according to Vick's Magazine, with flour or ashes, sprinkled on cucumber or squash vines, will keep them comparatively free from this pest.

Pea and bean weevils—The following remedy comes from the Missouri experiment station: Put the peas in a pail or some other tight vessel and cover them with water; if the water is warmed to about blood heat all the better, but this is not necessary, as cold water will answer. Let the seed remain in the water from eight to 12 hours and every weevil will be destroyed, as the cavity containing the insects is soon filled by the water absorbed by the seed, and the weevil is drowned. The seed should not be soaked until the day before it is planted.

Squash bugs can be kept in check by hand picking during their first presence upon the vines. The eggs, which are quite conspicuous, being deposited on the underside of the leaves in brownish-yellow patches, can be destroyed. They soon hatch, however, and if they have been overlooked, the young bugs can be easily found, as they have the habit of remaining in clusters. They should be searched for in this state and destroyed, as they scatter when nearly full grown. Applications of a mild kerosene emulsion to the young ones, while tender, will easily kill them. The liquid should be thrown with considerable force.

Be careful what is done with the poisons not actually put upon the trees and plants, and the utensils that contained them. They should be marked poison in large letters. The best antidote for paris green is said to be the hydrated sesqui-oxide of iron, taken immediately. Nearly all druggists keep it, and some people have a ready supply at hand in case of necessity for its use.

It is well worth the trouble to make at least a trial with thinning fruits, such as apples, pears, plums, peaches, etc., and to compare results for guidance in the future. It is the good fruit that finds ready sale and paying prices, while we are cursed with a decided over-production of poor fruit. Thinning will do away with the latter, and give you what can be sold at a profit. By all means try it.

Economy goes rather too far when the root-grafters, in cutting up rejected nursery trees for scions, use branched wood for that purpose, sometimes trimmed, sometimes not. It is true that such scions do grow, but when trimmed it must be from adventitious buds, which start slowly, if at all; while if untrimmed, they start from the ends of the spurs, and give much trouble in getting a straight shoot.

To restore unhealthy plants in pots, first ascertain the cause of the trouble. Defective drainage and injudicious watering stand first. Sometimes the drainage, once good, becomes clogged. See that there are no worms at the roots, and that the soil is sweet and porous. Insects are often the consequence rather than the cause of disease. Plants have a limited period of existence, which varies greatly in different kinds, when one has run its course, better let it die and start a young one.

To have geraniums flower well in winter, preparations should be made now. They do best grown in pots, which should be plunged in the open border, where they can have full sunlight and air. Their flowers should be kept cut, and the plants freely cut back, in order that they may become stocky, well furnished with branches, which are to yield flowers the coming winter. If the plants have already been transferred to the border, nip the flower in the bud and cut back the same as if they were in pots. Repot before there is any danger from frost, giving them a pot one size larger than they previously occupied. Use a strong, rich soil, and, if the plants were in pots, do not disturb the ball, excepting to take away the outside soil and what dead roots there may be; pack the earth firmly, water thoroughly and keep the plants in a partially shaded place until well established, then assign them a suitable place in the window garden. The more sun the more flowers always. Do not expect flowers in both summer and winter from the same plant.

It is not too late to sow the seeds of dianthus for next year's flowering, and there is not a more deserving flower on the list, or one that will better reward good treatment. Furthermore, there is not a poor variety, or one that is not deserving a prominent place in any collection of choice flowers. If you have but room for a few, choose Diadematus.

Delphiniums rank high among hardy herbaceous plants. In order to get them, sow the seed as soon as ripe, which is now, as it loses its vitality sooner than almost any other seed; frequently it will lose its vitality within six months after ripening. Plants from seed sown in July or August should have the protection of a frame, or a covering of leaves during winter. If the old plants are cut back soon after flowering they will make a new growth and flower freely in autumn.

THE MELANGE.

Green Fodders—Horse Talk—Nuggets, Etc., Etc., Etc.

A careful summing up of the value of green fodders is thus made by Thomas Shaw, professor of agriculture in the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph:

The attention of the farmers of the Dominion has never been sufficiently drawn to the great advantages that flow from the growth of an abundant supply of green food for the stock of the farm. In this climate of short and oftentimes dry summers and of stern winters, which forever forbid the successful growth of permanent pastures of the European order and on the European plan, it will doubtless prove in the future the great resource of the farmer who is bent upon sustaining the fertility of his land through that best of all sources, stockkeeping. Some of its advantages are:

1. It effects a saving in land to the extent of enabling the farmer with but 50 acres to raise more beef, mutton, milk, butter or cheese than the one with 100 acres who pays no attention to the growth of green fodders.

2. It effects a great saving in fences, one of the largest items of outlay on a farm.

3. It secures a marked saving in food, and of animal muscle, in their not having to search for it.

4. It increases the quantity and quality of the manure to the extent of at least one-half of all that is made during the pasturing season.

5. Its effects upon the health and condition of the animals are beneficial, since the supply of food is uniform and sufficient, and they are free from annoyance, worry and exposure.

6. It greatly increases the quantity and quality of the milk, butter and beef product.

7. It very much enhances, in the aggregate, the fertility of the soil.

8. It largely obviates the necessity of summer fallowing, through its antagonism to weed growth.

9. It would prove a boon to the cottar, whose one cow must needs pasture on the highway.

10. In conjunction with the silo, it provides green food for the stock all the year, hence every farmer in the province alive to his own best interest will grow greater or smaller proportion of green fodder every year.

The only objections that can be urged against it are:

1. The lack of exercise will impair the health of the stock—an objection that will be answered in a succeeding paper.

2. The extra labor involved, which, however, is abundantly compensated by the increased returns.

The following are some of the principal soiling crops best adapted to Ontario conditions:

1. Winter rye, best sown in early September, two bushels to the acre; cut before the blossom appears, and fed, if practicable, in conjunction with red clover.

2. Red clover, yielding two cuttings per year, and cut until the time of blossoming.

3. Orchard grass, which may be grown with clover and cut at same periods.

4. Lucerne, yielding two or more cuttings a year, and, when brought safely through the first winter, yields a bountiful crop for years. It is best adapted to well-drained, rich loams, inclining to a sandy texture. It is not relished by the stock so highly as clover.

5. Timothy and mammoth clover make an excellent green food, the combination being complementary to each other in their constituents and ripening at the same time.

6. Alsike clover and timothy grown together answer equally well. By commencing to cut when the first blossoms appear, this crop may be fed for three or four weeks.

7. Oats and pease, oats and vetches or tares, or oats, pease and vetches come next, sown mixed, at the rate of say one and a half bushel oats, a half bushel pease and a half bushel vetches to the acre, and at successive intervals of say 10 days apart. They make the best ration when the grain is in the milk, but feeding may commence when they first head out.

8. Common millet, Hungarian grass and Italian millet are all useful as green fodders. They may be sown from May 1 to July 1, one-half to one bushel of seed to the acre, and should be cut before or in early blossom for soiling.

9. Corn is the most valuable of all green crops for soiling purposes. It should be planted in drills for summer soiling at the rate of from one-half to one bushel of seed to the acre from May 24 to June 10. It may be sown with the grain drill from 30 to 36 inches apart, and suitable harrowing, after planting and thorough cultivating, are of much importance. Feeding may commence when the corn is formed in the ear.

10. Rape is valuable for fattening sheep and cattle, and may be sown in drills profitably on land handled in the first part of the season as a summer fallow on the same plan and with the same after management as in turnip culture; it is eaten on the land.

Horse Talk.

Buy a good breeding mare.

Horses are very high in price.

The coming horse for the farm should be a mule.

A good colt each year will lift the mortgage sure.

The mule can be kept at one-third less than the horse.

Next autumn we intend to breed a Cleveland Bay colt.

Why does not the average farmer keep a good breeding mare?

The foreign demand for large, fine horses is unfilled and will be for years.

To make the colts tame, put each one in a small field by itself and feed it out of a measure, if only a few licks.

J. B. Crouse, Syracuse, N. Y., is building a barn which is to cost $200,000. Of course this is to be a horse-breeding establishment.

In fly time two quarts of bran a day will help the little colts and also the pasture. This is not all, it will make the little fellows tame and kind.

The nearer a horse is to the ground the least it will cost to keep it. The more we see of the Percheron crosses the better we like them for the farm.

For a weak back in a horse feed more wheat bran, and rub the back well with a strong decoction of witch hazel. Avoid heavy pulling and all kinds of hard work.

For colic caused by the fermentation of foods in the stomachs of horses, give at once a teaspoonful of aqua ammonia in a quart of water and two drachms of soda in a pint of water. Lime water is good.

A most excellent salve for sores on horses is lard and kerosene oil, or, better yet, crude petroleum. A little sulphur can be added, and salt. This is better than gunpowder and lard and cheaper. Use twice as much lard as kerosene or the crude material.

If the colt is stubborn about taking the bit, lead it into a stall and put a rope with a slipping noose around its neck; then put the bit into its mouth doing the work as gently as possible. The colt will very likely pull back and choke itself. After a moment's choking relieve it and try again. With a few such lessons the colt will hold its head down and give no more trouble.

King Thomas, a thoroughbred yearling, which sold for $38,000 at auction last year, is an inch and a half deeper through the heart than Hanover, a famous runner. On this account the Breeders' Gazette says "he is expected to do bigger things."—[Farm Journal.

Nitrate of Soda.

The chief point from which nitrate of soda is obtained is Iquique, Chili. There is an export duty on it of $10 per ton. There are vast beds of it extending for 200 or 300 miles along the west coast of South America. These beds are supposed to have been formed from decomposing seaweed.

There are two grades of nitrate exported; one that is almost chemically pure, is used for the manufacture of nitric acid and other chemical purposes, as well as for cheap blasting powder and fireworks as a substitute for saltpetre (nitrate of potash); the other grade contains 4 or 5 per cent. of impurities, principally common salt, and is sold at a lower price for manure. This cheaper grade has not, as yet, been imported into this country, owing to the fact that nitrate of soda is almost unknown as a fertilizer with us, and it does not pay the importers to keep it. The few farmers who use nitrate of soda in this country have to buy the high-priced pure article.

In Europe, where enormous quantities are used for manure, especially for sugar beets the cheaper grade is imported; it is ground fine and the farmers have no trouble in getting or using it. In this country the importers do not dare to bother with the small quantity at present used by farmers.

The nitrate is shipped in strong, coarse bags, holding about 300 pounds each, and by the time they arrive here the bags are more or less rotten, and before they can be sent out the nitrate must be rebagged. This is done, not by emptying the old bag, but by slipping a new and larger bag over it. Before sowing the nitrate empty the bags on the barn floor, and break up the lumps and run it through a sieve. A sieve used for sifting ashes will do though a finer one would be better. Break up all the lumps, and keep sifting and breaking until all will go through the sieve. Four or five pounds of nitrate will adhere to the bag, and cannot be removed. Our own plan is to soak the bags in a barrel of water, and use the nitrate by pouring the solution on the ground among peach trees, grape vines, gooseberries, currant bushes, etc. In pouring it on the ground care should be taken not to let it splash on the leaves, as it will be apt to injure them.

After sifting the nitrate, sow it broadcast, but it should not be sown on the leaves when they are wet with dew or rain. If superphosphate is sown with nitrate of soda the two may be mixed together, if dry and the mixture is used immediately. If damp and the mixture is allowed to remain unused for some weeks there is more or less loss of nitrogen. This is one reason why our manufacturers of fertilizers do not use nitrate of soda. There is not only a loss of nitrogen, but the mixture becomes damp and lumpy in the bags and is difficult to drill. For this reason nitrate of soda will always have to be purchased separately, and farmers will have to do their own mixing. As soon as the nitrate producers in South America learn that fertilizers are used in this country they will probably afford us the same facilities for getting it as exist in Europe. At present not a pound of fertilizer nitrate is imported into this country, while the imports to Europe last year, largely of nitrate, aggregated 4,807,000 bags of about 300 pounds each.—[Joseph Harris in Agriculturist.

Why Thresh the Oats?

Few thinking farmers are so behind time as not to know the value of bright oat straw for fodder. Nevertheless these men, good calculators generally, go on threshing the oat crop and separating grain from straw and then feed both to the same animals, as if they thus improved the feed! Is not the work on the farm hard enough without this useless labor? The custom is a relic of the past, and surely the day is not distant when farmers will as soon think of hulling oats for feeding on the farm as of threshing them. Oats for sale will doubtless still be threshed, although I incline to the belief that many sheaf oats will be pressed like hay, having their heads all toward the middle of the bale. This will apply particularly to local trade.

All stock eat sheaf-oats with avidity, and they constitute nearly a perfect food. Run through a fodder-cutter and moistened they become, with addition of a little meal, bran or cottonseed, a good ration for milch cows, and the hardest-working team horses keep sleek and fat on the diet. Why should not farmers everywhere place the crop, immediately on hauling it from the field, in vermin-proof bays or barns, or, better still, in mouse-proof stacks (which are so easily arranged), there to remain until fed? The time usually consumed in threshing oats for the farm stock could be profitably used in vacations, freed from care and labor, and perhaps in visiting other farms and learning from other farmers' methods.

Raising Late Cabbages.

E. S. Goff of the New York Experiment Station has the following hints on raising late cabbages: The ground for cabbage must be manured heavily, and thoroughly prepared before setting the plants if you wish to grow a good crop. After the ground is marked for setting, apply 200 pounds of superphosphate, 200 pounds plaster, and 60 pounds of salt thoroughly mixed together, dropping a small handful in each hill, and cover several inches deep with soil. The plants should be pulled at least twenty-four hours before setting, and placed in shallow boxes containing an inch of damp soil or rotten sawdust, setting the plants up in the boxes with the roots on the soil in the box. Do not pour water on the tops of the plants, as it will make them heat and spoil; but it may be put on the roots without injury to them. The boxes of plants may be left out of doors in the light, and the rootlets will form on the plants in from 12 to 24 hours. And the plants will be in fine condition for setting, whether it rains or not. The plants will do better if they are set after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but I have very little loss of plants by setting any time when the field is thoroughly prepared. I use a dibber for setting plants, first making the hole with the dibber, placing the plants into the hole, stick the dibber into the soil by the side of the plant, pressing the soil against the roots. The cultivator should be started in the field very soon after the plants are set, and should be run through the field once a week as long as there is room for the horse to pass through the rows without injury to the cabbages, which must be kept free from weeds by hoeing, drawing the soil toward the plants the last time hoeing.—[Husbandman.

To Destroy Woodchucks and Other Burrowing Animals.

The Prairie Farmer has useful suggestions as to the destruction of burrowing animals and insects by means of bisulphide of carbon. This substance is a yellow liquid, very volatile, boiling at 118°, the vapor rapidly filling the air of the burrow and smothering the animals.

To apply it a can of the liquid, a piece of small rubber hose or lead pipe, three or four feet long, with a small tin tunnel fitted into one end, and a common spade or shovel will be needed.

For woodchucks, etc., one ounce or less of the liquid is poured as far down the hole as the tube can be made to reach, and the mouth of the hole is at once filled up with earth after withdrawing the tube; the vapor of the very volatile liquid will smother all the animals within in a very few minutes; of course, if there are two openings to the burrow both must be stopped.

The vapor of this liquid is not dangerous or poisonous in the open air, but the vapor is exceedingly inflammable, and care should be taken not to go near a fire or a lighted lamp or lighted match with an open can of it, for the vapor easily explodes under such circumstances, like the vapor of naphtha, and might occasion serious burning of the person handling it.

Agricultural Nuggets.

It is better to cut some of the clover green and feed it to the cows in the stable, rather than to let the cows run out in the yield of milk.

Only a small fraction of 1 per cent. of the milk sent to the cities from New York is adulterated. So much for good laws and good inspection. On account of its purity milk is becoming a popular beverage.

For garget give first a dose of epsom salts. Each day afterwards give a tablespoonful of saltpetre, and rub the udder twice a day in hot strong soapsuds. Give warm drink, and keep the animal out of the cold. Give hot bran mashes.

The Jerseys crossed upon the Ayrshires make most excellent cows. We have bought just such a heifer calf for $10. The sister of this calf, 2 years old, gives a pailful of rich milk. This cross makes a more hardy cow than the pure Jerseys.

It will pay to pack butter when it is cheap, provided there is a good tub to put it in and a good place to keep it. A damp or a hot place will not do. The storeroom must be dry, sweet and cool. Cover with damp salt and a cloth. This will make a paste.

The most practical method of putting up a family supply of eggs for winter use is to take a box of suitable size and fasten the bottom on with greased screws; put in a layer of salt and a layer of eggs on top; another layer of salt, and so until the box is filled and the eggs completely covered and surrounded with salt. The eggs should be fresh and not touch each other. Keep in a dry place, and as cool as possible. When wanted for use take off the bottom and use the oldest eggs first.

To prevent early frosts catching the buckwheat sow it as near as possible to July 1. As we said before, it is safe to try the Japanese.

Clover sown among corn at the last cultivating, and ploughed down for the next crop, is a cheap and practical way of capturing the fugitive nitrogen so much needed.

A Western farmer saved his barley and corn from the chinch bug by throwing two furrows together, staking a six-inch board on edge on top of the backing and keeping the boards smeared with kerosene and coal tar.

Lime and its phosphates form a component part of all special manures for fruit trees, and many old, worn-out soils have been renewed by judicious applications of lime, ashes, etc. In nine cases out of ten, where a variety of fruit which once flourished in a given soil has ceased to flourish and perfect fine fruit there, the change is due to the fact that the soil has become destitute of the necessary mineral manures. In nearly all such cases the plentiful application of wood ashes, or wood ashes and lime, will restore the healthy condition of the trees. Observations of the effects of the composition of soils, within the last two or three years, convince many that much of what was attributed to climate was simply owing to the want of the necessary inorganic or mineral manures in the soil. The special lesson which this should teach us is that, in getting trees plants and shrubs from another section of the country, they should always be accompanied by an analysis of the soil in which the particular varieties reached perfection. We could then see that the trees were planted in the same kind of soil, and success assured us. Nurserymen would soon get accustomed to these orders, if every farmer insisted upon it in his order, and probably complaints about certain first-class varieties of fruits would not be so general.

Of the cabbage family, that sown this spring out of doors, which includes cauliflowers and kohl-rabi, will be in season exactly for planting this month. Any of these require good rich soil. Celery may be planted safely any time during July or up to the middle of August. Cucumbers, particularly for pickles, are time enough this month. The regular time for the turnip crop for fall and winter use is the middle of July to the middle of August. Sow always, if possible, during a rainy spell. Endive that is of the lettuce style and useful for very late salads, may be sown nicely in July, and so give a change from lettuce. The product is slightly more bitter to the taste, but, if well bleached, not very noticeably so.

The superabundance of fruit in the even years and its scarcity in odd years have led to attempts to change the abundant year, or to divide the crop between years. At a meeting under the Connecticut board of agriculture, Mr. Meech said he tried the experiment on a yellow Siberian crab, the trees of which bore the same year. He removed the blossoms from one with success, but after the second year it returned to its old habit. A. W. Cheever removed all the blossoms from a Gravenstein tree which bore even years. The next year it had a good crop of blossoms and of young apples, but they all dropped when half grown. The trouble was that the insects all poured into that one bearing tree among the barren ones, and destroyed them. When all the trees are changed by a sudden freeze, the insects divide their attacks, and the change is often permanent. Five years ago we sheared all the blossoms from a Greening tree which bore heavily even years, and now it bears moderately alike every year. More experiments are needed on this subject.

There are several ways of inducing fruitfulness in trees, the principle being in all cases to check the growth of wood. One is to get the ground in with a grass sod; another is to cut off a portion of the roots; another, to cut off the new growth of wood in August, so as to throw the sap into the lateral branches, which contain the incipient fruit buds; another is to take the bark all off the trunk in a circle three or four inches long. The latter operation should be done in early July. We know of a young and thrifty apple tree brought into bearing in this way, the entire bark having been striped off three feet of the trunk. This was done July 4, 1884, and the following year the tree bore its first crop of apples. Healthy, new bark now covers the trunk that was stripped.

It has been found, says Hiram Smith of Wisconsin, that by raising a crop of fodder corn and putting it into the silo every acre will winter three cows, and there is hardly one acre in Wisconsin that will winter one cow.

Corn put in the silo makes a great deal better feed than hay, and makes as good butter as ever was made in June, and the change from summer to winter dairying costs almost nothing, and there is all the time an increase of production.

Nothing will fatten up chicks so quickly as beef scraps. The way broilers are fed the last three weeks is ground corn, oats and wheat, mixed with plenty of beef scraps, and fed three times a day. In the meantime a dish of cornmeal is kept before them so they can eat whenever they desire. This feed runs up the weight very fast. But, understand, it will not do to force stock so fast if you wish to retain them as breeders.

Tomatoes for distant markets should be picked when the green color fades into a greenish white, or just before they begin to show the red color. If picked too green they rot; if left to color they become too soft. In the dark, close air of a freight car they will ripen on the way.

To renew the old strawberry patch, plough away from each side of the row, leaving it but six or eight inches wide. Thin out the plants in the row, leaving only the young and vigorous, and pull out all weeds. When this is done clean out the middles by the use of a cultivator with narrow teeth.

Gather cabbage and turnip seed when two-thirds or less of the seed pods are ripe. When the first pods of radish seed turn brown, and the downy tufts begin to show on the lettuce seed cut off, leaving the stems long, and spread in a loft to ripen and dry. Beware of the sparrows; they will gather the seed "free gratis" if it is left to ripen.

If you don't grow wheat it may pay to set the early potato ground in cabbage. Flat Dutch or drumhead, set three and one-half by two feet, fertilized with a good compost manure, will bring a crop. The Winningstadt set late makes nice heads for barreling. Set them 18 by 33 inches.

A good calf weaner can be made out of a rubber-boot leg. Put it over the calf's head, with holes for its eyes, and leave a flap or projection to drop down over the calf's nose, and cut away on the under side. When made in this way the flap will drop down and cover the mouth when the calf tries to suck, and it will not prevent its eating.

A fertilizer combination has been formed at Trenton, N. J., by the combination of several of the largest firms in Mercer county.

During this year 211,867 tons of fertilizer have been utilized in Georgia. This has been the biggest fertilizer year in the history of the business.

IN A GARDEN.

[H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.]

Before I made my garden, O, I was a happy man;
I read the seed store catalogues, and joyfully would plan
How lots of luscious vegetables I easily could raise,
And figured up the profits that they say a garden pays.

Of patent fertilizers, fancy garden tools and seeds
I bought about as many as a Western farmer needs;
I hired men that wouldn't work, and rising with the lark,
I dug till time for business and finished in the dark.

After I made my garden, O, I was a woful man;
The chickens scratched my pretty beds, the dogs upon them ran.
The cats pitched battles on them fought, the cows ate all the corn,
And a hog that tried to bite me always rooted there at morn.

Then came a drought that burned to dust my garden; then a flood
And pelting hail and hurricane turned everything to mud;
Then, like the plagues of Egypt, swarmed upon me flies and bugs,
Inch worms, moles, cut worms, locusts, caterpillars, crows and slugs.

With Paris green, tobacco, sulphur, soot and hellebore
I dosed that insect army, but they only cried for more;
I spoiled my clothes and patience in the blazing sun and rain,
And got myself so dirty that I always missed the train.

All summer long I wrestled, while my perspiration drops
I think would fill the barrels I had ready for my crops.
And though I wasn't able to supply one dinner's needs,
I took the prize of champion for raising famous weeds.

Before I made my garden, O! I was a happy man,
But afterward my troubles and experience began.
Now, if some city greenhorn like myself would care to reap
The profits of a garden, I will sell out very cheap.

Bound to Know How It Worked.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

A man created a sensation on a Delaware ferryboat yesterday by reaching under the seats of the cabin, taking out one of the hundreds of life preservers there and proceeding with the utmost deliberation to put it on.

"What's the matter?" asked one excited man. "Is the boat sinking?" Dozens looked around, saw the man make preparations to save himself and were thrown into a fever of excitement. There had been no alarm, so they cooled off again and began to think the man insane. But he was perfectly cool and apparently sane enough. He went right on without the slightest attention to anybody's questions or excitement to fasten the life preserver on. When he got it on he looked at it, seemed satisfied with his survey of himself, and then just as deliberately took it off, put it in its former place, and sat down again. He had made everybody around perspire though he looked as cool as a cucumber.

An old, honest-looking gentleman, who happened to be sitting near, gave him a quizzical look, which provoked him to say: "You think I'm a fool? Well, I had never put on a life preserver until that minute, and never knew how. Every time I boarded a boat I felt ashamed of my ignorance, which might some day cost me my life. I just made up my mind to try one. There is a stock of life preservers. There are 50 people on the boat. I'll bet my hat (here he began to increase his tone until the whole cabin could hear) that not five in the 50 know how to put one on." He ceased and looked around. No one took him up. He resumed reading his paper.

The Most Successful Author.

[The Critic.]

Buyers of subscription books are a class apart, and so are subscription book authors. I asked a successful publisher of such books whom he would rather have of all men in America, men of letters or men of affairs, to write him a book, if all he had to do was to name the man and get the manuscript. He thought for a moment, and then mentioned a name I had never heard before. "Who is he?" I asked. The publisher smiled half pityingly, half forgivingly, and said: "He is the most popular author in the United States. He never made a book that sold less than 100,000 copies. His name on a title-page guarantees a sale of at least that many." "It is curious that I never heard of him," said I. "No, it is not," replied the publisher, "he is unknown outside the subscription book trade. He can make a book on any subject, yet he never uses a pen." "What does he use?—a type-writing machine?" "No." "Then he must dictate to a stenographer?" "Not that either." "Oh, I see, he is still more progressive, and uses a phonograph." "Wrong again. All he uses is paste-pot and shears. His work shop is filled with books on every conceivable subject, and what he hasn't got he'll get. You say to him: 'I want a book on natural science. It must have 700 pages of reading matter. I'll furnish the illustrations. How soon can you let me have it?' 'Will two weeks be time enough?' he will ask. 'No, I must have it in one.' 'Can't do it, my dear fellow. I'm making a book on "Arctic Exploration" and another on the "Religions of the World" that must be ready before yours; give me 10 days.' 'All right, then.' And in 10 days your book is ready for the printer. He doesn't claim to be an author, but he has made more money out of his paste-pot than most of authors have made out of their ink bottles. I'm glad he doesn't lay claim to authorship. There is some comfort in that; and I suppose he gets satisfaction out of the idea that he is popularizing the writings of greater men."

A PENNY A GLASS.

Drop a Cent in the Slot and Get a Drink of Cold Water.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

The American Automatic Water Supply Company yesterday placed in various public places automatic water coolers, which give the thirsty passer-by a glass of cold water in return for a penny or a nickel dropped in the slot. A one-cent piece is sufficient to set in motion the apparatus, which measures out the water and delivers it in the cup; but if a person has not a 1-cent piece a 5-cent piece will answer the same purpose, the only difference being that it makes the drink more costly, as the machine gives no change.

The water supply is said to be from the Hygeia spring, Waukesha, Wis. The coolers are about six feet high and contain about 25 gallons of water each.

CAREFULLY GRADED GRIEF.

A Kind of Mourning That Inspires Very Little Sympathy.

[Washington Post.]

Two columns of a fashion letter are devoted to "fashionable mourning," to the minutiæ of texture, cut and finish imperatively demanded of those who mourn by milliner's chart. If this sort of mourning was rare such letters of description and advice would never be written as a business or paid for by newspapers. To go into mourning, to wear black clothes when some one dies that we love, is as natural as the tears we would hide behind thick veils, but the grief that expends itself in the niceties of mourning, in style and etiquette, is grief that is comforted by the advertisement that it makes for itself. Grief that is concerned with the depth of a hem, width of a handkerchief border and the length of time it must be adopted, is of that quality which wins the envy of other mourners and little sympathy from amused observers.

Dressmakers, when interviewed, claim that mourners are their most fastidious customers, as the sombreness and unbecomingness of dead black must be overcome by artistic arrangements and ingenious adornment. The length of time that deep, half and light mourning shall be worn is nicely graded by conventional rule. The husband heading the list, and the time exquisitely adjusted down to the mother-in-law and the mother-in-law's relatives; when mourning by the calendar is fully understood, how to do it, and in what is explained by card etiquette and fashion plates. At certain stages of sorrow we may admit certain friends, along with jet and patent leather shoes. Later on these acquaintances may visit us in the stage of "pale lavenders" and "soft dove shades." While all mourners receive due attention, the widow is the pivotal strength of the mourning business. The sanctity of her grief meets the most obsequious deference from silkworm to the shopkeeper. She is even told the width of her cap border, and whether it is "black, edged with white, or pure white this season."

In this progressive age, marked particularly by the emancipation of women into larger lives and higher ambitions, it is singular that "fashionable mourning," with its pretence and affectations of grief, mourning as a pastime, a diversion and fashion can be tolerated. That deadly fear of convention, in which women have so long been trained, is the probable reason; a fear which puts thousands of women into mourning who feel no grief or inwardly rebel at the parade and showing over a breaking heart.—Washington Post.

The New Congressional Library.

[Washington Post.]

It will be, when finished, the largest library building in the world, the nearest approach to it being the quadrangle of the British Museum, which is not devoted exclusively to library purposes, as it contains a large collection of works of art as well as books. The extreme outside dimensions of the new building are 463 feet 11½ inches north and south, by 332 feet 9 inches east and west. It will cover more ground than the state, war and navy building. The style of architecture is the Italian renaissance. The architect is Mr. Paul J. Pelz, who was sent abroad to study the great library buildings of the world in order that he might have the best. Mr. Spofford had also much to do with the arrangement of the interior.

The outer walls are to be of light-colored granite and the remainder of the building will be of brick and iron and fireproof throughout. The construction of the building is to be solid and substantial, and generally plain in the interior, excepting the rotunda, or reading room and the main hall or vestibule, which will be suitably enriched in marble, iron and stucco.

The limit of cost to the building, as finally decided upon by Congress, is $6,000,000, and in the plans made the effort has been to secure, within this limit, the largest and most appropriate building without sacrificing the dignified and monumental character demanded by the object and location.

The present plan includes book alcoves, stacks and shelving for about 1,500,000 volumes of books, but when the utmost capacity of the building is utilized it will be sufficient for more than 4,000,000 volumes. At the present rate of increase of the library, about 30,000 volumes a year, the accommodation first mentioned will be sufficient for more than 30 years, while it will be more than a century, if the world endures so long and the making of books continues, before the full capacity of the library building will be needed.

Care of Lamps.

[Country Gentleman.]

Never cut a lampwick after you once get it straight. They sometimes need to be trimmed when new. To do this, turn it down until the shortest end is even with the burner, and then with very sharp scissors cut it straight across. Every day simply wipe off the charred wick, and the flame will keep straight and even. To do this use a bit of soft paper, or an old soft cloth.

If lamps are kept properly trimmed, the chimneys need not be washed oftener than once a week, although they may be polished inside and out every day with soft paper. When you do wash them, put ammonia or washing soda in the water, have the suds hot, and rinse in clean, hot water. Let them stand until dry, and then polish with tissue paper. Never fill a lamp fuller than to within an inch of the cap, as, if there is no room for air, there is danger of an explosion.

A Chance for Experiment.

[Chicago Herald.]

Some time ago there appeared in a local paper an item to the effect that if a woman saw a paragraph cut from a newspaper in her house she would not rest until she procured another paper to see what had been cut out. A young married man, egged on by his brother, cut out the paragraph referred to, and had the satisfaction of seeing his wife hustle for another copy of the same edition. That is woman's curiosity. If any man cuts out this paragraph and gives his wife the paper she will certainly go to the nearest news stand and buy another copy to see what the scissors have done.

Appearances Are Deceptive.

[Jewelers' Weekly.]

Mrs. Inquizio (in a Maiden lane store)—Who is that handsome gentleman with the large diamond on his scarf, who is lifting the box?

Clerk—That is our porter.

Mrs. Inquizo—And who is the plain old fellow helping him?

Clerk—O, he's the proprietor.

Aren't You Glad It Isn't Yours?

[Kansas City Times.]

A copy of the big $150,000,000 mortgage, executed May 1 by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company to the United States Trust Company of New York, was filed for record in the Wyandotte county recorder's office yesterday. The document is printed in pamphlet form, covering 40 pages.

The Greatest of Tramp Printers.

[Columbus Special to Indianapolis Journal.]

John G. Gantt, the celebrated tramp printer, has been in this city during the past three days. This remarkable man, who is known in almost every printing establishment in the Central and Southern States, is 70 years of age, and has been constantly on the tramp since the close of the civil war. The longest tramp he ever made was in 1884, when he left this city and travelled through all the States between here and Florida and returned by the same route, reaching Cassopolis, Mich., just six months from the time he left here. He kept a careful record of the number of miles walked, and the entire length of the journey was 2800 miles. For a man then 65 years of age this certainly was a remarkable feat. This veteran printer has a great failing for "drink," but his constant indulgence does not seem to have weakened his mental faculties, and he possesses a remarkable fund of information, picked up by reading and experience. He recently started a very unique newspaper called Gantt's Typographical Tourist. It is published "on the road," and gives interesting items concerning the craft.

LINCOLN AS A LOVER.

One of the Strangest Proposals of Marriage Ever Written.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one, and, singularly enough, it has but recently come to light. Numerous as his biographers have been, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one, Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle, to discover this unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My dear Mary," it reads as follows:

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not, I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information; but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounded duty to allow the plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else, to do right with you and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And, for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further, and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing, and even anxious, to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than believe you miserable, nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you better not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it. Your friend, LINCOLN.

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love, and a proposal of marriage that does not propose.

WHEN PEOPLE MARRY.

Curious Things Shown by Records of Pennsylvania.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Thirteen per cent. of all the men married in Pennsylvania last year married women older than themselves. Seven per cent. took wives of their own ages, and the remaining 80 per cent. married women younger than themselves. The average age of the men was 27 years, and of the women 23 years. These interesting facts are found in the annual report for 1888 of Secretary of Internal Affairs Thomas J. Stewart, which contains much other curious information about the matrimonial propensities of Pennsylvanians. Thus it appears that more men are married at the age of 23 than at any other and that among women 21 is the favorite age. The youngest wife of 1888 was only 13 years old, and the oldest was aged 71. Two boys of 16 were married and two old graybeards of 86 ventured into matrimony, probably not for the first time. Of 14,726 women married, and whose ages were given, 4065, or 27.5 per cent., were less than 20 years old. Among the men there were only 493 who were so young. There were 23 girls of 14 years married, 105 of 15, 353 of 16, 816 of 17, 1333 of 18, 1434 of 19, 1322 of 20, 2041 of 21, 1517 of 22 and 1140 of 23. After the latter age the number of those who found husbands rapidly decline. These figures show that if a Pennsylvania girl is not married by the time she is 23 years old the chances are that she will become an old maid.

Men proceed more leisurely about matrimony. Besides the two 16-year-old husbands in 1888 there were 38 aged 17, 128 18 years old, and 325 19 years old. The figures then take a jump to 637 at 20, and reach the maximum in 1565 at 23. They decrease slowly after that. There were 437 men married after they were 50 years old, but only 171 women.

There was a remarkable disparity in the ages of some of the couples. A woman of 59 years married a man of 31, and an old man of 74 wedded a maiden of 24. The youngest couple were a 17-year-old husband and a 15-year-old wife. The girl of 13 wedded a man 19 years older than herself. A man of 54 married a girl of 18, his age being just three times hers, and a man of 48 did nearly as well, taking a 17-year-old wife.

In the marriages where the women were older than the men the differences in ages rarely exceeded five years. There were 83 marriages where one of the parties had previously been divorced.

It is estimated that there were 6000 marriages of couples from this State in Camden alone, and, of course, there must have been very many more in cities and towns in other States bordering on Pennsylvania.

Trains Engineers Don't Like.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Said an old railway engineer the other day: "There are three kinds of trains that I do not want to have anything to do with. One is the pay train. You never know when you will overtake the section hands. You will be going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, away you go around a curve, and you will dash by the boss and hands and have to go back to them. There is always a good deal of talk over the wages and much time is taken up. The next unpleasant train to handle is an excursion train. Every one living along the line of road knows you from seeing you come by every day, and they think you know them as well. When on an excursion they presume upon their friendship to endeavor to ride on the engine. No other place will do them. The engineer has to refuse them as it would amount to docking his wages from 30 to 60 days if he complied, as it is positively against the rules of the road. The persons denied the privilege always feel hard about it and look upon the engineer as unaccommodating. The last and worst of all, however, is the officers' train. If you run slow they say you are scared and fear to run fast. If you make good time they say you are careless and reckless and want to kill somebody. You can't suit them."

Paris Cabmen.

[Charles Seymour in the Epoch.]

The Paris cabmen are a very independent body, and each one of them considers his liberty as a proof of his superiority over other coachmen. A street cabman despises the omnibus driver, who, in his turn, scorns the tram-car driver. As for the liveried coachman, he looks upon the cab-man with an air of contempt, regarding him as a being who has lost all self-respect. When he happens to stop beside one of these drivers of a private carriage cabby, with his seedy coat, casts a scornful glance at his well-fed and well-dressed rival which seems to say: "Slave!" While the swell coachman returns the look with an expression full of pity that plainly means: "Poor devil!" If they were on speaking terms we should probably hear some such dialogue as this: "Liberty? Quelle blague! I have only one master, while you have a hundred thousand. You are everybody's domestic!" "Idiot, do you not see that when a man is supposed to be everybody's domestic, as you say in your ante-chamber jargon, he is, in fact, nobody's domestic?"

Important Business.

[Celestial City.]

"Oh, papa," she said, with a blush, "young Mr. Chestnut, who owns so many coal mines in Pennsylvania, is coming again this evening, and says he wants to see you on important business."

"All right, my dear," responded the old man, chucking her playfully under the chin. "I guess I know what the young man wants."

That evening Mr. Chestnut came to the point at once.

"Mr. Hendricks," he said boldly, "I want to ask you if you have laid in your winter's stock of coal."

Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1889.

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THE REPORTED WHEAT FAMINE.

Really, these late reports about the wheat crop all over the world are quite startling. If they are not a mere "fake" of interested speculators whose object is to boom the price of wheat, they show a most serious state of things for the old world, and a good state of things for the United States.

The crop in India is reported to be a failure of the most pronounced kind, so that famine is feared. India last year produced 258,000,000 bushels, or over 10 per cent. of the world's total supply. The Russian crop is set down as equally a failure. Russia raised last year almost as much as India—213,000,000 bushels. Here is almost one-fifth of the world's wheat crop reported not to be forthcoming this year. Dakota, it is said, will aggravate the difficulty by a shortage of 30,000,000 bushels.

With the exception of Dakota, the wheat growing area of the United States is all right thus far, and the yield here will not fall much short of 400,000,000 bushels. France, Spain, Austria and Italy report good crops, and these countries raised, between them, 700,000,000 bushels of wheat last year. They consume, however, by far the greater part of what they produce.

If the reports are correct of wheat famine in Russia and India, which, next to the United States, are the greatest wheat-exporting countries, it means a great demand for American wheat, at much higher prices than have hitherto prevailed. In other words, we shall be able to send more wheat abroad, and buy with it more of the products of other countries. Is it not a pity that our tariff robs us of half the profit of this sort of trade, by obstructing the importations which represent the payments for American wheat? We rather rejoice when the misfortunes of other countries compel them to give more of their products in exchange for our wheat, and then we stupidly put obstacles in the way of our bringing those products home. The mystery is how sane men can defend such a policy of national stupidity unless they have selfish interests at stake which are opposed to the general good.

MARRIAGE A SUCCESS.

In discussing the success or failure of any institution it must be studied in the line of the purpose for which that institution was established.

If marriage is an institution born in human necessity; if it is a means to an end, and if it helps the race on to that end, it is a success.

Too often is it assumed that the purpose of marriage is happiness, and its success or failure decided as it gives to the individuals joy or sorrow. If the purpose is happiness then marriage, like social customs, wealth, fame, even life itself, is a failure. Where is the happy person? All are seeking happiness: all are happy at times, but the most that can be said of the majority of lives is that the present can be endured because the future is hopefully anticipated.

It is, therefore, unjust to decide upon the failure or success of marriage by the fact alone that there is much unhappiness in it. All human institutions are established as aids to the development of manhood and womanhood, and are to be tested by their results in making life broader, richer, deeper in experience. Is the average life larger, more useful and more happy? Are we better men and women because marriage exists?

Marriage, like most institutions, has both physical and psychical causes for its existence. Under some form it has existed in all stages of social development. The first great physical cause is the necessity of perpetuating the race. The race has been perpetuated. The best has by heredity come down to us, and, looking at humanity, the result of marriage, the system is, because it has accomplished its purpose, a success. Prof. N. S. Shaler says "100,000,000 species have had their death; man is the only success."

Out of marriage, of necessity, grew the home. The lengthening of the period of infancy compelled longer companionship, and out of the needs of the young child the home arose. The young are cared for as the result of marriage. The home is the integral unit; out of homes come the tribe and the nation. Marriage made them possible.

But man had psychical needs. He loved. He needed companionship. This marriage gave him, and the emotional side of his nature has been developed through the conjugal and parental relations. The two greatest revelations that come to human beings are those that come when first they love "one alone" of the opposite sex, and when the young babe, "life of their life," is placed in their arms. Marriage, thus, like the spring winds and rains to vegetation, awakens the emotions of man.

But it brings responsibilities—nature's great school of the Ought; shelter, clothing, food, must be provided for wife and child. Self becomes subordinate to others' welfare. Philanthropy, generosity, virtue, temperance, charity, industry were born of marriage and are today developed by marriage. To this institution the world owes its progress. It thus also becomes a school of discipline through responsibility.

Christian monogamic marriage is a natural evolution of primitive systems of marriage. The best features of all past systems survive in it. That it is today the conservator of morals, the developer of all that is noblest and best in man, is a fact patent to all. It lengthens life and promotes virtue; it makes men and women. In this it is a success.

To say it is imperfect is simply to say it shares with everything else connected with man, the necessity of incompleteness. It is yet in the process of evolution. Time will change, as it has already in the past, some of the present features. Others will be developed as human needs shall bid them be. But whatever new features the system shall take, they will be those that experience has demonstrated will help human life to be longer, more useful and happier.

The wrecks of unhappy homes, of divorce and individual wretchedness that lie along the great beach of progress, no more affect the success of marriage as an institution than do the wrecks along the Atlantic coast affect the wonderful success of ocean commerce. Without marriage what wrecks there would be! The maelstrom of sensuality, the breakers of selfishness, the winds of uncontrolled passion, would wreck all barks, and the race disappear through its own debauchery. The results in prostitution, infidelity, illegitimacy, infanticide and other vices and crimes, where the marital relations are loosely observed assure us that it is safe to say that marriage is the great preserver of the race. As mankind develop there will be greater sacredness to the marriage tie, greater preparation for the duties that conjugal and paternal relations bring with them, and the result will be better homes, better society, better government, and these will react upon individuals, and will give a better marriage, making it still more a success.

H. H. BROWN.

A NOVEL EDUCATIONAL PLAN.

Mr. EDWARD BELLAMY, author of "Looking Backward" and high priest of the new "Nationalist Clubs," has an article in the July number of the Nationalist Magazine in which he advises his followers to require a novel test for legislative candidates in this State. This test is the indorsement of the plan of raising the term of compulsory education to 25 weeks at least in each year, and the age at which the compulsion shall cease to 17 years at least. "The age of 14," he says, "is no time to bring to a close the education of a prospective sovereign of the United States and custodian of its liberties." And so he wants the State to compel every boy and girl under 17 years of age to attend school at least half the year.

To some parents, however, this will suggest an objection. Many a poor mother would like to keep her boy in school until the age of 17 if she could, but it may be that she is totally dependent on his earnings, consequently he must leave school long before that age. Or it may be that a father considers the education received by his son at 14 to be sufficient. Some parents, indeed, hold that any further book-learning is worse than useless, as tending to make the child discontented with his or her probable lot in life. Under these circumstances the father is sometimes unwilling, and perhaps unable, to support his son or daughter while gaining a higher education than the grammar schools afford. But Mr. BELLAMY has thought of all this. He proposes to have the State support the "children of indigent parents" during their school life. He thinks that would remove parents' objections to extending the age of compulsory education to 17 years. The possible objections of the taxpayers are not considered.

Mr. BELLAMY sees a certain collateral advantage to this plan. The transfer to schools of all the children under 17 who are now in stores and factories would create a demand for adult labor which would not a little relieve the present glutted labor market. To "make work by waste," he admits, is "poor political economy," but "this would be to make work by saving—by saving the children." This, of couse, is a mere play upon words, the fact remaining that it would make work by wasting, in an economic sense, the labor of the children. However, in this age of great populations and labor-saving machinery mankind as a whole does not need the labor of children, and ought to be ashamed to use it as much as it is now used. A little work and responsibility will not hurt healthy boys and girls, but, on the contrary, is necessary to develop their abilities and characters; but the employment in factories for 10 hours a day of children who ought to be at school or at play is against nature and against humanity, and is one of the disgraces of civilization.

The plan suggested by Mr. BELLAMY may not be practicable, but certainly some thoughtful consideration should be given to the problem of preventing, without undue hardship to poor parents, the present wholesale dwarfing of the rising generation, physically, mentally and morally, by their life in shops and factories.

THE GREAT UNSAILED OCEAN.

There is a fascination in aerial navigation which no amount of failure and disappointment seems to abate. The late ascension of Prof. HOGAN and its probably fatal ending will only serve to intensify the longings of other adventurers to master a problem which, when finally solved, may revolutionize travel and transportation.

The activities of modern life call for an endless shifting of human beings and their productions. To overcome the necessary resistance encountered on land and water requires an enormous expenditure of labor and machinery. Yet all the while we are enveloped in a boundless ocean of air, wherein surge no shattering billows, which is exceedingly buoyant, and which offers little natural resistance to locomotion. Could the problem of utilizing its buoyancy and vast expanse once be solved, the whole face of things on this earth would be changed.

Nor is the problem, in and of itself, beset with appalling difficulties. The air is waiting to lift any amount of burdens. The discovery for which the world still waits is some substance at the same time so light and strong as to withstand the pressure when the vessel into which it is constructed is emptied of air, or durable enough to admit of the construction of propelling machinery when the atmosphere within it is displaced by some lighter gas.

The promise of such a substance, upon which science is working untiringly, is found in the newly discovered methods of producing the metallic base, aluminium. The greatest living expert in the development of this substance died recently and carried his secret with him, leaving, it is claimed, no custodian of it behind. But the stepping out of one man in these days is only a momentary check in the pursuit among new realms of discovery, and the possibilities of matter in this line will eventually be realized in marvellous results.

The intense fascination of aerial navigation is not to be wondered at. A vast sea, opening up almost fabulous possibilities for the human race, lies waiting, with but one seemingly simple discovery barring the way to its utilization. Whoever forges that key will open the widest door of human progress leading into the future.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Wonderful Profits It Earns Yearly.

How Egypt is Supplied With Tobacco By America.

Hints in Egg Hatching to be Got From the Land of the Nile.

[Copyrighted, 1889, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

ISMAILIA, Egypt, 1889.—The abandonment of the Panama canal and the discussion of matters relating to M. de Lesseps has brought me from Cairo to Ismailia. I write here in the very centre of the Suez canal, where the grand opening ceremonies of 1869 were held, and where this man who has temporarily failed had the crowning success of his life. He has a magnificent home here, to which he comes during some of his winters. It is surrounded by orange groves and palm trees, and the pure breezes of the desert are mixed with the winds which blow down from the Mediterranean through the canal which he built. It is 58 years since he first came to Egypt, in the French consular service, and it is more than a generation ago since he pursuaded the viceroy of the country that the work could be done. When he begun it the English laughed at him, and scientists all over the world predicted his failure. John Bull shook his tail and said, with a sneer, that France and Egypt were burying their money in the sands of the desert, and it was not until the waters of the Mediterranean were mixed with those of the Red sea that they would admit that the thing could be done. Now more than two-thirds of the ships which pass through the canal belong to Great Britain, and the English, in order to protect their interest in India, have had to put something like $17,000,000 into canal shares. It is not a bad investment, for in 1885 the net profits of this canal were more than $6,000,000, and after all expenses were paid the shareholders received a

Dividend of 17 Per Cent.

The canal increases in importance year after year, and that to such an extent that it may be necessary to build a second alongside of the first, and this plan is now much discussed. How much is saved by it can only be understood by considering the steamship routes of the past. Before it was opened, ships in going to China and India had to go by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and it was then more then 12,000 miles from London to Bombay. The voyage was one of months instead of weeks, and it necessitated the repeated coaling of steamers. At present the distance by the Suez canal is only 7000 miles, and the saving in distance from London to Hong Kong is about 4000 miles, or 1000 miles longer than the distance between Liverpool and New York. In 1886, more than 3000 vessels passed through the canal, and estimating that each of these vessels to India, Australia or China made a saving of at least 5000 miles, it will be seen that the aggregate saving in one year was more than 15,000,000 miles, equal to a distance of 600 times around the world. I have not the statistics of the number of passengers carried in 1886, but 10 years before that, when the ships which passed through the canal were less than half the number that now go through, the passengers carried numbered more than 83,000. Undoubtedly more than 150,000 passengers are taken through this canal every year, and the charges are $2 on each passenger. It makes heavy charges upon the vessels which pass through, estimating them according to their tonnage, and

The Receipts of the Canal

make it one of the best paying institutions of the world.

And still this canal is only 100 miles long it is only one-twelfth the length of the Red Sea, into which it conducts the waters of the Mediterranean, and these two bodies of water are of nearly the same level. They now flow into one another without locks, and the canal is well described as a ditch in the desert. This ditch is about 300 feet wide at the top and 150 feet wide at the bottom, and the water within it is as quiet as a millpond. It is of beautiful sea green, and the contrast of this color with the bare yellow sands which line the banks of the canal, makes it wonderfully beautiful. The canal is so narrow that ships can pass only at certain points, and the management govern these passages just as the train despatchers regulate the passage of trains upon our trunk lines. There are, from time to time, through the canal, wider spaces, where the ships must turn in, while others, which have the right of way, may pass them, and at a distance these ships seem to be walking, as it were, in single file through the desert. They are not allowed to go over five miles an hour, and this is largely due to the depth of the canal. Its average depth is about 24 feet and many of the ships which pass through are more than 20 feet deep, in the water. There is so little water under the bottoms that there can be no great speed.

The banks of this canal are of dry and thirsty sand. In some places they are kept back by pavements of stone, and in others by a network of twigs like

The Jetties of the Mississippi.

It cost nearly $100,000,000 to build the canal, and in some places the channel had to be cut through solid rocks. In others there was little dredging needed. The waters of the Mediterranean flowed into long, natural lakes, and these required but little excavation to make them deep enough for the transit of the ships. One of the great problems in making the canal was fresh water for the workmen. The work was begun in 1858, and the ruler of Egypt provided 25,000 laborers. These were relieved every three months but it was necessary to feed them. It took 4000 water casks, which were carried on the backs of camels, to supply them with drinking water, and this was kept up for five years. At the end of that time a fresh water canal was arranged so that water was carried from the Nile to Ismailia, and there is now a pipe which runs the whole length of the canal and which carries fresh water from one end of it to the other. The work of preparing harbors at Port Said and Suez was very expensive, and I took a look at the piers at Port Said, which are intended to ward off the accumulations of sand and mud and which form the navigable entrance to the canal. These piers are made of artificial stone composed of desert sand and cement. The machinery to make them was brought here from France and the stones were made to throw into the sea. Each stone weighed 20 tons, and it took 25,000 of these massive rocks to form the bases of those piers. On the top of this foundation the piers were built and this artificial stone will, I am told, last

As Long as the Natural Article.

Immense dredges are now employed throughout the canal. These pump up the sand, which blows in from the desert, and throw it out beyond the banks. There are stations or guard-houses at intervals along the course and a few small towns have grown up here and there. At one of these a dirty Arab brought a leg of raw mutton while the boat was stopping during a trip which I made through the canal a few days ago. He offered to sell it to the passengers but found no buyer. Outside of these towns and the guard-houses you see few signs of life. Here a caravan trots along over the desert, the long, ungainly camels, with their riders, bobbing up and down against the clear sky of the horizon. There a flock of long-necked cranes springs from the water into the air, and now, away across the hot sands at the side of the ship, comes into view a new ship and new waters, which loom up out of the sands and which looks as real as the green water through which we are moving. This is the wonderful mirage of the Libyan desert, which so often deceives thirsty travellers when passing through it on camels. It fades as you approach it and becomes a very castle of the air.

The opening of the Suez canal took place in 1869, and the ceremonies cost Ismail Pasha, the father of the present khedive, more than $20,000,000. Among the other notables who were present was the Empress Eugenie, and a grand palace was fitted out for her entertainment at Cairo. My dragoman told me that he had seen Eugenie during her trip to Egypt, and that she had climbed the pyramids, had taken the fatiguing trip to the interior of the greatest of them, and had ridden

On a Camel to the Sphinx.

During my visit to the pyramids, one of the first questions that my Arab guides put to me was whether I knew Mark Twain; and I find that Mark Twain is better known abroad than any other American. I see his books sold in pirated editions on every bookstand. He is quoted by the English, the French and the Germans, and such bazaar merchants as he mentioned in "The Innocents Abroad" have made fortunes out of the advertisement. The Bedouins at the pyramid offered to run up one and down the other for me in 10 minutes, just like "Markee Twain book."

Consul General Cardwell tells me that much of the "English tobacco" sold in Egypt is made in the United States. It is sent to England, and from thence shipped here. A year or so ago Egypt made over 6,000,000 pounds of tobacco a year. She now makes none, and the reason for this is that the Khedive has imposed a tax of $157 an acre on all lands raising tobacco. This is done that the tobacco used will have to be imported, and it will pay a big import duty. The Egyptians are great smokers. You see the Turks in the bazaars with long hookahs or water pipes before them, and you seldom meet a man or boy without a cigarette in his mouth. The women smoke as well as the men, and puffing at cigarettes makes up a large part of the occupation of the rich ladies of the harems. I am told there are some women in Cairo who smoke regularly 100 cigarettes a day, and I have seen women walking on the streets puffing at cigarettes. Neither the khedive nor his wife smoke, but it is the custom in Egypt to offer a cigarette or a pipe to all visitors. The tobacco used here is very light, and first-class cigarettes cost about 70 cents per 1000. The tobacco trade is in the hands of the Greeks, who have cigar stores all over Cairo. There is

No Reason Why America

should not send tobacco directly to Egypt. Mr. Cardwell says that the freight rates would not be over $5 a ton and he thinks that a tobacco something like the best of our Durham would suit the trade.

Speaking of American sports, Egypt is not a very good customer of the United States. The bulk of the people are very poor, and the cottons in which they dress come chiefly from England. All over the east the Russian coal oil has been crowding out our American product, and this is so in China and Japan as well as in Egypt. Our oil, however, is better than the Russian oil, and I am told that there is a considerable increase in the export within the past two or three years. In 1887, America sent four millions of gallons to Egypt, and there was an American here sometime ago who claimed that there was a large oil field on the shores of the Red Sea. He bored a number of wells and gave out reports that the indications were good and that there were undoubtedly vast fields of good petroleum in Egypt. These reports have since turned out to be false. The output of oil will not pay for the working of the wells and the matter is, I am told practically dropped. There is no doubt but that America could have some trade with Egypt if we had a greater amount of shipping of our own. As it is, such things as come here go first to England and are thence reshipped as English products. This is the case with lard, bacon, meats and canned goods. We buy something from Egypt ourselves and we take every year nearly $30,000 worth of onions from

The Valley of the Nile.

Egyptian cotton, which is now one of the great products of the country, got its start during our late civil war. The price rose as high as 44 cents a pound, and millions of dollars' worth of Egyptian cotton was raised and shipped to England. At present the product of cotton is about 500,000 bales per annum, which is little in comparison with the great crop of America.

In coming from India to Suez I met an English gentleman who said he supposed I would find nothing good to eat in Cairo. He looked upon the Egyptians as heathens, and had no idea that there were good hotels, good markets and all of the modern conveniences at Cairo. I have made inquiries as to the cost of food in this capital of Egypt, and I find that good turkeys, which will rank in size and weight with the best of our Thanksgiving birds, are worth from $1 to $2.50 each; good fat geese bring from $2 to $4 per pair, and chickens sell from 40 cents to $1. Choice cuts of beef and mutton bring 40 cents a pound, and the palate of the foreign resident at Cairo is tickled with splendid oranges at a cent apiece. All kinds of vegetables are cheap and good, and eggs bring from 8 to 20 cents a dozen.

The Egyptian chickens are smaller than the American variety, and the eggs are only about half as large as those laid by the speckled hens on Uncle Sam's farm. The Egyptians are, however, far in advance of us in the science of raising chickens, and the incubating establishments of the country hatch out eggs by the million every year.

At a Hatching Establishment

near the pyramids the farmers trade fresh eggs for young chicks, and the rate is two eggs per chick. Another artificial egg hatchery turns out 500,000 little chickens every season, and the oven crop of chickens in Egypt amounts, according to figures furnished me by the consul general, to more than 20,000,000 of chickens a year. We have about $200,000,000 worth of money invested in the fowl industry in the United States, an amount so large that all the money of Jay Gould could not equal it, and still we have to import more than 16,000,000 dozens of eggs every year. If America would adopt the Egyptian hatching system we could sell eggs instead of buying them, and our farmers might buy little chickens to raise at a price of 20 cents a dozen. More than 20,000,000 of little chickens are sold each year in this way in Egypt, and there is a regular business in chickens just about old enough to walk.

The incubatories are rude, one-story buildings, made of undried bricks, so arranged that the eggs are laid upon cut straw in racks in rooms, around the ovens, which are kept fired on during the hatching season. The outside walls are very thick, and are built so that they retain the heat, and the only thermometer used is the blood of the boy or man who attends to the fires. By long practice these men learn just how hot the ovens ought to be kept, and they replenish the fires as the weather demands. A small amount of fuel is needed, and the temperature of the ovens is about that of 98° above zero. The fire is built up for eight or ten days before the eggs are put in, to thoroughly warm the hut, and after this time it does not go out during the season, which is from March until May.

The Eggs Are Turned

four times a day while hatching. The whole outfit of an establishment, which hatches over 200,000 chickens a year, does not, I am told, cost more than $25, and one man runs the whole machine, keeping the fires, buying and turning the eggs and selling the chickens. There are in this incubatory 12 compartments, each 70 feet long, 60 feet wide and 16 feet high, and each of these compartments will hold 7500 eggs at a time, or 90,000 eggs in all. It produced last year more than 230,000 chickens, and did the work of more than 20,000 hens.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A SCHOOLGIRL OF THE PERIOD.

[Harper's Magazine.]

Geography? Yes, there's a lesson each day,
But it's awfully hard to remember.
We've been in South Africa nearly a month;
Perhaps we'll go north by November.

What history have we? It's quite a big book,
Without any pictures—the bother!
Today I was told I'd sustained a defeat
In the battle of—something or other!

Arithmetic? O, it's the bane of my life!
No matter how hard I may study,
My knowledge of dividends, fractions and rules
Continues unchangeably muddy.

Proficient in spelling? I hope that I am,
Though I shine less as writer than talker;
I don't mind confessing how often I use
A pocket edition of Walker.

I write compositions? Of course, once a week—
We've such a dull subject tomorrow!—
I manage to spin out a page and a half,
Though lots of girls copy and borrow.

You ask me which lesson of all I prefer?
You'll think my reply quite alarming:
In French we've a gentleman teacher, you know,
And somehow it's perfectly charming!

MRS. HARRISON'S TASTE.

She is Continually Buying Pretty Forms in French China.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is continually buying pretty forms in French china or English tiling, which she puts away in her closet for future decoration, says an exchange. Many vases, platters, bowls and odd pieces are contributed by friends, to whom they are frequently presented a long time afterwards, embellished with a spray of heartsease, rosemary or sea flowers. Mrs. Harrison makes child's play of butter patties, but of late she has been decorating bread and milk sets for baby favors. Some very beautiful designs have come from her brush in the shape of pot rests for breakfast and tea tables. A white tile is selected, on which she scatters garlands, wreaths and clusters of lotus, poppies, convolvuli, laurel, bay and myrtle flowers immortalized in verse and history. Corresponding to the remarque adopted by famous artists, Mrs. Harrison employs a little four-leaf clover, which she tucks away under a shell or bud for love or luck. A wallpaper, a piece of furniture cloth, artists' silk, and occasionally a napkin will attract her attention, suggesting something for a new design, while fancy cards are carefully preserved, and pretty sketches cut from magazines and papers are pasted in a scrapbook for future ideas. Candlesticks, cracker boxes, frappe-bowls, saucers for flower-pots, chocolate jugs, buttermilk pitchers and dome-shaped covers for cheese and biscuits are some of the quaint pieces on which Mrs. Harrison has been engaged of late.

She painted several nursery tubs, in one of which the pretty McKee babies take their daily plunge. The decoration consists of conventionalized magnolia blossoms done in pink and finished with gold bands. Master Benjamin has an eye for color and a mischievous habit of wanting to kiss the pink roses every time he is put in the water. One day when this homage was being paid to his grandmamma's talent the little porcelain tub turned over, spilling the boy and the bath all over the floor. A desire to repeat the operation may have something to do with the young man's enthusiasm.

CELLULOID PRODUCTS.

They Are Safe to Handle, But Ready to Burn; Therefore, Look Out.

[American Analyst.]

Umbrella and cane handles, collars, cuffs, and scores of other articles of convenience, utility and even elegance, manufactured from celluloid, are in daily use by large numbers of the people. The question is asked: "May they be safely used?"

Celluloid is made from gun cotton, the powerful and violent explosive compound. Gun cotton is made by saturating absorbent paper with a mixture of two parts of nitric acid and five parts of sulphuric acid. The cellulose of the paper, derived from the cellular tissue of the cotton in common use, is changed by the combination and becomes gun cotton.

To make celluloid, the excess of acid is washed out by a free use of water, and by pressure carefully applied. After the removal of all uncombined acid, it is reduced to a homogeneous pulpy mass, strained until it becomes nearly dry, and is then mixed with about one-third of its weight of gum camphor. These materials are mixed as uniformly as possible by careful manipulation with wooden instruments, and then by grinding. The pulp which is turned out by grinding is spread out and reduced to slabs of various thicknesses and rolled between steam-heated rollers and then becomes moderately elastic in strips of medium thickness. In this form it is worked up into the various articles which are offered for sale and use.

Although gun cotton is easily manufactured, its manufacture for experiment or for general use is not recommended; and, although celluloid articles may be safely used with ordinary care, a bonfire of such articles for amusement is not recommended. No injuries from such use have been reported. A word to the wise, however, suffices.

WHAT TIRES SUSAN B.

Standing Long and Shaking Hands Fatigues Her of Late Years.

Somebody asked Susan B. Anthony, at a reception given to the veteran woman suffrage leader some days ago, if it did not fatigue her to stand so long and shake so many hands. "Yes, it does tire me," came the quick answer; "but not half so much as it did 20 years ago to stand all alone with no hands to shake at all." Miss Anthony is nearly 70, but her figure is straighter than of many a girl of 17. Her eyes are very bright, and her rather thin face expresses acuteness and kindly intelligence. Her hair is quiet heavy still and softly gray. She wears it combed down over the tips of her ears in the manner of a quarter of a century ago. She dresses quietly but richly in dark silks with fine lace for garniture. She has one very feminine weakness—a horror of going out in the rain.

She thoroughly enjoys the attentions which the younger and more progressive New York women have been seizing their opportunity to lavish on her. Whether they believe in women suffrage or not, there is a constant increase in the ranks of the women who are grateful to the women suffrage agitation for the improvement in the legal and social position of the sex, which the discussion has helped to produce. "I'd lie down in the dust for any man or any woman to walk over," said a young mother, "who would make the lawmakers realize that my baby ought to be mine as well as my husband's." Since the case in New York city a few years ago when a Chinaman, who had married an Irish woman, willed his child to a brother in San Francisco, who took it from the mother and carried it to China, the fact that in New York a husband, even if under age, can will his baby, even if unborn, irrevocably and forever away from his wife has lain like a rankling thorn in many minds.

JERRY AND MASSA JACK.

One of the Happy Scenes in a Planter's Mansion in "de Days Befo' de Wah."

"Jerry!"

"Yes, sah."

"Go awaken Master Jack, and say I have gone to the office."

"I will, ole massa, for sho."

Jerry was a happy little little darkey, typical of that easy-going race before the war. Well fed, well clothed, no task before him but to awaken his young master, who, by the way, so dearly loved his morning nap the office surely was no sinecure. To say little Jerry loved, adored this handsome young master, dimly expresses it. Everything daring, great or beyond his comprehension Massa Jack could surmount. Upon being told for the first time the story of "David and Goliath," he quickly responded "Ump! Massa Jack could'er dun dat fust thro'."

"Jerry, didn't old massa tell you to call Master Jack?"

"Yes, mammy, I dun going dis berry minit. Can't you let him have a little peace? I never seed the like: in course Master Jack don't want to git up with the speckled hin."

"Go, sir, and tell him breakfast is ready."

With a nimble dodge he escaped the ready blow from his irate parent. With hands deep down in trousers pockets, hat on back of his woolly head, whistling in a merry voice, "I am a happy little nigger," he started for Massa Jack's room.

Rat-a-tap-tap.

"Massa Jack; wake up! ole massa dun gone dese two hours."

No response from the interior.

He stealthily enters and tiptoes to the bedside, calls "Massa Jack!" a key louder, then dives for the door as a boot shies past him. This is repeated until left boot, boot-jack and candlestick have been sailed at him, then, feeling on safer ground, he boldly steps up, gives Massa Jack a shake and in tender tones says "do git up, Massa Jack, honey! Mammy says the chicken is briled and yer buckwheat cakes is spiling!"

After this last reminder Jerry feels his efforts will be rewarded, so he seats himself on the back stoop and patiently awaits the coming.

"You, Jerry, did yer awaken yo' Massa Jack?"

"Dish up de breffus, mammy, he'll be here presently. Ole Missus' brass candlestick done sail pass dis little nigger's head," he, he!"

"Well, you little rascal, what did you mean by all that cannonading at my door?"

"La, bless you, Massa Jack, I couldn't he'p it. Fust ole massa, den mammy—be sho' to wake you up, 'kase Jerry would dun let you sleep till the horn blowed 12 o'clock."

O, I suppose you were not at all anxious for a "sugar biscuit?"

"I could'er waited. In course I lubs my sugar biscuit, and you is de prime fixer of um; you knows how to put plenty sugar on," he, he!

This was a daily occurrence, unless the young master was away, and Jerry claimed the "sugared biscuit" as a perquisite of office.

"Any little nigger can lap lasses, but Massa Jack's little Jerry hab 'sugared biscuit.'"

There came a morning, dark and clouded, and poor little Jerry's merry laugh and whistle were silent, for dear Massa Jack had marched away to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Sitting on the stoop, the big tears rolling down his dusky cheeks, and sobs shaking his little body, he answered old master's inquiry:

"Are you sick, Jerry?"

"No sah!"

"Mammy and the altheas too much for you?"

"No sah! I am thinking bout my poor Massa Jack dun gone to fite dem Yankees, and nobody to wait on him, and boo-hoo! hoo! nobody to give his little Jerry a sugar biscuit!"

Tears stood in old master's eyes, as memory brought back the gallant young son before him, and with an unwonted tremor in his always kindly voice, he said: "Come to me every morning Jerry, and I will give you your 'sugared biscut' until Master Jack comes home again." F.

A Republican Typewriter.

[New York Herald.]

Senator Eustis of Louisiana tells a good story at his own expense. Several days ago he prepared a political speech and sent the manuscript to a typewriter to be copied. When the manager of the establishment returned the manuscript he remarked: "That's a rattling good Democratic speech, senator."

Senator Eustis, who knows a good thing when he sees it, thought so, too, but he remarked blandly: "Ah! you read it, I see."

"No," said the man. "I did not, but the young lady who copied it did. She is a stanch Republican, and several times during the operation I heard her exclaim: 'That's a lie!' 'that's a horrid, nasty Democratic lie!' so I knew you must be preaching good Democratic doctrine."

The Law of Compensation.

[Terre Haute Express.]

"Things do even up pretty well in this world, as a rule," mused the paragraph man. "First I make a little joke on hash, and then the compositor makes hash out of the little joke."

An Unfortunate Error.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter with your mustache?"

"Oh, I got my wife to trim it for me this morning, and she used the button-hole scissors."

ODD ITEMS.

The prettiest girl at Saratoga is said to be a Cuban named Munoz.

A Detroit man bought a 50-cent raffle ticket and drew a church.

A petrified tree was recently unearthed at Farmington, N. J., 16 feet below the surface.

Sylvanus Jones of Richmond, Va., is reported to have written 36,764 words in shorthand on a postal card.

It is estimated that the progeny of a single pair of English sparrows for 10 years would be 275,616,983,698 birds.

A Marietta horse died of lockjaw the other day, the result of having had a corn burned off two weeks ago.

Near Hogan, Mont., is a large deposit of petrified clams. There are also other beds in that section of the territory.

Mrs. Ole Olsen of Detroit, a Swedish woman, is the proud mother of a bouncing boy, 1 year old, who weighs 150 pounds.

A Kanawha river fisherman caught a jack salmon that had swallowed one bass and had another half way down its throat.

A law suit has just been decided in Kentucky which was 78 years in court. It originally involved $5000, and has cost $1,000,000.

A bicyclist of Chambersburg has made a bet that he can make a mile in less than three minutes without touching the handles of his safety machine.

The largest watermelon patch in the world is at Adams Park, Ga. It embraces 800 acres, and is expected to produce over 400 carloads of melons.

Brussels has distinguished herself by a bonnet show. The first prize was given to a "flat, oyster-shell sort of contrivance, decorated with raspberries."

A Kansas farmer has written to the Johnstown bureau of information asking that a wife be chosen for him from among the flood sufferers and sent on to his place near the town of Parsons.

One of the novelties to be seen at the Paris exposition is a drop-a-coin-in-the-slot machine which takes photographs "while you wait." It is operated by electricity and is said to do good work.

A remarkable cave in Stone county, Kan., has been explored "for a distance of 12 miles." Report credits it with containing two rivers, "millions of bats" and the remains of many wild animals.

Mrs. Phillips of West Fallowfield, Penn., has found a remedy for gapes in chickens. She slits the windpipe lengthwise with scissors, and with a horsehair lifts out the worm that causes the ailment.

Every genuine champagne cork used in a pint bottle of champagne costs four cents. The quality of the cork is indicated by its close grain and marvellous expansion after being withdrawn from the bottle.

A French duel has proven fatal to one of the participants. A child in Pennsylvania last week swallowed the handle of its rattle and died, and a Tennesseean fell out of bed while fighting a mosquito and broke his neck.

Mrs. James Gallagher, a resident of Brooklyn, began sneezing the other evening, and she had got the tally up to 2040 times when the doctors finally found a remedy. She says she won't try again until some female beats the record.

The colony on Pitcairn Island numbers 120 people, all related by blood or marriage, and the amount of money circulating among them has never been above $80. The one who gets hold of $20 of this is considered a millionnaire.

A hen owned by John Seal of Swarthmore, Penn., which has supplied his family spring chickens and eggs for nearly 14 years, was recently tied to a trestle to prevent her from setting, when she committed suicide by hanging herself.

John M. Brosius landed in Atlanta four years ago with $150 in his pocket and a chest of tools which were made in 1848. The same man today is worth over $300,000. The fortune was made on two patents—an axle for a wagon and a sewing machine.

J. A. Templeton of Washington, Penn., has an odd souvenir of California and the forty-niner time. It is a brass coin that passed for gold. It is a little larger than a cent, and upon one side is seen the miner upon one knee, sifting out the gold from the sand.

An old grandfather's clock down in Ohio, which has been running regularly for the last 10 years, stopped the other day, and upon examination it was found that a mouse had fallen into the works and was caught between the wheels and killed, and thus stopped it.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior. It is 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its greatest breadth, and has an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 200 feet, and its greatest about 900 fathoms. Its surface is 635 feet above the sea.

A natural bed of a substance resembling shoe blacking has been discovered in Rush valley, Utah. Analysis shows that it contains 16 per cent. carbon, 34 per cent. aluminium and 50 per cent. clay. When properly applied to leather it produces a fine polish that is not easily destroyed.

Some experiments lately made at the Royal Polytechnic School at Munich, show that the strength of camel hair belting reaches 6315 pounds per square inch, while that of ordinary belting ranges between 2230 and 5260 pounds per square inch. The camel hair belt is unaffected by acids.

The Bell mountain, or Jebel Nagous, is situated on the Gulf of Suez, about four-and-a-half hours' journey from Tor. The name is given to it by the Bedaween because the sands covering its northwest extremity emit a musical sound when agitated by the wind or by the steps of man.

South Easton, Penn., boys have been caught stealing chickens from farmers in a new way, having fished for them with a grain of corn on a small hook. Some chickens that tore loose from the hooks were so badly injured that they died. A hook in one chicken's throat revealed the rascality.

A short while since a negro woman near Centerville, Wilkes county, Ga., named Harriet Evans, having her young baby in her lap at church, got to shouting and pounding her child. She beat it so severely that several of its ribs were broken and the child died in a few days from the injuries.

A Steubenville, Penn., young man was calling on a young lady, a couple of nights since, when she proposed making ice cream, a favorite dish of his. Everything being ready, he began to revolve the freezer and kept it up, with breathing spells, till 1 o'clock, but no cream resulted. Investigation followed, when the inexperienced miss discovered that she had put buttermilk in the freezer.

The celebrated Kong mountains of Africa are about to follow the Mountains of the Moon, which have been expunged from the maps. These mountains were supposed to be stretched across Africa for 10 degrees of longitude about 200 miles north of the Gulf of Guinea. Capt. Binger, who has now returned from nearly two years' explorations in the almost unknown regions north of the Gulf of Guinea, says there is no such range as the Kong mountains.

A West Philadelphia grocer, who allowed a flip young man to talk him into buying a number of conical paper bags containing a poisonous fly powder at 10 cents a bag, suspended the bags from the ceiling as directed and awaited the result. Finding a large increase in the number of live flies, and no dead flies whatever, he made examination and found he had paid poison prices for cornucopiæ of buckwheat, of which he had quantities already in his bins.

Frogs covered the streets in the neighborhood of 21st and Bank streets in Louisville the other morning during the hard rain. They came down with the rain and an area of about four squares was strewn with them. The frog shower lasted about half an hour, and as some of the superstitious people were unable to account for the presence of the reptiles, for a time considerable alarm prevailed in that locality. A great many of Louisville's hard drinkers thought they "had" 'em, sure.

The huge organ for the Town Hall, Sydney, has been completed in London. Its most remarkable feature is a 64-foot stop. The lowest note of the stop, expressed in organ builders' language as "CCCCC," is two octaves below the lowest C on the pianoforte, and as it gives only eight vibrations in a second it cannot be perceived as a note at all. Its effect lies wholly in the extraordinary richness and power of its upper harmonics, by which it reinforces notes given by the higher pipes.

In the French crystal department at the Paris exposition is an enormous glass bubble perched on a stand like the world on the back of Atlas. Its diameter is one metre 55 centimetres, and its volume 1950 imperial quarts. It weighs 22 kilograms. For the information of the general public who prefer to understand things from a material point of view, we are informed that it is capable of holding nine casks of wine. It is said it has never been equalled in the history of glass blowing. The bubble is pure as crystal and without the slightest blemish.

A new wrinkle that broke out this week is for ladies to wear masks in the water. The masks are either black or white, and made of chamois skin. It is currently remarked that the masks are worn as a protection to the complexions and not from a sense of prudish modesty. Some of the wicked, so it is said, have started pools on the esplanade, the bets being as to the identity of the maskers; but this is becoming unsafe, as it is hard to unravel the secret of who is below the masks. The wagers are chewing gum and bathing tickets.

The most remarkable canal in the world is one between Worsley and St. Helen's, in the north of England. It is 16 miles long and under ground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the county being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface. So the canal was constructed, and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross-pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the crossbars on the roof.

The Snowden mountain, the loftiest in Wales, has been sold for £5750.

At a New York wedding the other day the bride received $1,000,000 worth of presents.

John Gould of Statesboro, Ga., exhibits an apple limb three feet long with 90 apples on it.

The inventor of the pigs-in-clover puzzle realized $100,000 from it before the public dropped it.

A well in the South, from which a strong breeze rushed for years, has suddenly taken to spouting water.

Superintendent Mills of the Delaware Railroad Company says the peach crop will number exactly 2,798,230 baskets.

A deaf and dumb life insurance agent over in West Virginia is running all the other agents out of the country.

An observer of human nature has discovered that when a Chinaman is pleased he takes off his shoes and opens his mouth.

Arthur Blackford of Chattanooga was arrested and jailed for stealing two silver dollars covering the eyes of a dead baby.

A man by the name of Kirkland, living at Spring Gardens, Fla., has eaten five pounds of honey at one sitting, and is still there.

They broke a man's will in New Jersey the other day by proving that he always walked upstairs instead of taking an elevator.

A Cossack giantess, who weighs 280 pounds and measures nearly 6 feet in height, though only 11 years old, is on exhibition in Paris.

A Philadelphia wholesale druggist pays $2 a gallon for dandelion wine, which is made from the plant growing wild on so many farms.

An English paper says the largest flags in the world were made for the war office, being 36x31 feet. What funny ideas those Englishmen have.

Three boys of Jackson, Mich., recently saved a girl from drowning and the grateful father gave them five cents, telling them to divide it between them.

In the village of Bempton, East Yorkshire, Eng., a young woman, while in the act of throwing rice at a newly married couple, fell backward and expired.

It is sagely suggested by a weekly newspaper in Idaho that the governments interested should place electric lights on drifting icebergs in order that they may be seen afar off.

Jay Gould says that for the first year of his married life he lived on $100, got up at daybreak, went to church every Sunday, and was as happy as a boss bumblebee in sweet clover.

The fastest regular express trains in the United States run between Philadelphia and Washington. They maintain an average speed of 45 miles an hour during the entire distance.

Fred Hain, Jr., of Reading, prides himself on the height of his kicks. The other night he kicked a pipe from the mouth of Ed Bitting, without a previous understanding with the latter, who, therefore, had him arrested.

Some engineers in Switzerland are devising an aerial railway by which they propose to connect two of the peaks of Mount Pilatus with wire rope about 2000 feet long, and to send tourists from summit to summit in cars running on the wires.

A representative of a French syndicate has been looking at an island near San Francisco with a view of establishing there a frog farm. According to his estimates an enormous fortune awaits the man who takes hold of the venture in the right way.

A shoe merchant's small boy at St. Louis, Mich., painted on the fence: "If you want good shoes go to Mr. ——." Dr. Case's small kid witnessed the operation, and, determined to sustain his father's reputation, added to the fence the legend: "If you want good babies go to Dr. Case."

J. H. Putnam of Tioga, Penn., has been at work ever since the flood in drying out about 1200 legal papers. He hung them up to dry on lines just as a washerwoman would. The writing is as good as ever on most of them, and in some very old and almost faded manuscripts the ink has been brought out again by the water.

A Montreal collection-plate revealed the fact that 209 of the congregation had contributed 1 cent apiece to the church funds, while 1879 had given 5 cents apiece, and 868 10 cents apiece. The smaller coins appear to be invaluable for church purposes. It can only be hoped that the argument in favor of ½-cent pieces or farthings will not succeed.—[Toronto Mail.

It is said that a prominent merchant on Clayton street, in Atlanta, Ga., has adopted the following plan of determining the price of his chickens: He has four coops. In them he has a half-inch, a one inch, an inch and a half and a two-inch auger hole. All the chickens he can squeeze through the first he sells for 10 cents; through the second 15 cents; the third 20 cents, and the fourth 25 cents. He is making money.

"The Alstons, sir, die with their boots on." That was the constant boast of the late Col. Bob Alston, famous throughout Georgia as an editor and politician. His grandfather and his father had died that way, and one day after he had made this boast he was shot to death. Next day one of his boys committed suicide in Washington, D. C. This week another son was jailed at Lithonia, Ga., with a charge of murder to his credit.

Francis Walke, son of Rear Admiral Walke, is enjoying his honeymoon at Asbury Park. His marriage recalls the fact that two years ago he was engaged to two girls at the same time, but they found it out. One of them still has four trunks of the bridal trousseau she prepared at that time. Walke represented himself to her father as a rich wholesale merchant, when he was but a $12-a-week clerk. A present to one of the girls was a handsome, fine screen painted for him by the other.

Whenever there is offered in the United States a prize open to the whole country for the family that has the greatest length, breadth and thickness, Walker county, through the Coulter boys, will be sure to take it. Of the six boys, going up by steps, and commencing at the lowest, Jim is 6 feet 4; Mac, 6 feet 6; Will, 6 feet 6; Tom, 6 feet 7; Oscar, 6 feet 8, and Richard, 6 feet 11. The parents were 6 feet 4 and 5 feet 9 respectively. It is unnecessary to say that the boys in their rearing had the advantage of limestone water. Their weight runs from 200 to 262 pounds, making a total of 1367 pounds and an average of 228 pounds.—[Lafayette (Ga.) Messenger.

The only cross-eyed cow in the country is owned by George Williams of Comley, O.

A sunflower plant in Orange, Cal., has blossoms that measure two feet in diameter.

Terre Haute's champion lazy man, according to the Express, is trying to invent a house which can be turned around on a pivot when it rains, thus making Mother Nature perform the job of washing all the windows.

A timely cry of fire by a parrot owned in Marietta, Ga., brought its master to the room and prevented a bad fire. The parrot had accidentally ignited a box of matches and seemed to realize the danger of a conflagration.

In Erie, Penn., night before last a young gentleman calling upon a lady attempted to turn down the lamp, which was heating the parlor unnecessarily, when it exploded. He boldly flung it into the street, and escaped with badly burned hands.

William B. Muldoon was glad on one account that the battle lasted so long. Toward the close of his work as trainer, he said: "If Sullivan should win this fight easily he'll be mad enough to lick me; he'll say that all this work I've been making him do was useless."

There is a fancy in London just now for bills of fare enclosed in envelopes, which being directed to the guest, serve as dinner cards. The envelope has a French postage stamp in one corner marked bon appetit, and menu on the flap of the envelope in place of a monogram.

A Summerville, Fla., paper says: "We have a man in our country who is about 35 years old who was never more than 40 miles away from home, never rode on a train or steamboat, never wrote or received a letter, never subscribed for a newspaper and never voted the Democratic ticket."

Prof. Hubert Herkomer is a painter, etcher, engraver, wood carver, ironsmith, founder of a great art school, a civil engineer, an architect and decorator, a magazine contributor, a playwright, a musical composer, a singer, actor, scene painter and stage manager. It is further a fact that what he does he does well.

An absent-minded German professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A pupil meeting him saluted him with "Good evening, Herr Professor; how are you?" "I was very well, I thought," answered the professor, "but now I don't know what's the matter with me; for the last half hour I have been limping."

An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole earth, and assuming that condensation takes place at an average height of 3000 feet, scientists conclude that the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3000 feet in every minute, or about three hundred billion horse power constantly exerted. Of this prodigious amount of energy thus created, a very small proportion is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fraction is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.

Had to Walk Home.

[Puck.]

Angelina—There is no use in talking, mother. All is over between us.

Mother—What has happened?

Angelina—Two minutes after George left me at the gate last evening he uttered a terrible curse.

Mother—Shocking! What caused it?

Angelina—I don't know for sure, mother; but when I turned the light up in the parlor I found a 25-cent piece where George had been sitting. I am afraid George is no gentleman.

The Consideration of Woman.

[Once a Week.]

Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal) —I remember, Algernon, so well, when you proposed to me how painfully embarrassed you were.

Algernon—Yes, dear, and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how very easy you made it for me, after all.

Don't Repeat It, Please.

[Lawrence American.]

He picked a bee from a columbine
And held it by the head.
We hadn't the time to make a cut
Of how the young fellow looked then, but
This is just what he said:

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Good One On Boston.

[Judge.]

Tot, a Chicago girl, en route to Europe with her mother, drives through Boston going to her hotel.

Tot—Mamma, why in the world doesn't that stupid driver go through the streets, instead of up the alleys?

Taken Down.

[Burlington Free Press.]

Bascom—This has been a sickly summer, Backlot. Has your wife been taken down?

Backlot—Gosh, yes! She spent three weeks fixin' over a bonnet and then found it was out of style. You never saw a woman so taken down in your life.

He Always Wins.

[Merchant Traveller.]

"Papa, what do they mean when they speak of the reverse side of a coin?"

"The reverse side of a coin," said the old gentleman, without looking up from his paper, "is any side you happen to name when you are tossing with the hotel clerk."

Ambiguous.

[Epoch.]

Softleigh—Miss Flyte, do you think Miss Giggle is laughing at me?

Miss Flyte—I can't say, Mr. Softleigh. She often laughs at almost nothing.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

AGE OF DRESS.

E. Berry Wall's Opinion of the Times.

Prince Alberts and Derbies Never Harmonize.

Russet Leather Shoes in Town Not Good Form—Seaside Customs.

[Copyright, 1889.]

NEW YORK, July 19.—The improvement in men's dress throughout this country generally and in New York particularly during the last ten years is really wonderful. Even very young men can recall the reign of the spring-bottom trousers with a flapping lap at their ends like a gaiter and reaching almost to the tips of the toes. Was there ever a more fearfully made garment devised? No other country in the world ever saw anything like unto that never-to-be-forgotten style, if we except possibly the Spanish and Mexican bull-fighters with their wide spreading leggings. Nowadays, only in the second-hand clothing shops of the Bowery have we reminders of that era of exaggeration in dress. But nothing could more strongly illustrate my claim that we have rapidly improved in dress by avoiding conspicuousness in attire. In fact, this might be called the age of dress. Not only men of fashion but those in every respectable walk of life give vent to man's natural vanity and proper pride by devoting some attention to the comeliness of their costume.

Yet sneerers cannot say that this departure from puritanical hideousness and aboriginal contempt for dress has led to effeminacy among our young men. When the distinguished Mr. Sullivan was on the eve of breaking the proud spirit of the eminent Mr. Kilrain, the gilded youths of this country, from the Golden Gate to Sandy Hook, had anathemas only for the unsportsman-like Governor of Mississippi. The only time I had the distinguished honor of meeting Mr. Sullivan he wore a full evening costume and his linen was immaculate. When I saw Mr. Kilrain conversing quietly and grammatically with a pair of United States Senators in the Hoffman House cafe I observed that his attire was quiet and faultless. The obnoxious Mr. Charles Mitchell once consulted me about the proper width for his trousers. The ultra-fashionable men of the day can box with a professional pugilist, cross foils with a fencing master, lift 100-pound dumb-bells above their heads time and time again, and are considered lacking in education unless they can swim at least one mile at a stretch.

Yet withal they do not consider it lacking in masculinity to gravely consider the question of what fate Heaven has in store for a man who will wear a Derby hat with a frock coat, or a Prince Albert, as some people call it. In New York we pick out a Western man by his commission of this crime. In that section of this country, although they have progressed marvelously in the matter of men's dress, and now pay much attention to it, they are apt to either scorn or overlook the fine distinctions which characterize the properly dressed individual. There must be certain inviolable rules to form the bases of what is correct in man's attire. A general one is that the eye should not be offended nor yet should it be

Specially Attracted by a Man's Costume.

So it has been decided by those unknown and mysterious authorities who are arbiters of what we shall wear, that only a high hat can be donned by the wearer of a frock coat. And isn't that reasonable? Does it not look out of place for a costume whose main feature is a long coat to suddenly end in a diminutive pot hat?

The opposite of the above proposition is just now matter of considerable discussion. Many men display signs of extreme nervousness when they observe a friend wearing a sack coat and a high silk hat at the same time. Their agitation, I can assure them, is uncalled for. A few years ago the combination was considered as being in very bad form, but the silk hat has come to be considered as so eminently the badge of a gentleman and so essential a part of every man's wardrobe that I firmly believe if it were placed on the head of a deceased member of high society the innovation would be commended and perhaps looked upon as increasing the wearer's chances of passing the heavenly portals. Within two years the most fashionable men in London have walked down town in sack coats and high hats. Up-town, of course, when away from business—and this is a striking peculiarity of English fashion—the sack coat is never worn, being discarded for either the frock or cutaway.

While nearly all our fashions come from London, I don't wish to be understood as claiming that they are any better on that account or that the English swells dress any better than men of fashion in America. When I refer to British styles and costumes as setting to a certain extent the pace for this country, I am simply acknowledging an existing fact which must be admitted. This you may criticise, but you can't controvert. And yet the explanation may not necessarily involve any want of patriotism on our part. I presume that if the Kamschatkans displayed good styles in attire we would imitate them. In London the men who formulate dress customs have little else to do and are not engaged in any business, although, of course, many of the tip-toppers among the swells are in commercial life. Here, however, all the men who are noted for their carefulness of costume have regular business pursuits. Dress to them is an incident and not an avocation. In this country, and most creditable it is, a man can be always in the very best of form and yet not only be actively engaged in business, but even be in rather humble financial circumstances. It is not necessary that he should have 19 pairs of trousers, 30 waistcoats and 15 coats. With clean boots, a clean necktie, clean linen, and two suits of clothes, not necessarily brand new, but always nicely pressed, one can always be dressed as well as the richest swell and always look like a gentleman.

The one great remaining defect today in American dress custom is the unthinking avidity with which we seize upon the so-called new styles and run them into the ground. Many a charming departure from conventionalism in attire has been made nauseous by this process. Just now we are experiencing an epidemic in New York city of seaside and mountain costumes. I am told the same fever is raging throughout the United States. For young women who have nothing else to do but look airy and cool, and breezy and beautiful, to thus attire themselves is delightful to look upon. For men—solid, substantial

Money-Making Creatures of Business,

it is ridiculously inappropriate. I see hundreds of young men on Broadway wearing tan-colored shoes and with silk sashes around their waists. They are badly dressed.

Tan-colored shoes have been worn in England for many years, but only on yachting trips, when playing lawn tennis or when visiting in the country. No man ever dreamed of walking through London in them. Last year a few young men introduced them for daily use in New York city. They became a craze. All winter the large shoe manufacturers have been making them, and this year a deluge of cheap russet shoes fell upon the American public. Again I do not wish to be understood as commending English goods above those of American make. With equal conditions and under similar circumstances we can make as fine shoes, hats and clothing as the world has ever seen. But in London certain tradesmen make a specialty of certain articles to which they confine their efforts. They naturally only do business in a small way, but specimens of their work out-class the products of the rapidly-moving big manufacturers of this country. For instance, Lobb and Thomas of London are celebrated the world over for their shoes as Peale of Oxford street is for

Hunting and Jockey Boots,

to which he limits his labor. The first two named make their russet shoes only of Russia leather. I now wear a pair which they made for me eight years ago, and they have never lost their shape in all that time. I see young men walking on Broadway wearing russet shoes which have the appearance of years of use and yet they are of this season's birth. The result of the violence of this craze and the cheap goods which its sudden virulence produced, will be that the custom will soon depart and the tan-colored shoes will be seen only where they belong—in country, at seaside or on the water.

The silk sash as a city ornament is even more reprehensible. It had its origin many years ago among the English army officers in India. Hygienic reasons arising from climatic conditions led to the winding of a silk sash around the loins. This article of necessity soon was transformed by graceful draping and drooping ends into a thing of beauty which won favor in men's eyes. Then it was found that for tennis playing and yachting, where freedom of the body is desired, the comfortable sash permitted the discarding of the irksome brace and thus the use of the new article of dress was considerably enlarged. In time it was introduced into the country, but at first put only to its proper use. The all-devouring eyes of a New Yorker fell upon it, however, and now we see a procession of sashed youths walking along Broadway and 5th avenue. At summer resorts where neglige dress is proper, the free use of the sash is all right; in the city to wear it is all wrong; in fact, it is more than foolish.

Of course, if you contend that what is right for the country and for public summer resorts is good enough for the city, I have nothing further to say. But I am sure you cannot argue that proposition to a reasonable conclusion. There is not one of you who was not indignant at the slight the Duke of Sutherland attempted a few years ago to place upon his hostess, one of the most charming and highly respected of American women. When that representative of the

Most Ancient Peerage in Northern Britain

came to New York, society opened its arms to him. He had a curiosity to see but a thorough contempt for this country, and he expressed the latter by not bringing a dress suit to these shores. At the first reception in New York which he attended he appeared in a sack coat of the large checkerboard pattern. That glaring offence in dress could not be overlooked. The hostess, who believes that dress which is proper in the country may be highly improper in the city, was equal to the occasion. She haughtily informed her ducal guest that "in America we don't have shooting parties at night." That was the one rebuke which could touch the swell Englishman on the raw. His embarrassment was painful as he mumbled out something about being under the impression that dress made no difference in democratic America.

A recent striking departure in summer dress in town, and which introduces a seemingly careless feature in men's attire, is the use of the silk or fine flannel shirt. If worn in business hours, and on business occasions, I think its use most commendable and proper. It has sound common sense as the reason for its use, and therein differs from the other innovations I have commented upon. No man is ever dressed whose collar and cuffs are soiled, and whose linen shirt is no longer immaculate. Yet it is almost impossible to keep the linen in proper condition while one in summer time is engaged in the heat and hurry of business life. The silk shirt affords a charming and attractive method of escape from this trouble, and I look upon its use as a fashion which will grow in popularity, and which has come to stay. I am sorry to see, however, that some inconsiderate young men have produced evil from this most excellent thing and appear in the evenings in this neglige garb, even while thus attired, escorting ladies to the Casino roof garden. No shirt but one of linen should be worn after nightfall.

My great fear now in this transfer of summer costumes from country to town is that some over-aspiring youth may set Broadway ablaze with the blazers. The fashion of men wearing gayly-striped loose jackets at the seashore is the prettiest I have ever seen. It contributes to the making of a series of beautiful pictures along the Atlantic coast, from Bar Harbor to Cape May. I think, although I am not certain, that the custom had its origin among Englishmen enjoying the waters at Hamburg. Then and there, however, the jackets were only used when the men were playing lawn tennis. The New York Racquet Club was the first to bring the coats to this country but they were only displayed in the secrecy of the club's racquet court and lounging rooms. Now they are seen everywhere, and they have made the country brighter for their use. But in the name of jewelled consistency don't bring them into every-day prosaic life in the cities.

But I Fear—I Fear!

My chat last week about the foolishness of the majority of those who bet on horse races has brought me a decidedly curious letter. Here it is:

July 14, 1889.

E. Berry Wall, New York:

DEAR SIR—Being a stranger to you I trust you will not consider me presumptuous in addressing you on a subject which your national reputation as a patron of the turf leads me to believe may invite your kind attention.

In consequence of the failure of a large dry goods house here recently, for whom I was bookkeeper, I have been out of a position for the past four months and have devoted my spare moments to the study of horse racing. By mathematical calculation I have evolved a reliable and unfailing method of speculation which if followed through the season would afford an excellent living to me and thousands of dollars annually to a wealthy man. This is not the traditional "sure thing," but a simple plan which if adhered to will replenish the pocketbook as invariably as that night follows day. This can be easily proved by an examination of the races already run his season.

Of course it requires a little money, but the returns are so abundant and certain as to amply repay the risk of the investor. I would like to get a start, and in consideration of the same will divide profits equally with party furnishing capital, or if preferred he can go it alone and keep his own profits, I to do the same after returning amount first advanced. I can give you the best of references as to integrity, trustworthiness, etc., and if you will kindly favor me with a personal interview I will call with letters sufficient to convince you that I have always been reliable, upright and worthy of confidence.

I see a fortune in this system, and it is too good to miss; all I desire is a start. Should the matter not interest you, perhaps you can suggest to me the name of some New York party of means whom I could negotiate with, for which kindness I would be under a deep obligation.

The scheme is one which when explained you will readily see is a good one, and will enrich a man rapidly on a moderate capital, while a man of your means could bankrupt the book market if you desire to follow it out heavily.

Hoping you will give the matter your kind attention and favor me with a reply at your earliest convenience, I remain, respectfully, etc.

H. W. M., Troy, N. Y.

That letter plainly shows more than columns of argument what fools mortals become when they attempt to wrest fortune from chance. I have known men who apparently have had systems whereby they claimed they would infallibly win at roulette provided the limit was not called upon them, but I never before heard of any one winning horse races by mathematical calculations. Some men have what they call systems, but they are not mathematical. In their bets, for instance, they follow a certain jockey. There is only one system to follow in horse racing, if system it can be called, and that is to consider a horse's public form, which can be estimated by an accurate knowledge of what he has done, the weights he has carried, the condition of the tracks on which he ran, the horses he has beaten or been beaten by, and every detail concerning his performances. There is no other sensible method to follow. I must decline, therefore, the kind proposition of my stranger friend in Troy, but I give his letter so that some one else may get rich thereby. I will tell him, however, in strict confidence, that if his system will work, any well-known bookmaker will give him $100,000 for his secret. E. BERRY WALL.

Moose Hunting in Maine.

[Forest and Stream.]

The few moose yet in Maine's woods bring no inconsiderable money annually to the State. I have been told of one man who has spent $5000 in Maine trying to kill a moose, and he has neither secured the moose nor given up the task. It would be greatly to the benefit of hunters who wish to call moose if the law was changed so as to make September an open mouth, for only during the September moon is there a reasonable prospect of success in calling. It was once my pleasure to meet a sportsman just in from moose calling. His Indian had called a moose to the water, but was unable to get him to come out of the bushes, and a shot into the shadows was unsuccessful. Said the hunter: "I have never seen any sporting to compare with this. I could hear the moose coming for an hour, and when he came down off the hills to the water I could think of nothing but a locomotive off the track and running through the woods. I have killed no moose, but that experience was worth all this trip cost me. It fairly made my hair stand on end to hear that moose come. Yes, sir; it was worth $150 of any man's money."

The Mole and the Eagle.

[Burdette.]

"Why," asked the Mole, pausing in the midst of an excavation contract which nobody wanted him to continue, while he leisurely conversed with the Eagle, in order to kill the working time that hangs too heavily upon the ennui-stricken hands of the day laborer:

"Why do you sit gazing so steadily up into the dim blue ether?"

"Because," replied the king of birds, who was too fly to get stuck on a simple, hand-woven conundrum, "it's a soar spot with me." So saying, he picked up the humble delver of the soil, and made it soar for him. This fabula docets that when a man asks a conundrum he should be ready to dive into the bomb proof as he perfects the alignment of his closing sentence.

Which Was the Selfish One?

[Lowell Citizen.]

Husband (about to leave home in the morning)—Isn't it too bad it rains? I can't walk with any comfort in this deluge, and I hate to ride in a horse car.

Wife—Why, I think it is just lovely it rains! My flower garden will get such a splendid wetting!

Babies Get the Pins.

[Merchant Traveller.]

"Did you ever stop to inquire of yourself where all the pins go to?"

"Yes; but I never arrived at any conclusion. I've noted one fact, however, that has escaped general attention."

"What is that?"

"That it's pretty much the same way with umbrellas."

CONFEDERATE DIARY.

Unfinished Memoranda of the War,

Probably Written by a Youthful Volunteer Who Lost His Life.

Minute Description of Ten Days of Camp and Battle Life.

The following is a copy of the diary of an ex-Confederate soldier, which is now in the possession of a gentleman of Richmond, Va. The soldier was evidently a volunteer from the State of Kentucky, and, judging by the handwriting, was scarcely over 20 years of age. As the diary ends abruptly, it is evident the poor fellow was killed, captured or lost his war memoranda. The regiment was cavalry. No information as to the name of the young man is given. Some surviving members of the regiment may be able from reading the diary to trace the author:

Left Kingston Aug. 13, 1862. Have been marching constantly ever since, and are now in sight of Monticello, Ky. On our way we stopped at Warlburg and Montgomery, two dilapidated old towns in the mountains; took two jayhawkers, and, instead of shooting them, foolishly made them whip each other, and turned them loose.

Monday, Aug. 18—Since I last wrote we have been marching so constantly I have not had an opportunity to write. On the evening of the 13th we stopped at Monticello and took supper. By the way, Monticello is well supplied with beauty, for I have never yet seen in any one little town so many beautiful ones of the fair sex. But we were not greeted by their smiles nor cheered on by the waving of their handkerchiefs; for as we moved by, silently and contemptuously they looked upon our brave boys, who were going to battle for their rights and our own. After leaving there and marching some 30 miles, pressing all the horses on our way, we arrived at Somerset, that stronghold of the Yankees, where poor Zollicoffer some months ago fell. In marching on this place we had two companies for our advance guard, and in the town the operator in the telegraph office asked some of the men how many they had. To blind him they said 3000; but he immediately telegraphed to London that there were 200 rebels in town. He then became frightened and ran off. The whole brigade then entered the town, tore down the wires, burned all the commissary stores, together with many boxes of Yankee clothing. We arrived at London about 8 o'clock, and met with quite a warm reception. At first we attempted to surround the town, but seeing it impossible to do so before they could find out our numbers and make their escape, we charged through. They stood their ground like brave men, but finally the yells and bullets of the rebels were too much for them, so they broke ranks and skedaddled. Then came the "fox chase" (I say that because it reminds me of McRiley after a fox), and in every direction our boys could be seen charging and capturing squads and almost companies of them.

In the fight we lost two men, Lieut. Killstain of Company G and Private Boyle of Company F. The enemy lost between 10 and 15 killed and wounded and 75 prisoners. They had the

Finest Suttler's Shop

I have ever seen. Articles such as we have never seen since we have been in the army, were there, such as oysters, cheese, almonds, raisins, preserves of almost every kind, wine, syrups, cakes of every description. They were burst open, and one can imagine what a time we had. But, while enjoying all these things, our colonel was as vigilant as ever, for he had sent out heavy pickets. The Georgians were in advance, and before night the ball again opened in the direction of Cumberland Gap, four miles from town. The Georgians stood their ground bravely. The enemy commenced their retreat, but our men pursued, when suddenly they were led into an ambush, where they lost three men killed and wounded. The Yankees' loss we have not yet ascertained, but it was certainly greater than ours. Our men then fell back two miles, and we are now waiting for an attack every moment.

Aug. 19—Yesterday evening I forgot to mention about capturing 75 wagons and 300 mules; also two or three boxes of jewelry, such as gold, silver and brass watches, breastpins, ear-rings and innumerable other things. Three more prisoners and 12 wagons were captured this morning. Still they come: for a few minutes ago 40 more wagons were taken, and the assistant surgeon of Hank's regiment came in and delivered himself up. When we arrived here the other morning, after making a search in the town, we found in the post office over a million of dollars in counterfeit Confederate money.

Aug. 22—Yesterday 100 more wagons were taken and about 400 mules and horses. We left London yesterday evening, passed through Mount Vernon this moning, and are now waiting for the balance of the brigade to come up and attack Crab Orchard. Last night one of the Georgians was put on the picket, and, being rather a timid man, ran in, making a false alarm. He was again put out, and, becoming frightened, started in again, but when commanded to halt by Company B of our regiment, the advance guard of the brigade, he was so much frightened that he wheeled his horse, and six or seven of the men fired upon him and he was sent to his eternal home, pierced by five or six bullets.

Aug. 24—Day before yesterday morning I had no more than written the above before our pickets were driven in, and from that time until dark skirmishing was kept up. One of our men was wounded, but not seriously. Yesterday morning, having heard there was a large force in Crab Orchard, at daylight we left that road and came over into the road which leads to Lexington, by way of Richmond. Soon after getting into the road we heard that one regiment of cavalry and three companies of infantry were but

A Few Miles Ahead.

We then commenced our pursuit, and in a few minutes were upon them. For about two hours neither side gave way. Our artillery was used well until the ammunition gave out. Then we were compelled to resort to some other means. So the colonel drew the whole regiment up into line of battle across an old field, except our Company E, which, together with the Buckner Guard, was to charge the enemy in the road. The signal was given, the charge was made, and with such a yell as I had never before heard. This was too much for them, though they had fought like brave men two long hours, but seeing this they wheeled around and off for Richmond they went.

They soon came up, and for 12 miles we were in hot pursuit of them. The enemy in this fight had 900 men, and our regiment, together with the Buckner Guards, cleaned them out. It was the 7th Kentucky Regiment, commanded by Col. Metcalf. They lost about 50 killed and wounded and 150 prisoners. Our loss was three killed and seven wounded. We also captured a great many wagons, mules and horses. I have never yet seen in my life a sight so beautiful as was shown by a portion of our regiment. The Irish company of our regiment (Company F), known by the boys as the "Irish brigade," or the "Copperheads," were ordered to dismount. They then formed a line in an old field in open view of the enemy, fell upon the ground, and for an hour fired volley after volley and dealt death and destruction into the ranks of the enemy, and, like true and faithful Irishmen, stood their ground, never wavering, but as unflinching as the Old Guard of Napoleon. They were there to conquer or die. Here I must mention a thrilling incident, which not only merits a page in a private soldier's journal, but deserves to be recorded on the pages of history, which will hereafter be written and read by all true lovers of liberty and independence. A faithful old servant belonging to DeArmound when we had driven the enemy back, was walking through the woods, when suddenly he was upon nine "Feds." At first old Ben. was very much frightened, but he determined to do the best he could. So he hallowed out, "Our white folks right ober de hill dare ready to receive you; come right straight and go wid me." He then started them ahead of him and brought them safely to our men with all their arms.

Trousers Make Men Overbearing.

[San Francisco Report.]

Mrs. Miller and Miss Jenness talked themselves hoarse persuading us to "strike" skirts and get into "leglets." Some of us, eager to progress, grabbed the chance to feel as much like untrammelled man as possible, and got into our "reform" togs at shortest notice. I never realized until the Jenness-Miller tidal wave why men were so overbearing. It's all because their legs are comfortable. Such freedom of movement, such ease of locomotion is calculated to make anybody feel as though he owned the earth. We women are slowly but surely getting a foothold and will demand a share of the globe before many moons.

Japanese Journalism.

[Stationer and Printer.]

In Japan 575 dailies and weeklies are now published. It is only 18 years since the first newspaper was allowed to make its appearance in the realm of the Tycoon. There exists also a good many monthlies. Among them is one in German, but edited by Japanese, its leading editor being the doctor of medicine Rintaro, who has made his studies in Germany. The aim of his periodical is to spread the knowledge of the German language and of German literature amongst his countrymen, but, according to his programme, he does not desire to discourage the study of the English language, that being "the language of commerce in Asia, Australia and North America."

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Graphic Description of a Wonderful Melon Patch.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Georgia has the biggest watermelon patch in the world," said J. J. Griffin, who has just seen it.

"Think of a lane two miles long, with melons on each side as far as the eye can reach. It is an interesting sight when the laborers go out at daylight to gather the melons. Squads of them are moving the vines aside to make roads for the wagon to go through. Others are thumping and cutting off the melons from the vines, while others follow, gathering the fruit into the wagons.

"I never saw anything like it. The larger melons will average 40 pounds, and there will be lots of 60-pounders. There will be cars of 1200 melons with hardly a melon under 35 or 40 pounds.

"The Phillips Melon Company, who own this immense melon patch of 800 acres, will make a big thing out of it. In my judgment their profit will be not less than $150 a car-load, and they will ship 400 cars. Sixty thousand dollars on 800 acres will beat cotton.

"The thing is business from one end to the other. Why they have half their crop already sold at fancy prices—200 cars in Boston."

GRATIFYING TO BOSTON.

A Very Long-Lived Turk who Lived Principally on Beans.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Those who are anxious to remain in the flesh beyond the ordinary duration of this mortal life will be interested in the habits of the old Turk who has recently died at Haddatha, aged 130 years. Old Hadji Soliman Saba had seven wives, all of whom died before him; he was the father 60 sons and nine daughters, who have also gone the way of all flesh, and the year before his death he was thinking of marrying again, but could not obtain the necessary funds to buy a bride.

Saba was a farmer unto his life's end; his diet consisted mainly of barley bread, beans (vegetarians take note!) and water, and only twice a year, on high festivals, did he eat meat. His clothes were even more simple than his diet, consisting of a shirt only, and when he travelled a pair of trousers. His bed was a mattress and a straw mat, and it had never been a "bed of sickness" till three days before his death.

MRS. GRANT'S EYES.

A Pretty Incident Illustrating the Hero's Gallantry.

[New York Graphic.]

It is doubtful whether any chronicle or romance of the days of chivalry contains so touching an instance of matrimonial devotion as that lately told of Gen. Grant. When the honors came upon the Grants, like sorrows to the house of Denmark, not single spies, but in battalions, the mistress of the White House began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the president, Mrs. Grant, telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation, which he assured her would be easy to accomplish and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and, woman-like (am I right, mesdames?), gave way when she saw her husband and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said, in simple way: "Julia, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they might seem strange if altered." Nor Launcelot, nor Romeo, nor lover of any clime or age ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry than those of the hero of Appomattox.

MUST BATHE IN MOURNING.

Fashion's Latest Decree Affecting Widows.

[New York World.]

It is rigidly exacted of fashionable widows that they shall bathe in mourning. This is a little hard on them, because it is almost an impossibility to find a black that will not "crock" in salt water and many are their tribulations in consequence. If the dear departed is a recent loss they must mourn from head to foot and have not a touch of any color, not even white, about them; if time has somewhat assuaged the anguish of widowhood the bathing dress may be embroidered in white or have a collar and revers of the same, and if a year and a half has elapsed since her husband became an angel even the most rigid consider her justified in having her bathing dress made either of gray, white, or violet serge. This fashion was started by the pretty widow of O'Donnell of Baltimore, who was called upon to mourn a rich young husband who died after a very brief union. This occurred in the spring, and when summer came the doctors insisted that sea bathing was necessary as a cure for her nervous relaxation brought on by mental suffering, and she appeared shrouded in crepe at the fashionable watering-place. Then the question arose concerning the bathing dress. No one ever wore black bathing dresses and the afflicted relic utterly refused to appear anywhere, even in the sea, except in garments of the deepest sable. There was a visible sensation when she came down the beach one morning all in black from top to toe, with her very white arms and shoulders bare and a little black silk handkerchief tied coquettishly over her golden hair. Before a week was over every man in the place was occupied in securing an introduction to that pathetic little black figure, and the cheerful women in their light-colored gowns were nowhere at all. Since that time widows all over the country have adopted the fashion and regulated it by fixed laws.

TWO TEARS.

How They Met, and What They Said to Each Other.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

It is a bright summer day in the valley. The stream goes dancing down, and the merry globules huddled all together are laughing as they pass away to the deep sea to mingle with the millions of others gathered from all sorts of places. There are happy drops, escaped from the caverns and the rocks from the depths of the darkness under the mountains; there are unwilling drops, that in the morning lay on the rose leaves and took the hues of dainty beauty from their tints; unhappy drops, that long again to be mist and hang over the mountain tops and creep among the fragrant pines; gay and laughing drops, that have been tumbling over the boulders, in and out of shadow, looking forward to the hour when they would rush out into the valley and be free at last. And among the joyous group one little drop goes silently and sadly along, jostled by the rest, but heeding not their merriment.

"Why are you sad?" asks one who has but seen the glorious sunlight for a few hours. "Are you not glad to be out dancing and sparkling like the rest of us? Did you love your dark chamber in the rocks so much?"

"My chamber was darker than the rocks," answers the other. "I am a tear from a mother's heart, a mother who wept for her child."

And a little way off two other drops fell together, drawn by mutual sorrow. They wander down side by side, neither speaking. The gay flood dashes on the banks, flashes over rocks, makes a feint of climbing up to seize the flowers that bloom above it, and rattles laughingly away. Some of the drops, too venturesome, throw themselves up at the bending sprays of green and are caught and lost. But through it all the two sad little things, holding on to one another, float on toward the sea.

"And what are you?" asks one at last. "Did you come from the mist or from the earth? Were you a dewdrop this morning, or did you fall from the clouds?"

"I am none of these it answers. "I am from a woman's bright eye. "I am the tear of a woman for her false lover."

"Grieve not! Be not so sad. I am the tear of the girl who got him."

No Further Need of the Lamp.

[Washington Letter.]

Over beyond Kate's mountain the colored brethren were holding a series of "shouting services" in a little meeting-house with one big lamp. Late one evening a big youth got up to "'fess his sins." He made the frankest and fullest confession of the series. He owned up to every crime in the calendar and every sin in the decalogue. He kept on and on with a florid fluency which roused his hearers almost to the hysterical point. Suddenly a voice from the rear broke in: "Put out dat lamp." "Why for?" demanded the presiding clergyman excitedly. "Kase the viles' sinner done return," said the voice. And there the confessor collapsed.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, July 22.

BUTTER.—The market is a little weak, and, generally, has undergone but little change since our last report. Receipts continue quite as heavy as last week. Sales are slow and difficult to effect. The lower, and in fact all the grades, are dull.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, ...@18½ ℔ lb; do, Western, extra, 17@17c; do, extra 1st, ..@16½c; do, 1st, 15@15½c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, ...@20; do, Dairy, extra, ..@18; Vt. Dairy, extra, 16½; do, N. Y., 16@16½; N.Y. & Vt. extra 1st, 15@15½c; do do 1st, 15c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 14@ ..; do, 1st, 13@ ..; Western imitation creamery, extra, ..@15; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, 12@13; do, 1st, 12@12. Trunk butter, ¼ lb or ½ lb prints, extra, 20@ ..; extra 1st, 18@19c ℔ lb.

OLEOMARGARINE.—Trade is exceedingly quiet and there is only a local demand. Supplies are heavy and prices low.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c ℔ lb; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12½c. Fort Washington: 10, 14½c ℔ lb; 20, 14c; 30, 14c; 50, 14c.

CHEESE.—Cheese is dull and declining and not a sign of improvement is noticable. The demand is very light and sales small.

Liverpool quotation, new, white, 44s. 6d.

We quote: New York extra, 8@8½c ℔ lb; do 1st, 7½@8; do, 2ds, 5@6; Vermont extra, 8½@..c; do, 1st, 7½@8; do, 2ds, 5@6. Sage, ..@..; Skims, 2@3c; part skims, 4@6c; Ohio extra, 7½@8c; Ohio 1sts, 7@7c.

EGGS.—The market has been very dull and receipts of common Western, P. E. Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick stock have been large, overstocking the market.

We quote: Near-by and Cape, 19@22c: Eastern extra, ..@18c; do, firsts, ..15@16c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ..@18; Michigan, extra, 15½c; Western, firsts, 14½c ℔ doz.

BEANS.—The market declined this week and trade is much slacker. White domestic beans are in light request. Yellow eyes are scarce and command good prices. Red kidneys firm.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked $2.30@2.40 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.40 ℔ bush; do, screened, $2.00@2.30; do 2ds, $1.65@1.85; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.35@2.40; do, screened, $1.90@2.25; Yellow Eyes, extra, $3.55@3.75; do, 2ds, $3.30@3.55; Red Kidneys, $3.00@3.25.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The market is active and everything is in good supply. Watermelons sell well. Raspberries, currants and gooseberries are in fair demand. Strawberries are about finished. Evaporated apples are very firm. New apples are selling well.

We quote: apples, new, crate, $1.00@2.25 Evaporated apple, 5½@6c; do, fair to good, 5½@6: do, fancy, 6@7; sundried, sliced and quartered, 3@4.

Raspberries, ℔ cup, 7@8c; Blueburries, 8@10c; Cherries, 10@15c; Plums, wild goose, good, ¼ bush, 75c; Gooseberries, bush, $2.50@3.00; Cherry currants, 7@8c.

VEGETABLES.—The market is moving fairly well. Arrivals continue heavy, and on many things the market is overstocked. Potato receipts are large and in fair demand. Onions are slow of sale. Squash and cabbage are active and in good demand.

We quote: Potatoes—Bermuda, new, ...@....; Southern, $1.75@2.00.

Asparagus, Native, ..@..c; String beans, green, 60@65; Wax, $.65@1.00. Green Pease, ℔ bbl., .75@1.00; do, natives, $1.00. Lettuce ℔ doz, 25@40c; Radish ℔ doz, 40@50c; Parsley ℔ bush, $1.00@1.50; Cabbage, 45c@$0.60; Rhubarb, Native, 1c ℔ lb. Tomatoes, Florida, ℔ crate, 50@72; Spinnach, ℔ bu, 30c@35c; Cucumbers, ℔ crate, $1.00@1.50. Squash, Florida—Summer, ℔ crate, 50@75c; Marrow, bbl., $2.50@3.00. Turnips, ℔ bbl—Russia, 75@80. Onions, Bermuda, 75c@$1.00 ℔ crate.

HAY AND STRAW.—The receipts of hay have been large, still they have been in excess. Choice hay is not as plenty as the medium grades. Rye straw is quiet.

We quote: Fancy, $18.00@18.50; Choice, $..@..; do, fair to good 17.00@18.00 Fine, $14.00@17.00; Swale, $10.00@11.00; Poor to ordinary, $12.00@16.00. Rye straw, $17.50@18.00; Oat straw, $8.00@9.00 ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The coffee market has taken a slight rise within the past week. Stocks are in rather fair supply.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 21@....c; do do, medium brown, 21½@..c; do do fancy brown, 22@22c; do Timor, 20c; do Palembang, 19c; do Malang, 19c; do Ankola, 24@25c; do Holland bags, 20½@21c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 25c; Mocha, 25c; Rios, prime, ..@18c; do fair, 17½@..; do ordinary, 16@..; Maracaibo, 18¾@19½; Laguayra, ..@19; Costa Rica, 18½@20c; Jamaica, 19@20; Guatemala, 19½@21¼; Mexican, 19@20½; Hayti, uncleaned, 16½@17; do, cleaned, 18; Manila, 17.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—There has been a very fair demand for green fruits this week, and receipts have been good. Oranges and lemons are in fair demand at steady prices. Dried fruits and nuts are in good demand.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 10@15. Currants, 6@9. Citron, Leghorn, 20@22. Dates—Persian, new, 5@6½; do, skins, ..@..; do, frail, ..@..; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs, layers, 8@20; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Sicily, $4.50@5.50. Oranges—Sicily, $2.50@5.00; Valencia, per case, $....@....; do, Florida, bright, $....@....; do, russet, $....@....; Messina, $4.00@6.00; Palermo, $4.00@6.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.15; do Red, $1.00; Port Limon, $1.75@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.85; 8 hands, $1.25; No. 2, 85; No. 3, 55. Peanuts, hand-picked, 7½@8; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 13@15; Walnuts, 10@12; Castinas, 6@10.

SUGAR.—The market is quieter than it was and is well supplied. Prices remain the same and are about nominal.

We quote: Powdered, 9¾c; Pulverized, 10c; Granulated, 9⅜c; Confectioners' A, 9¼c; Standard A, 9⅛c; Extra C, 8⅜@8⅝c; C, 8¼@8½c; Yellow, 7¾@8½c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—Prices still hold firm and the market is but little changed since last week. The market is a little weak with continued heavy receipts. The business of the week was small.

Fine Flour, $2.50@2.75; Superfine, $2.75@3.25; Common extras, $3.20@3.90; Choice extras, $4.25@4.75; Minnesota bakers, $4.25@4.50; Michigans, $4.25@5.50; patents, $5.25@5.25; Michigan roller, $4.65@5.00; New York roller, $4.65@4.85; Ohio and Indiana, $4.60@4.75; do, do, strai't, $4.70@4.90; do, do, patent, $5.10@5.40; St Louis and Ill, $4.60@4.70; do, do, straight, $4.85@5.00; do, do, patent, $5.20@5.50; Spring wheat patents, $6.00@6.35; old, $6.35@6.60 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Steamer Yellow, 47c ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 45¾@46 ℔ bush; ordinary, 44½@45c ℔ bush.

OATS—Fancy, clipped, 38@39c ℔ bush; No 1 white, 37½@38; No 2, do, 35½@35¾c; No 3, do, 34c; No. 2 mixed, 32c ℔ bush; rejected white, ..33c ℔ bush.

Fish.

Nothing unusual has occurred this week to mark the progress of the salt fish business.

A good demand for the different kinds of fish has been experienced. The arrivals of mackerel have been larger than last week and the prospect for the season's catch is better than it was. Cod receipts have been large.

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $33.00@34.00; No 1, do do, $29.00@30.00; No 1, shore, $26.00@27.00; No. 1 Bay, $25.00@26.00; No. 2, large, $22.00@23.00; No. 2, medium, $21.00@21.50; No. 3, plain, large, $16.00@16.50.

New Mackerel—No. 2, large, $22.00@23.00; No. 2, medium, $20.00@21.00; No. 3, plain, $18.00@19.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $4.25@4.50; do, do, medium, $3.75@4.00; do, N. S. Shore, $6.00@6.50; Pickled Bank, $4.25@4.50; Georges, $5.25@5.50; Shore, $5.00@5.50; Hake, $2.25@2.50; Haddock, $3.00; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.50@3.75. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4½@4¾c; boneless Cod, 5@7.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, green, 5@5½; New England steers, green, ..@4; do, do, cow, 3@3½c; do, do, bulls, 3; Salted steers, 7@..; do, cows, 5@5½; bulls, 5. Calfskins—deacons, 15@25c; 6@6½ lbs, 45@50; 8@12 lbs, 55@60c; Tex flint hides, 9@....; Texas, dry-salted, 7@8; Texas kips, 9@..; Buenos Ayres, 16@....; Rio Grande, ..@14; Montevideo, ..@16; Calcutta slaught., cow hides, 10; do, dead green, ..@8½; do, buffalo, 5@5½; Sierra Leone, 13@ ; Bissao & Gambia, 10½@12; Zanzibar hides, 9½@10.

SEEDS.—The seed market is very quiet, with no change to note and prices nominal.

We quote: Clover, West, 8@8½c ℔ lb; do, North, 8¼@9¾; do, white, 14@18; do, Alsike, 12@16; do, Lucerne, 16@18; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $2.35@2.60; do, Jersey, $2.40@2.65; R. I., bent, $1.70@1.85; Hungarian, 75@90c; Gold Millet, 85c@$1.15; common Millet, 70@85c; Orchard, ℔ bush $1.35@1.60; Blue Grass, $1.00@1.10 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $1.60@1.75 ℔ bush; do, North, $1.80@1.95 ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $2.25@2.50.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; B. & W'th'ns, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4@4½c; Corn, 2⅜c; Wheat, 4⅞@5¾c; dextrine, ..@..c.

TOBACCO.—The market remains quiet and unchanged. Old stock is about cleaned out and the new will soon be ready. Nothing new to note.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.50@5.00; do, fine fillers, 95c@$1.25; do, good fillers, 75c@$1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $1.50@5.00; do, leaf, $7.50@12.50; Havana s'd wr's, 30@60; do, 2ds, 15@25; do, binders, 8@12; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 5@8; do, binders, 10@15; do, 2ds, 15@19; do, fair wrappers, 20@25; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4½@5; Country, 4¼@4¾; Bone, 3½@3¾; house grease, 3⅜@3⅝; grease, tanners, 1⅝@2⅝; do, chip, 2⅛@2⅝; do, naphtha, 1⅛@2⅛; do, hard, 4½@6½.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 30,336 bales domestic and 3408 bales foreign, against 26,975 bales domestic and 1786 bales foreign last week and 16,614 bales domestic and 507 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1888.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, July 19, 1889:

Western cattle, 3483; Eastern cattle, 55; Northern cattle, 182. Total, 3620.

Western sheep and lambs, 14,600; Northern sheep and lambs, 677; Eastern sheep and lambs, 0. Total, 15,277.

Swine, 18,519. Veals, 1336. Horses, 481.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $5.50.

Extra quality	$4.75 @5.00
First quality	4.37½@4.65
Second quality	3.12½@4.50
Third quality	3.62½@4.25
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00 @3.50

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

Cents ℔ lb.		Each.	
Brighton hides.—	@6½	Sheepskins...	25c@$ ....
Brighton tall'w.4	@..	Lambskins....	25c@$ ....
Country hides...5	@..	Dairyskins....	15@35c
Country tall'w..3	@..	Woolskins....	$ .50@1.50
Calfskins.......5	@6		

IN LEADING MARKETS.

Quotations of Staple Products in New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, July 20.—Cotton quiet, steady; sales, 627 bales. Uplands, ordinary, 8½c: good ordinary, 9⅞c; low middling, 10 13-16c; middling, 11¼c. Gulf, ordinary, 8¾c; good ordinary, 10⅛c; low middling, 11 1-16c; middling, 11½c. Flour, receipts, 14,169 pkgs; exports, 2529 bbls, 9782 sacks; dull, generally easy; sales, 13,175 bbls; low extra, $2.75@3.25; city mills, $4.50@4.70; city mills patents, $5@6.25; winter wheat, low grades, $2.75@3.25; fair to fancy, $3.30@5; patent, $4.50@5.65; Minnesota clear, $3.50@4.50; do straights, $4.35@5.65; do patents, $4.85@6.35; do rye mixture, $3.60@4.30; superfine, $2.35@3.05; fine, $2@2.85: Southern dull: rye flour quiet; buckwheat, 52c. Corn meal quiet. Wheat, receipts, 8750 bush; exports, 69,075 bush; sales, 29,000 bush, dull, ½@¾c, lower, weak; No. 2 red, 88c store; 89¾@90c afloat; 89⅛@91c, f.o.b.; No. 3 red, 80½@81c; No. 1 red, $1.00@1.00½; No. 1 white, 95c; ungraded red, 85⅞@90½c. Rye steady; State, 52@54c; Western, 50@52c. Barley nominal. Barley malt quiet; four-rowed State, 87½@97½c; two-rowed do, 85@88c; Canada, 90c @$1.05 for old and new. Corn, receipts, 151,880 bushels; exports, 111,436 bushels; sales, 140,000 bushels; quiet, weaker; No. 2, 42½@42¾c elevator, 43½@43⅝c afloat; No. 2 white, 50c; No. 3 nominal; steamer mixed nominal. Oats, receipts, 4000 bush; exports none; sales, 86,000 bush; dull, ¼@½c, higher; spot prices, No. 3, 26½c; do white, 32@32½c: No. 2, 27⅜@27½c; do white, 33@33½c; No. 1, 30c; do white, 37c; mixed Western, 25@27c; white do, 33@39c; white State, 33@39c; No. 2, Chicago, 28½c. Coffee steady, quiet, fair cargoes, 17¾c. Sugar, raw nominal, refined quiet, C, 7⅜@7½c; extra C, 7¾@8c; white extra C, 8⅛@8⅜c; yellow, 7½@7⅝c; off A, 8 7-16@8⅝c; mould A, 9¼c; standard A, 9c; confectioners' A, 9c; cut loaf, 9⅝c; crushed, 9⅝c; powdered, 9⅝c; granulated, 9¼c; cubes, 9½c. Molasses, foreign quiet; 50 test, 30c; New Orleans dull; open kettle, good to fancy, 28@46c. Rice steady, quiet; domestic, 4¾@6⅜c; Japan, 4¾@5¼c. Petroleum quiet, steady; united, 94¾c. Tallow strong; city, $2 for pkgs, 4⅝c; out of town pkgs, free; common to strictly choice, 4½@4 13-16c. Rosin quiet, steady; strained common to good, $1.10@1.12½. Potatoes quiet, barely steady; prime, $1.25@1.75. Turpentine quiet, steady, 39@39½c. Pork quiet; mess, $1.250@13; extra prime, $11.25@11.50. Beef dull; extra mess, $7@7.50; plate, $7.50@8; beef hams firm, $16; tierced beef slow; city extra India mess, $12.50@14. Cut meats strong; pickled bellies, 12 pounds, 7¼@7½c; pickled hams, 11¾c; pickled shoulders, 5⅛c; middles slow; short clear, 6.40c. Lard stronger, quiet; Western steam, 6.65c; city, 6.20c: refined, moderate demand; continent, 6.60@7.05c; S. A., 7.40c. Butter, choice, steady, moderate demand: State, 12@16c; Western, 10@13c; do creamery, 12@16½c; do factory, 8@13c; Pennsylvania and State creamery, 16½@17c. Cheese unchanged, quiet; State, 7@8½c; fancy white, 8¼c; do colored, 8½c; Western, 6½@7½c. Freights firm; cotton per steam, 5-32c: grain per steam, 3¼c. Pig iron unchanged, quiet. Metals, exchange closed.

CHICAGO, July 20.—Flour dull but steady. Wheat dull; No. 2 spring, 79⅝@79⅞c; No. 2 red, 79⅝@80½c. Corn quiet but firm; No. 2 corn, 35⅝c. Oats quiet; No. 2, 22¼c. No. 2 rye, easier, 41½c. Mess pork steady, $11.15@11.25. Lard quiet, $6.25. Short ribs sides, $5.50@6. Dry salted shoulders and short clear sides unchanged. Whiskey, $1.02. No. 2 barley, nominal. Receipts—Flour, 9,000 bbls; wheat, 53,000 bush; corn, 276,000 bush; oats, 144,000 bush; rye, 6000 bush; barley, 1000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 12,000 bbls; wheat, 90,000 bush; corn, 498,000 bush; oats, 241,000 bush; rye, 15,000 bush; barley, 1000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, July 20.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat easier, about ¾c below yesterday's; No. 2 red, 74@75⅛c. Corn quiet; No. 2 mixed, 32¾c. Oats nominal; No. 2, 22½c. Rye, No. 2 steady, 42c. Whiskey, $1.02. Provisions firmer, but quiet: pork, $11.75; lard, prime steam, 5.75c; dry salt meats, shoulders, 5.12½c; longs and ribs, 5.80@5.90c; short clear, 6@6.10c; bacon, shoulders, 5.62½c; longs and ribs, 6.40@6.50c; short clear, 6.65c. Receipts—Flour, 3000 bbls; wheat, 105,000 bush; corn, 31,000 bush; oats, 29,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 6000 bbls; wheat, 76,000 bush; corn, 105,000 bush; oats, 9000 bush.

AN EXPENSIVE SCOOP.

How One Enterprising Editor Got Ahead of His Rival.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is absolutely no price to be placed upon an exclusive piece of news. The ambitious editor will get it as cheap as he can, of course, but he is going to have it, cost what it will. News was received in New York once that an emigrant ship long overdue, and for which fears of loss had been strongly felt, had at last been seen and would reach Philadelphia on a certain date. One of the staff of one of the large dailies formed a scheme and carried it out, getting a full-blown "scoop" on all the other papers. He jumped on a train for the Quaker City, having first sent his paper notice of his plan, and asked the proprietor to have a special engine and some coaches at Frankford, a surburban port near Philadelphia. Arriving at that place himself, he chartered a tug and steamed down the river, intending to catch the emigrant vessel outside. He met the ship just coming up to the city in charge of another tug. A halt was made and a bargain struck so that the reporter bought out the tow and his own tug took the vessel. He also fixed it with the captain to go with him to Frankford instead of to the city. Here the whole crowd was loaded into the train and run to New York, taken quietly to the newspaper office and there held and guarded until the paper went to press, containing a full page "scoop." All day long and through the night the wharf at Philadelphia was thronged with waiting and anxious reporters who did not know what they had lost until they saw in print what the other fellow had found. It cost a nice pot of money to carry out the scheme, but looking at it as a bit of enterprise it paid, and the owners of the paper were satisfied, while the editors, and particularly the reporter who had carried it successfully through, were in a state of ecstasy.

IT CALLED IN VAIN.

A Locomotive's Plaintive Cry and How It Affected the Helpless Engineer.

[Des Moines Leader.]

A railroad roundhouse was in flames. Fire had leaped, apparently in a self-born demon, out of the waste box, and before a hand could be found with the skill to "pull out" its waiting locomotives, some of them with boilers full of water and low fires, it was too late. For it was a small roundhouse in a small town, and a lone watchman had been left to care for it, and it was nigh midnight. His loud call summoned a concourse of citizens in breathless haste, but all they could do was to stand and see the great sheet of fire from the pitched roof and how the inflammable materials inside made every locomotive stall a caldron of fire, and all the windows glared, all the doors poured out smoke and roar and long flames. There stood the steam giants plainly visible vibrating in the intense heat, unapproachable as though set in the infernal regions. Still it was a fire where the element of human danger was all missing. Suddenly, long and dolorous, one of these engines began to sound the danger signal. Heat within and without made its boiler shake with the leap of fiercely boiling water. A bit of falling iron bent and pulled downward the lever, moving its escape valve so it could and did sound ceaselessly. Loud, thrilling, it was a note of terror. It awed every hearer. Listen some day thoughtfully to the danger signal of a locomotive. Even in the broad and peaceful day it is the keenest and strongest, the most terrible sound that man has invented. It reaches the dull intelligence of slowest beasts as a warning. The solemn power, then, of this cry, apparently raised by the will of the engine itself in the midst of its torture, was indescribable. It was hard not to feel that it was a sentient thing pleading for help. It pealed on, an urgent monotone, the tremulous voice of senseless force. One man heard it, distressed by it beyond telling. He was its engineer. The engine he loved with the peculiar attachment these men have for the thing of power the control seemed to be crying to him voluntarily with the appeal his hand had often evolved from it. He wanted to plunge in to its rescue. The fiery furnace of the Hebrew children was matched by its surroundings, and he could only listen and tremble and let it call in vain. It was all a curious bit of pathos, evolved wholly from material things by chance, and costing not a pang to its source, yet it touched and saddened every soul that heard it. But none of them could quite comprehend the feeling of its driver, or know how pitifully the next morning he touched his gray, burned-out, ruined giant that had poured its shriek into his ears for that long half-hour.

New Boston Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. publish, in their list of new music for piano players, two popular arrangements from the latest and most successful comic opera, "Hunting for Luck," by J. von Suppe. They are the lively galop, "Carnevalsjubel," 30 cents, and the polka Francaise, "Stella," 30 cents, the latter being one of the most melodious and stirring of its kind. The arrangements are easy for most players. They have a large collection of select, two-part songs. "Noontide Heat is Long Passed Over," A. G. Thomas, is in C, for mezzo-soprano and barytone; 60 cents. The same for soprano and tenor is offered at the same price. It is one of the best in quality of composition and qualities to please. Goethe's poem, "The Wild Rose," is given sympathetic music by J. F. Leach; 25 cents. A favorite song of Edward Grey is the "Sunshine Song," for soprano or tenor, in A, 35 cents. A composition of the highest order for concerts is a soprano solo, with violin obligato, by H. E. Ganss; it is entitled "O Salutaris Hostia," and has all the thought and power to make it a favorite among musicians, as well as the general public. It has piano accompaniment.

White, Smith & Co. have ready the latest set of waltzes by F. von Suppe. They are the "Clover (Gluckwalzer) Waltzes." They introduce new and rich effects, are easy and will be as popular as most any of the new sets. Eleven pages for 75 cents. A charming descriptive song, with waltz chorus, by James R. Homer, is entitled, "Do Not Sail Today." It is easy for the average singer, and is novel and pleasing; 40 cents. The "O Salutaris" of St. Saens is from the pen of a modern master, and will be sung by all the leading choirs. It is for contralto or barytone in E flat; 35 cents.

THE BERRY SEASON,

It's Here—Green Apples Have Come and Melons are in Their Prime—A Talk About the Market.

"What's new in the market today?" THE GLOBE man asked of Tucker & Roak at 15 Boylston street.

"Well, corn is the new vegetable and will be the favorite for some weeks to come. Shell beans are more plenty and we have peaches from Georgia, very fine, better than California."

"Watermelons? Yes, sir, they are just as fine as they can be now; and cantaloupes from the South, all varieties—Japanese (that look like a squash, but are about the best flavor of any) nutmeg, and the ordinary cantaloupe. This is the berry season. Blackberries, blueberries, raspberries and black caps, a species of black raspberries, or thimbleberries, and then we have whortleberries, otherwise huckleberries."

"Are fruits cheap or high?"

"Berries are cheap, but other fruits are higher than they were last year at this time."

"Green apples have come. Orange pippins, the harvest and Sweet boughs from the South."

"Pretty good apples?"

"Yes, for cooking. I don't believe there are any good eating apples yet. We did get one crate of fairly good eating apples, the only crate in the market I guess, Red astrachans from the South."

"Fish?"

"Bluefish are plenty and very fine and lower, while salmon are higher; in fact they haven't been low this season."

"Prices?"

"Here's the list:"

Fruits and Vegetables.

Native peas, 35 to 60 cents a peck.
New potatoes, 35 cents a peck.
Butter beans, 40 cents a peck.
Native string beans, 25 cents a peck.
Native sweet corn, 25 cents a dozen.
Scullions, 5 cents a bunch.
New beets, 5 cents a bunch.
Cucumbers, 3 and 5 cents each.
Tomatoes, 15 to 30 cents a quart.
Cauliflower, 35 cents each.
Summer squash, 5 to 15 cents each.
New marrowfat squash, 5 cents a pound.
New cabbage, 5 to 15 cents each.
Egg plants, 15 to 25 cents.
Poiree, 25 cents a peck.
Pineapples, 10 to 25 cents each.
Yellow bananas, 25 cents a dozen.
Blueberries, 12 to 15 cents a quart.
Currants, 10 to 15 cents a quart.
Cherries, 10 to 25 cents a pound.
California peaches, 40 to 60 cents a dozen.
California apricots, 75 cents a basket.
California plums, $1.25; 15 to 35 cents a dozen.
California Bartlett pears, 40 to 75 cents a dozen.
Watermelons, 35 to 50 cents each.
Cantaloupes, 10 to 50 cents each.
Green apples, 50 cents a peck.
Blackberries, 15 cents a quart.
Raspberries, 3 cents a cup; 25 cents a quart.
Hamburg grapes, $1.50 a pound.
Muscat grapes, $2 a pound.

Meats.

Hindquarter spring lamb, 25 cents a pound.
Forequarter spring lamb, 12½ cents a pound.
Leg of lamb, 20 cents a pound.
Forequarter lamb, 10 cents a pound.
Extra sirloin roast, 25 cents a pound.
Sirloin steak, 25 cents a pound.
Tip of loin, 20 cents a pound.
Mutton, hindquarter, 15 cents a pound.
Mutton, forequarter, 8 cents a pound.
Lamb fries, 30 cents a dozen.

Poultry.

Green ducks, 25 cents a pound.
Spring chickens, 35 cents a pound.
Fresh killed fowl, 20 cents a pound.
Turkeys, 25 cents a pound.
Squabs, 30 cents each.

Game.

Doe birds, $7 to $9 a dozen.
Reed birds, 50 to 75 cents a dozen.
Upland plover, $2.25 to $2.75 a dozen.
Golden plover, $2.75 to $3 a dozen.
English snipe, $2.75 a dozen.
Quail, $4 a dozen.
Pigeons, $2.25 to $3 a dozen.
Chicken grouse, $1.50 a pair.

Fish.

Bluefish, 10 cents a pound.
Halibut, 10 to 20 cents a pound.
Lobsters, 12 cents a pound.
Fresh salmon, 30 cents a pound.
Fresh mackerel, 5 to 25 cents each.
Spanish mackerel, 25 cents a pound.
Shrimp, 40 cents a quart.
Soft shell crabs, 75 cents a dozen.
Butterfish, 12 cents a pound.

Dairy and Creamery Products.

Fresh cooking eggs, 20 cents a dozen.
Near-by eggs, 25 and 28 cents per dozen.
Extra creamery butter, five-pound boxes, 28 cents a pound.
Dairy butter, 20 to 25 cents per pound.

Latest Quotations................3 P. M.

	July 20 Bid.	July 20 Asked.	July 22 Bid.	July 22 Asked.
LAND STOCKS.				
Anniston City	67	69	—	68
Aspinwall	9⅞	9¾	9½	9⅝
Bar Harbor	—	1¼	—	1¼
Boston	6⅜	6⅝	6¼	6½
Boston W Power	6	—	6⅛	6¼
Boylston	—	3½	—	3½
Brookline	4½	—	4½	—
Campobello	1	—	1	1½
Cutler	—	2¼	—	2¼
East Boston	3¾	4	3¾	4
Frenchman's Bay	6⅝	6¾	6¼	6½
Lamoine	—	—	.75	1
Lenox	4½	4¾	—	—
Maverick	2	2½	2	2½
Newport	2¼	3	2¼	3
Payson	1	2	1	2
Penobscot Bay	1½	—	1½	—
San Diego	—	27	26	27
Sullivan Harbor	1½	—	1	—
Topeka	3	3¼	3	3¼
West End	27½	27¾	27⅞	28
Winthrop	—	1⅞	—	1⅞
Wollaston	.50	.75	.50	.75
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Top & S F	36⅞	37	35⅞	36
Atlantic & Pac	6½	7	6½	—
Boston & Alb	217	218	—	218
Boston & Lowell	—	160	159	—
Boston & Maine	200	201	200	201
Boston & Prov	257	259	—	259
Cal Southern	16	19	—	19
Central Mass	11	12	11	12
Central Mass pf	24	—	24	25
Chic, Bur & N	49½	51	50	—
Chic, Bur & Q	98½	98⅞	99	99¼
Chic & W Mich	26½	28	27	28
Clev & Canton	—	7	—	7
Clev & Can pref	—	—	25	26
Cin, San & Clev	—	24	—	23½
Conn & Pass	113½	—	—	—
Conn River	200	—	200	—
Eastern	100¼	101	100	101
Eastern pref	131	132	131	132
Fitchburg pref	69	69⅛	69½	70
Flint & P Marq	—	27	—	27
Flint & P M pref	95	96	95	—
Louisv & Ev	—	—	—	27
Louisv & Ev prf	35	—	—	—
Maine Central	—	—	125	—
Mexican Central	14¾	14⅞	14½	14¾
N Y & N Eng	47¾	48	47⅝	47⅞
N Y & N E pref	—	122½	121⅛	122½
Norwich & Wor	176	—	175	—
Old Colony	174½	—	174½	175
Oregon S Line	—	—	45	46½
Rutland pref	40	—	40	—
Summit Branch	—	8	—	8
Union Pacific	57⅛	57⅜	57	57¼
West End pref	86	86⅛	—	86⅛
Wisconsin Cent'l	22¼	22½	22	22½
Wis Cent'l pref	59⅞	—	—	60
Worc N & Roch	120	—	—	—
MINING STOCKS.				
Allouez	.50	.75	.62½	.80
Atlantic	8½	9	8½	9
Bonanza	.50	.77	.62½	75
Boston & Mont	36	37	35½	36
Butte & Boston	—	—	20	22
Calumet & Hec	207	208	207	208
Catalpa	—	.15	—	—
Dunkin	1	1.05	—	—
Franklin	8¾	9	8½	9
Huron	.62½	—	.50	1
Kearsarge	—	5	4	5
Napa	3½	3¾	3½	3¾
National	—	1	—	—
Osceola	8½	9	8½	8¾
Pewabic	2	—	2	3
Quincy*	—	—	48	50
Ridge	—	—	.75	1
Santa Fe	.52½	.55	.50	.52½
Tamarack	95	103	96	100
BONDS.				
Mex Central 4s	65½	—	65¼	65½
Mex Central inc	—	20	—	19
Atch & T Con 5s	75½	—	—	—
Chic, K & W 5s	67½	—	—	—
Chic, K & W inc	18½	—	18½	—
Wis Central 1sts	—	96	—	—
Wis Central inc	—	52	—	—
TELEPHONE STOCKS.				
American Bell	226½	227	226	227
Erie	33	33⅛	33	33⅛
Mexican	.65	.70	—	.65
New England	53	—	54½	—
Tropical	.20	.25	.20	.25
MISCELLANEOUS.				
Eastman Car H	2½	3	2½	3
Lamson Store S	60½	61	59	60
Pullman Pal Car	182	—	181	183
UNLISTED STOCKS.				
Am Pneu Tool	5	—	5	5⅛
Edison Phon Doll	—	—	—	—
Illinois Steel	92	93	—	—
Nat Lead Trust	23⅞	24⅛	23½	—
Sugar Refineries	107⅞	108	105¾	106¼
Th-Hous Electric	102	—	100½	102
Westinghouse El	—	—	49	50
Winnisimet	26	—	26	—

*Ex dividend.

CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN..................Editor

BOSTON, July 23, 1889.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

New England chess and checker rooms, 691 Washington street. Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. All are welcome.

For Sale.

Any of the following-named works will be sent postpaid on receipt of price:

Schaefer & Kelley's "Paisley," 25 cents: "Single Corner," 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," Part I., 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," Part II., 25 cents; Baker and Reed's "Alma," $1.25; Spayth's "American Draught Player," $3; "Game of Draughts," supplement to the above, $1.50; "Draughts for Beginners," 75 cents; Sweet's Elements of Draughts," 50 cents; "Barker's American Checker Player," latest edition, including the Barker vs. Martins match games, $1.25; "Match Games between Barker and Martins," 25 cents; McCulloch's "Guide to the Game of Draughts," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same, bound in cloth, $1: a supplement, containing all the known corrections on the book, is given with each copy; single supplements, 15 cents; Gould's "Book of 1000 Problems," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same, bound in cloth, board covers, $1; Gould's book of "Match Games," from Anderson and Wyllie in 1847 to the present time, stiff paper covers, 50 cents; bound in cloth, board covers, $1; special copies of the same, a really handsome book, being bound in bevelled board covers, gilt back and sides, also gilt edges and containing the photographs of the two great champions, the late R. D. Yates and James Wyllie, price $1.50; Strickland's "British Draught Player," valuable books for the amateur; Part I., "Old Fourteenth"; Part II., "Single Corner"; Part III., "Ayrshire Lassie"; Part IV., "Laird and Lady"; the four for 50 cents. Subscriptions received for the American Checker Review one year, $2. Blank diagrams, 2x2, for recording positions, 30 cents per 100; 12 cents for 25. "Checkers Improved," 25 cents; Robertson's "Guide," $3; Lyman's Book of Problems," $5; "Checker Primer," 25 cents; "Frazer's "Ayrshire Lassie," 500 variations, 75 cents; ruled paper for MS. books, just what you need, 48 pages, 25 cents; 100 pages, 40 cents; "Smith and Barker's Match Games," 35 cents.

Position No. 1471.

By Dr. Brown.

Correcting a "Whilter" game in Janvier Anderson.—[Glasgow Herald.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and win.

DRAUGHTS IN AUSTRALIA.

The following interesting games are taken from our colonial exchanges:

Game No. 2465—Whilter.

Played at Dunedin, New Zealand, between Messrs. J. P. Bell and Dr. Brodie. Bell's move.—[Octago Witness.

11..15	8..11	4.. 8	30..26	A-27..32
23..19	29..25	26..23	8.. 4	19..15
7..11	3.. 8	8..11	26..22	32..27
22..17	25..22	30..26	17..14	15..10
9..14	11..16	11..16	6.. 9	27..23
25..22	31..26	22..18	13.. 6	4.. 8
15.. 9	16..23	10..15	2..18	23..18
17..13	27..11	18..11	32..28	8..11
11..16	8..15	14..18	18..23	18..14
22..17	24..19	23.. 5	28..24	Drawn.
16..23	15..24	16..30	23..27	
26..19	28..19	11.. 8	24..19	

A—We think Mr. Bell missed a win here by the following play.—[Draughts editor Globe.

22..18	*31..27	18..11	15..11	27..23
4.. 8	19..15	21..17	14.. 9	B.wins.
27..31	12..16	11..15	11.. 7	
8..11	11..20	17..14	20..16	

Game No. 2466—Single Corner.

Played at the Melbourne, Australia, Draughts Club, between Messrs. Wyllie and Warnock. Wyllie's move. Australasian.

11..15	24..15	26..22	10..14	21..14
22..18	8..12	5.. 9	19..16	24..27
15..22	28..24	22..17	12..19	32..23
25..18	13..17	1.. 6	23..16	6..10
12..16	21..14	18..15	8..12	14..17
29..25	7..10	9..14	16..11	2..27
9..13	14.. 7	17..13	20..24	Drawn
25..22	3..28	14. 17	11.. 8	
16..20	23..19	31..26	21..25	
18..15	4.. 8	17..21	30..21	
10..19	6..10	27..23	14..17	

Checker News.

Great activity prevails at present in the draughts circles of South Australia, says the Australasian. The matter of most immediate interest is the contest for the "Shaw trophy," for which the entries promise to be very numerous. It is understood, we believe, that the conduct of the matches is to be based on the precedents established by the managing committee of the Melbourne centennial congress.

The preliminary arrangements for a match between H. W. Kay and W. Tonkin for the championship of the Christchurch Draughts Club have been made; play to occur at an early date.

R. Boswell of Christchurch recently defeated Mr. Boyd of Dunedin in an interesting and closely contested match.

H. Z. Wrigh and W. C. Parrow are engaged in a match for the association medal, and an interesting exhibition of original play is expected. The last time these players met in a contest for the tropy the games were all drawn, but they are determined that it shall not occur again.

There are Quarts and Quarts.

[Midsummer Puck.]

Elder Berry—How much are these black-caps a quart, Deacon?

Deacon Sanders (the grocer)—Twelve cents.

Elder Berry—All right, deacon; here, I've brought a quart measure along to get 'em in.

Deacon Sanders—Wall, Elder, I'll have to charge 36 cents for that full.

Remembered Them—And Him.

[Puck.]

West Point graduate (sternly)—Do you know your orders, sentinel?

Old soldier (who had served with his father)—Ah, Willie, Oi knew me ordhers whin you wor in short dhresses!

Usually They Sit On Customers.

[Puck.]

Tired saleslady—Oh, dear, I wish we had something to sit down on.

Another tired saleslady—I sat down on that fly floor-walker this morning.

PREMIUMS Always on Hand.

We are prepared to furnish, at any time, the following premiums, in combination with The Weekly Globe, at the prices named below:

Weekly Globe and Ropp's Commercial Calculator.......$1.25
Weekly Globe and Book Gems of Song..... 1.35
Weekly Globe and Dictionary Politics...... 1.25
Weekly Globe and Knitting and Crochet ... 1.40
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Weekly Globe and best Globe Mandolin...... 8.00
Weekly Globe and book of Choice Dance Music........ 1.35
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Weekly Globe and Book in Cloth. Law Without Lawyers........ 1.60
Weekly Globe and Book in Cloth. How to Get Well........ 1.60
Weekly Globe and Book in Cloth. History United States........ 1.50
Weekly Globe and Book in Cloth. Natural History Cyclopedia........ 1.50
Weekly Globe and Book in Cloth. Standard Dictionary........ 1.50
Weekly Globe and Book Gems of Melody..... 1.40
Weekly Globe and Book in Cloth. Everybody's Assistant........ 1.40
Weekly Globe, five years, and Worcester Unabridged Dictionary........10.00

Address

THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
Boston, Mass.

BRINGING BAD NEWS.

Another Great Beat by a Herald War Correspondent.

Hooker's Council of War After the Three Days' Fight at Chancellorsville.

One of the Secrets of History Told to the World in a Sensational "Extra."

[New York Herald.]

The battle of Gettysburg, the victorious result of which was first given to the public through the Herald, as told last Sunday, was not the only prominent event of the war the tidings of which were first given in these columns. Indeed the Herald was never beaten, and was usually from 12 to 24 hours ahead of all contemporaries with its reports of battles and important movements.

The battle of Chancellorsville was fought just two months before Gettysburg. The field was in the heart of Virginia, on the easterly confines of that famous Wilderness through which Grant subsequently led the Army of the Potomac to the James river. The army had wintered in improvised barracks and tents on the north bank of the Rappahannock river, opposite Fredericksburg. The Chancellorsville campaign was an effort on Hooker's part to flank Lee's army on their right and capture Richmond. It was begun by a demonstration on their left, led by Sedgwick and the 6th Corps, supported by the 1st and 3d Corps. Under cover of this demonstration the main body of the army was thrown across the river at Bank's Ford, about eight miles above Fredericksburg. This accomplished, the 1st and 3d Corps were withdrawn from Sedgwick and joined the main army in the vicinity of Chancellorsville, where the great battle was fought on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 1, 2 and 3. The disastrous and disgraceful break of the 12th Corps under Stonewall Jackson's flank attack on the second day doomed the army to defeat, and no amount of heroic fighting subsequently could avert the inevitable.

Sunday found the six corps huddled behind improvised breastworks, halfway between Chancellorsville and the river, with a fearful storm raging, which had already swollen the river to such an extent as to carry away all but one of the pontoon bridges by which it had advanced, and to transform the roads into almost bottomless quagmires. Thus retreat was seemingly cut off. Meanwhile Sedgwick was bravely fighting on the heights of Fredericksburg, vainly endeavoring to force his way through to Hooker's relief.

Such was the situation on Monday, when Hooker called a council of war to determine upon a plan of action. The history of that council has never been written, but its outcome had an important bearing, not only upon the subsequent movements of the army, but upon the relations of prominent officers as well. I alone became possessed of the secret, but out of deference to distinguished officers, some now dead and one or two still living, I have guarded it from publicity. That I possessed the secret is evidenced by the fact that I was enabled thereby to anticipate the withdrawal of the army to the north bank of the river, travel through to New York and print a full account of the battle in the Herald, with numerous maps and diagrams, beating all competition by 24 hours.

I acquired my information on Tuesday morning together with the additional news that the army would be withdrawn that night. It was not necessary for me to wait for that withdrawal, however, and I gave it by the prgeful, with maps and diagrams, and on the following morning, when the other papers were just learning that there had been a great battle and a disastrous repulse, the Herald was filled with a circumstantial and detailed account of the whole affair, from beginning to end, with lists of the killed and wounded and all the interesting details for which the public was so hungry.

WHO LOST THE $10?

An Old Financial Conundrum Which Has Done More Than Delirium Tremens to Send Men to the Grave.

[Pittsburg Times.]

Once there was a man who had misfortune. The further he went the worse he fared. When he struck El Paso he had just one round white silver dollar left to his name, and he went and bought a drink with it

"The barkeeper took his American dollar and handed him a Mexican dollar in change. A Mexican dollar at that time was worth only 85 cents in United States money. There were rumors of trouble between the two republics, growing out of Indian raids, and the pursuit of the robbers from one country into the other. A Mexican dollar was only worth 85 cents in Texas, and the United States dollar was worth but 85 cents in Mexico. It was early in the morning. He had nothing to do with the rest of the day, or with the rest of his life, for that matter. The Mexican eagle on his last remaining coin suggested something to his desperate fancy, and he wandered across to El Paso del Norte on the Mexican side. He bought a drink of mescal there for 15 cents, laid down his Mexican dollar and received an American dollar in change, equivalent to 85 cents in Mexican money. He looked at the coin and an idea struck him. It appealed to his speculative humor.

"He retraced his steps to the American side, walked into a saloon, called for a drink of whiskey, paid for it with his solitary American dollar, which he had received in change on the other side and got a Mexican dollar in change. This he promptly carried over the line, bought a drink of mescal and got a United States dollar in change. Then he got to thinking. Here was the situation. He had the precisely the same capital he started with an hour before, and had distributed 60 cents' worth of liquor through his system in the way of dividends. The whiskey and mescal was gone. It was no further use to anybody. The visible supply of exhilarating beverage had been absolutely diminished to that extent. He had bought it at the market price. He had paid for it in cash. He had all his original capital still in his pocket. True, he had contributed the labor of walking back and forth from the Mexican to the Texan side, and vice versa, but that, as he shrewdly decided, was unproductive labor, so far as the interests of the public was concerned. It earned nothing, for it added nothing to the supply of anything. He might have walked back and forth until the river run dry without anybody being the better off.

"Here was a chance to get even with the section of country which had indirectly been the cause of his bankruptcy. He walked back to the Texas side, bought another drink, got a Mexican dollar in change, went back to the Mexican town, got another drink and a United States dollar in change. He kept it up all day. He picked up a stick and cut a notch in it for every drink, as the old Indian fighters used to keep score of the scalps they took. He kept it up pretty steadily all that day until closing-up time, and set at it again the next day as soon as he opened out. He waxed enthusiastic over his speculation, giving a war-whoop at ever notch in the stick.

"But at length he got to wondering who was losing all this money. Apparently not the barkeepers. They were getting the market rate for their liquors. Surely not he, for he was getting his own. The problem bothered him. He was naturally a curious man. The more he thought of it the more he drank, the more his head swam around with perplexity, and the more the subject in question became complicated. The extraordinary things which reminded him of the menagerie he had gone to see when he was a boy. At length, when he had consumed $5.05 worth of Texas whiskey, and $5 worth of Mexican mescal, he died in front of the saloon where he got the first drink, and with a dollar more than he started with in his pocket—died of wondering who had lost the $10.05 worth of two kinds of liquor which he had consumed, although the local coroner said it was delirium tremens.

"But neither the coroner nor his jury explained who lost the $10.05, and that's what I want to know."

DON'T TRY IT.

A Way to Make One Drink Answer for Two Persons.

[Washington Post.]

The other evening a portly, well dressed man walked into an avenue saloon. Business was dull. He ordered whiskey. The barkeeper set out the bottle and placed a tumbler of ice water behind the whiskey glass. The gentleman poured the smaller glass full, and as he raised it to his lips his elbow was touched. He looked around and put down the untasted glass. A dilapidated tramp stood there asking the price of a drink.

"I never refuse a man the price of a drink when he asks for it nonestly," said the well-dressed one. "It shows that no matter how poor he is, no matter what misfortune has overcome him, he has not lost his manliness. Here, my poor fellow, is a—. Fudge, I felt in the wrong pocket. Oh, pshaw, here. No, hang it. Ah, my pocketbook. D—n it, I left that at home too. Here, I've got it, in my watch pocket. Humph, only 15 cents! My poor friend, I am sorry, I am deeply sorry, but I have only the price of my drink, which I owe the barkeeper here. I have no money for you. My change is in my other clothes. Hold on though. Here, you shall have your drink, nevertheless."

He poured the ice water into the spittoon, poured half the whiskey in the smaller glass into the tumbler, handed it to the tramp, who swallowed it at a gulp and disappeared, drank his own, laid down the 15 cents ate an olive a herring sandwich, a couple of crackers a piece of cheese and walked out as steadily as a judge, with the glow of a generous thought still brightening his eye. A minute later he and the tramp were heading up the avenue together.

"That is the first time I've seen it done just that way" said the barkeeper, as he recovered his breath.

The Way to Keep Cool.

[Louisville Post.]

"Doctor, give me a suggestion as to the best way to stand this hot weather."

"Well," replied a prominent physician, "there are a few simple things to remember. I'll tell you how I do it. In the first place I get plenty of sleep. I do this by eating a light supper, without coffee and with very little fluid of any sort and but a mouthful of beefsteak. My day's work ends with the day, and after sunset I just sit around without my coat and vest. About 9 o'clock I slip quietly into my bathroom and soak myself 10 or 15 minutes in a bathtub full of cold water. Without drying myself I draw on my sleeping garment and go to bed. My temperature has been reduced and my pulse has slowed up. This condition is preserved by the evaporation which goes on for half an hour or more, during which I go to sleep. Try it. Now, for the daytime, I eat a moderate breakfast, with but little hot coffee or tea. I avoid the butter and anything else very greasy. I eat my fill of bread, toast, tomatoes, cold milk, etc., with a small piece of lean, rare steak. I do not smoke, or drink anything alcoholic. I occasionally take a glass of some aerated water, like vichy or seltzer. I wear light clothes and but few of them, and I am not ashamed to carry an umbrella. The result is that I suffer as little from the heat as is possible during this sultry weather."

Rest for the Weary.

[Epoch.]

Freespeech—I see Dr. Loudly's church has given him a three months' vacation.

Fogg—Why, does he need so long a rest?

Freespeech—No—but if you had ever heard him, you'd know how his congregation does.

He Had Made Sacrifices.

[Texas Siftings.]

Captain (sympathetically) — You don't seem to love the sea, Mr. Jones.

Seasick passenger—Well, I ought to: I've given up almost everything for it.

SHORT CHANGE MEN.

Methods in Swindling the Unsuspicious at the Circus.

Changing a Twenty-Dollar Bill and Making the Operation Pay.

Only One Man in a Thousand Who Will Count His Change Three Times.

[Chicago Mail.]

Nearly everybody knows more or less about all the attendant features of a circus—the side show, the horse tent, the cooking tent, the dressing-room, the red-lemonade man, and the peanut fiend; but not many people, even among the foxy old-timers who have patronized circuses for 40 years, know anything about the "short-change man." His victims are many, but they prefer not to trumpet their fish-like quality from the housetops. They swallow their chagrin and keep silent, while they economize in a number of ways to get even on the money that the short-change man has taken.

A number of years ago I ran across one of the most accomplished short-change workers in this country and got well acquainted with him. He didn't suspect me of being a newspaper man, and in the three months that I knew him I didn't enlighten him. He grew very confidential and chatty, and gave away to me the innermost secrets of his craft. He was a little, slim fellow, of Irish extraction, and as bright and as sharp as a new needle. He had a way of tilting his head back and looking at folks with half-closed eyes, while he smiled slightly, that was clever enough to make a great hit in a dramatic creation. It was perfectly fetching, but the fine contempt he had for the "suckers" whom his kind bled, and the way he had of speaking of them was much more so. It was winter time when I knew him and he was resting until the season opened up. I approached him a dozen times to get him to tell me all about the short-change act before he became pliable. He would take a coin and palm it as cleverly as Mr. Herrmann and laugh and turn away. But one evening he opened his heart to me.

I had been talking about the "telegraph" method of making short change, and he spoke up and said, quite scornfully:

"That's no good! There's no money in that. You can only get 50 cents or $1 out of that. There's lots of ways stronger than that!"

I asked him what they were.

"Well," he said, taking a roll of small bills, mostly ones and twos, out of his pocket, "they're worked this way: You do it with the 'long green.'"

He smoothed the bills out straight and caressed them affectionately.

"Ah! When these new ones were first issued," he said, "the boys worked all the banks in the country for them. They were the best graft the boys ever struck. You see they look just like a five or ten if you don't show the figure. Well, this is the way the boys take the money away from the 'suckers.' You've noticed a lot of hustlers in the crowd selling tickets and saving people the trouble of getting in line, eh? at the ticket wagon, haven't you? Well, you naturally think they are hired by the proprietor of the show, because they sell tickets at the regular price. But they are not. They pay 100 cents on the dollar for every ticket they sell, and they depend on their ability to swindle the purchaser out of a few dollars now and then for their profit.

"A young man with his best girl comes along—or an old man alone, or a solid business man with two or three of his family: it doesn't matter who it is, they're all victims—and he sees a great crowd around the ticket wagon. There isn't much chance of getting a ticket there in less than 10 minutes, and here at his elbow is a young man with 'Choice reserved seats at regular prices!' How many? We're here to relieve the rush at the wagon! No extra charge, sir! Right this way, sir! Step lively, please,' which, assuming that the man buys reserved seats, would be $2. He gives the young man a $10 bill, or maybe $20—if there's any place on earth where a man will flash a big bill, and where he hadn't ought to, it's at a circus. Well, he offers him a $20 bill this time for the sake of the better illustration of the story. The young man takes it, puts it into his pocket, draws out a handful of bills, takes a ten, a two and five ones, and hands the lump to the buyer of seats. If it is $1 short, the man has handled it so quickly and counted $18 out of it so easily that oftentimes the man takes it and goes, but the fakir is sore if he does. If he is a cautious and knowing party who is 'dead onto' the tricks of these circus sharps, it suits the 'short-change man' exactly, for in $1 short he can usually count his change and say:

"'Here young man! You're $1 short here. Only $17 here.'

"That's beautiful, and just as the fakir wants it. So he says:

"'Sure of that? Just count it again, please.'

"So he counts again, while the fakir watches, and when he has turned over the last bill he says, with the air of a man who knows too much to be cheated by these flip circus folks:

"'That's all—17.'

"But the fakir is a little doubtful, so he says, as though wishing to make sure:

"'Just let me count it, please!'

"Serene in the belief that he has cornered his man, the buyer hands it over, and the fakir takes the bills in his left hand, with the ones on the outside, counts them out, and then bends the whole bunch back over his left thumb. Then he turns them over, one by one, and they lie straight out—full length. When he reaches the last one he says, cheerfully:

"'You're right—my mistake and your treat,' or some such amiable chestnut, hands the bills back to the man, still at full length, goes down in his trousers pocket with his right hand and gets a silver dollar, which he shoves into the stranger's hand, laughs, says something about 'mistakes will happen in the best regulated families,' and with a laugh, and is gone in the crowd, while the ticket buyer jams his money into his pocket and hurries into the tent where the elephants are bellowing.

"But the fakir has got the $10 bill, because while he doubled that over in counting the 17 he flipped it clear over, and his agile little finger crushed it into a very small wad and held it there unnoticed, while the other fingers were free to use. And inasmuch as the 'sucker' has himself twice counted the bills, and has seen the fakir count them, he will swear that he has got all that belongs to him when he has compelled the fakir to go down into his pocket and fork out the silver dollar. He doubles up the bills without further examination and is gone.

"But this work doesn't end there. When the fakir laughingly claps his man on the back he puts a chalk mark on him which keeps all other fakirs away from him. He may try to buy red lemonade or peanuts or prize packages, or concert tickets, but he can't do it. The men he hails and beckons refuse to see him and pass him by. The reason is this: If they sell him something they might cause him to bring forth the roll of bills, in which case he would notice that the $10 was missing, and would be apt to raise a row. But if one of these should overlook the signal and be instrumental in apprising the man of his loss he is compelled by a rule among the fakirs to stand the loss and restore the $10, or whatever sum it may be. In case a man gives up a 10 instead of a 20 the fakir only makes five, and if it's a fake he probably only gets one. You see there must be enough bills left in the wad so that the absence of one won't be noticed.

"That's a good scheme," I remarked, "but suppose when the robbery is complete the purchaser of tickets should take a notion to count his money again?"

"There isn't one man in a thousand who will do it. You see he has counted it twice and has seen the other man verify his count."

"Yes, I know," I persisted, "but suppose he should count it; wouldn't the fakir be in a pretty bad boat?"

"Not in the least," he replied. "If such a crank should happen along, and they do occasionally, the instant he starts in to count the money the fakir drops the big bill from his left hand to the ground and catches the buyer by the arm with some such exclamation as:

"'Look out there! You're losing something. You'll get the worst of it if you're not careful!'

"As he says this, he either picks up the money and hands it to the man or points it out to him and moves away in the crowd. Maybe the man suspects that the fellow tried to rob him, but he has his money and can make no kick, and besides the fakir is gone. Oh, there's no way of catching him. But as I said, there isn't one man in a thousand who will count his money that one last time."

Brides in Rome.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

The Roman woman was married at nightfall. She was dressed in a white robe, a symbol of her virgin purity, bound round her waist with a woolen sash; her hair was plaited into six tresses after those of the Vestal virgins; on her head she wore a flame-colored veil and a fresh wreath of the sacred verbena, for the wife was priestess in her family. Under the protection of Juna Domiduca (the home leader) she passed through the streets accompanied by her friends, and lighted on her way with torches. By her side there walked a young boy carrying an open basket, in which there lay a hank of wool, a distaff and a spindle, for spinning was the great duty of the Roman matron of the republic. To be a good spinner was a gem in her crown of virtues, by the side of chastity and frugality.

ECCENTRIC FEMININE NOSES.

Some Kindly Words of Caution and Advice to Noses and Their Charming Owners.

[New York Herald.]

The result of my study is in favor of the woman with a crooked nose. The nose that is so little out of drawing as to still be an attractive one must partake largely of all traits, overbalanced on one side or the other, according to the modification of other strong tendencies as shown by other features.

Let the subject of this screed no more sit in ashes, nor have her picture painted as did one foolish maiden with a gauze fan far over her lower face, since there are compensations in an ugly nose.

The woman with a crooked nose is usually the more fortunate in friendships, as she is less likely to be scornful of those less pleasantly situated than herself, either by fortune or favor, while so far as personal qualities and her purse go she is more disposed to be gracious and liberal, and to swim with the current that is popular.

Yet, in emergency, the ugly nose rises to the occasion with a dignity and promptness at once the delight and terror of her nearest friends.

In matters of business I have found the woman with a delicate, straight nose either too easily advised by any stronger mind that happened to be at hand, or possessed by an utterly inconsequent tenacity of the first idea which she grasped upon the matter of the moment. Showing (if I may so phrase it) an unwise wisdom in such a way as to save her pence and lose, eventually, her dollars. For example, such a nose has been known to sell a valuable lot of stock because of an editorial in her tea table paper: despite the dissuasions of brothers and lawyer from the sacrifice.

The crooked nose, especially if backed by good, straightforward eyes, is apt to be influenced by environment in a different way. That is, to leave stocks and bonds to her natural protectors while she has them, and they are not proven incompetent. But in the case of such proof, or if suddenly bereft, she is apt to surprise every one by promptly, even though timidly, taking matters into her own hands, and after taking a good cry and quietly thinking out the matter—doing the very best thing possible. The straight nose, similarly placed, would walk magnificently on to financial disaster, or dissolve all hope and spirit in the tears which clear the atmosphere in which the crooked nose scents success.

The same nose will be more patient in planning and awaiting results in life. In love affairs patient, possibly because its wearer is not accustomed to the prompt capitulation of the lovers of the Greek nosed maiden.

But here comes in the law of compensation. If slow to conquest is the crooked nose, the lover who loves the eyes above, the mouth beneath or the soul in the girl who bears the ugly feature, may as well resign himself at once to the sweet bondage. And the more irregular the nose the more useless to struggle.

It is senseless to blame Mrs. Potter for her conception of Cleopatra. What better could be expected of a woman with the ineffable nose that adorns her pretty face? So it is—generous and magnificent impulses or conceptions of good or evil are impossible to the finer, compressed nose nostrils.

Beware with the crooked nose of heavy eyebrows close together, for with the large nature is apt to be found, in such case, a tempestuous jealousy that counteracts the superbness of the affections and mars the intellectual grasp.

The happiest homes within my knowledge are those of men whose wives, many of them beautiful in every other feature, have eccentric noses. And of those who are drifting or already out of the home harbor, by legal release or pursuing fame in some one of its enticing labyrinths, not one has gone, without effort, that unlucky number—13, each with a nose to serve as a sculptor's model.

Another is simply failing in her home life by taking on her domestic cares in addition to those which, as a single woman, she carried, with no injustice to others, instead of displacing the old work with the new. She "keeps" her house exquisitely, but is failing in her home-making, and will, perhaps, too late realize what her nose has cost her and her devoted husband.

The straight-nosed woman governs and adorns her children: the crooked-nosed woman guides and wins them, mixing up caresses and commandments in a way to make her calling and election sure as the chosen ruler of all their hearts.

One little straight-nosed woman has, however, set all my deductions at naught in this domestic phase, but this, since I am tenacious, but proves the general rule. After all, there seems to me but one nose that is to be depended upon in any and all conditions, and that is "tip tilted like the petals of a flower." I should advise some to seek, and when found woo and win, if possible, the girl or woman with a dear, delicious pug nose. It is the safest!

THE WHISTLER.

How He Moved the Hearts of the Soldiers Both in Blue and Gray.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"A good whistler is, as a rule, the best of good fellows," said the colonel. "We had one fellow in our regiment who could whistle anything, and who was generally moved to whistle his best when the rest of us were feeling our worst. The ugliness in soldier nature was pretty sure to come out at the tail end of a long, muddy march, and the swearing at such times was very distressing to a man who had faith in human nature. At such times our gay whistler would strike up some favorite tune. The swearing would cease, the boys would catch step, and they would go merrily along to the whistled melody. After a battle, when the men were despondent and discouraged, the whistler of the regiment would whistle tender, plaintive tunes by the hour, and I know that he gave great comfort.

"After the battle on Lookout Mountain he was one of the guards detailed to escort the prisoners taken in the mountain down to Bridgeport, where they were to take the train for the North. There were several hundred of them, and the march down from Chattanooga to Bridgeport was a tedious one, but the slow progress brought about a close acquaintance between the guards and the prisoners, and on several occasions during the march the cheering whistle of the gay-hearted man in blue cheered the heavy-hearted men in gray, and they were won't to call for music when the circumstances of the march were more than usually distressing.

"As they started across the pontoon bridge at Bridgeport, two lines of gray in the centre and a thin line of blue on each outer edge, the whistler, in accordance with a very general call, started a melody suited to the occasion. The men caught step, and Reb and Yank went swinging across the bridge, ignoring the command of the officers to change step. As the column neared the centre, the march had become a sort of a jollification, and just as the jollity was at its height, the bridge parted in the middle, and in an instant scores of men were struggling in the water.

"There was, of course, great confusion, but in good time all the men except three or four were rescued. Among those lost were one officer and two of the prisoners. The survivors were immediately loaded into the train waiting. Every one was greatly dejected. Just before the train started there came from the whistler, who, in his wet clothes, was the very image of discomfort, a soft, tender melody. It was like the wail of a child, like the song of a woman with a heart-break, but ended with something that was like a tribute to the dead, like a story of some one gone to rest, and scores of the prisoners stepped out to the whistler and silently shook his hand."

Four Men Can Lift the Eiffel Tower.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The tower stands midway between the dome of the Trocadero and the cupola of the exhibition building, in the midst of a park diversified by waterfalls, hillocks and streams, and dotted with buildings of various kinds. It is over 980 feet in height, and is divided by three-stages or platforms, the first at a distance of 180 feet, the second 370 feet and the third 860 feet from the ground. From the third platform rises a pinnacle, 120 feet in height, containing a powerful electric light. The tower springs from an arched base, and, owing to the manner of its construction, presents to the eye an aspect of peculiar lightness, resembling in its appearance a network of iron meshes. Indeed, although the weight of the materials employed in the structure is 6404 tons, the distribution of this weight has been so adjusted to the surface it covers that it is said the tower might be lifted from the ground by four men of average strength.

Adolphus and the Clock.

[Yonker's Gazette.]

"Pa," she called up stairs, "this clock down here in the hall isn't going."

"It isn't, eh?" he returned; "well, don't let that be an example to Adolphus."

MICKEY FINN PLAYS HOOK.

Idyl of a Fervent July Day On Cooney Island.

Mickey Is Not a Poet But He Tries The Idle Business for Himself.

Stung By a Bumblebee and By Remorse He Confesses All His Sin.

(Ernest Jarrold in N. Y. Sun.)

Confucian chestnut—"Conscience never shuts the eye."

The air of Cooney Island palpitated with the fervent heat of a day in July. The hot air radiated up from the meadows and the dusty road like heat from a furnace. Even the chickens sought the shade of friendly trees, and the locusts lazily chanted their midsummer threnody as Micky Finn came down Murray street with a tattered geography, a worn spelling book and a thumbed first reader under his arm.

The boy's face shone from its recent application of soft soap and water, so that the freckles stood out like spots of brick dust on either side of his nose. He had a stone bruise on one of his big toes, and was forced to walk on one heel. As he limped along the roadway, half a mile away in the hazy perspective he could see the little red schoolhouse in the hollow with its monotonous suggestion of: "Can-the-dog-catch-the-cat? Yes-the-dog-can-catch-the-cat."

In fancy he heard the dreary iteration of the schoolroom and saw the blank, white walls speckled with paper "spitballs." He was hot and tired and dusty, and his toe hurt. The truth was that he had asked his mother to permit him to stay away from school and she refused to allow him to do so. Mrs. Finn's attention had been pathetically drawn to the sore toe and she had said that the injured member would not hurt him any more at school than at home. And so the boy looked cross and felt ugly toward the distasteful "eddicashun," which his mother forced upon him. As he limped along his discontented way he looked off over the meadow and saw the maples and pines in Lindsey's wood whispering to each other as they waved in the breeze which blew fresh and cool from the Hudson river. These whispers Mickey interpreted as coaxing invitations, which sounded to him as follows:

"Come, little Mike, and lie under our protecting branches! Here you will find the tender birch bark and the juicy sassafras root! Upon our shady hillocks, hidden by glossy green leaves, hide the red winter-green berries awaiting your coming! The tree toad will sing his little song for you, the bubbling spring is distilling a sparkling liquor for your thirsty lips, and the shady coverts of our sylvan dells await you!"

With these enchanting voices in his ear the temptation to play hookey was a strong one. The tempter of men came to him with the liquid melody of birds, the soft wooing of fluttering leaves, the rustle of the pine's thin fingers and the gurgle of brooks. And as he stood in the dusty road and looked down into the hollow at the sun blazing fiercely upon the windows of the little red schoolhouse, and realized how stifling was the air inside, what wonder that he hesitated!

Then the reproachful face of his mother rose before him. As little Mike loved his mother and feared her rebuke more than he did her heavy hand, the thought of her grief impelled him onward toward the school. But he could not shut out of his mental sight the picture of the cool paradise in the wood where the little lake rippled in the sunlight, and where, far below, ran the wide reaches of the Hudson river as it loitered to the sea. And in this entrancing picture his mother's face was blotted out as with a sponge from the slate of his mind, the schoolhouse was forgotten and he limped eagerly up the hillside toward the stone wall, by which clung the riotous wild raspberry bushes, now with fruit. Forgotten was the sore toe, lost sight of was the long, black strap hanging on the kitchen wall, and left behind was the dusty road and all the suggestions of work.

On arriving at the summit of the hill little Mike turned on his tracks and looked down upon the schoolhouse. He saw the master come to the door, and ring the bell, and his schoolmates scamper like corralled sheep into the building. Then the door was shut and Mickey realized that his sin was irrevocable. He trembled, too, when he thought that he would have to make confession of it to the priest. But it was too late to retrace his steps. He was now in the narrow path leading to the wood. He took off his tattered cap and the cool fingers of the breeze lifted the hair from his forehead. As he sat down on the grass a striped chipmunk stopped, palpitating, on the stone wall, and little Mike's fingers itched for his bow-gun. After hiding his books in the stone wall, and covering them with dead leaves he began picking and eating raspberries until his bronzed cheeks were covered with the juices of the fruit. The scent of clover blooms and fresh grasses made his nostrils dilate, and while the birds sang to him from the trees the nodding buttercups and daisies shook their heads at him and seemed to say:

"Little boy, you're playing hookey!"

When Mickey entered the woods he lay down upon the brown needles at the foot of a pine tree and watched the butterflies flitting over him on yellow wings. And as he lay there the luxury of indolence stole in upon his senses, and the gentle soughing of the pines fell with a soothing influence upon his ear. The drowsy hum of bees and the inarticulate voices of the wood lulled him to sleep. How long he lay there Mickey could not tell. He was rudely awakened by a big black ant, which had crawled up his trousers leg, and a great, yellow, hairy caterpillar crossing the bridge of his nose. As he sat up and brushed away these insects a catbird in a tree near by began to jeer at him with what to Mickey's excited fancy were the words:

"Playing hookey! Playing hookey!"

In some mysterious manner gladness seemed to go out of the day for little Mike at this cruel taunt. The odors of the flowers were just as sweet as they had been before, the moss at the foot of the pine tree was as vivid a green, the swallows flipped as gracefully over the field of billowy wheat, but the charm of all this beauteous panorama was gone. His toe began to hurt again. With drooping head and limping gait Mickey plunged deeply into the woods. At length he found a spring. Lying at full length upon the sward he put his lips down to the water and drank deep of the champagne of the woods. The reflection of his face in the spring grinned sardonically at him. And from the brown eyes shining from three cool deeths came a reproachful glance which seemed to say:

"The leather strap is waiting for you in the kitchen!"

All that afternoon he wandered through the wood seeking happiness, but finding none. He flew for refuge to the birch tree, but the bark had lost its old time sweetness. The sassafras root, which often had tasted like honey in his mouth, now took on the flavor of wormwood. As he retraced his steps to the stone wall where he had hidden his books the awful consciousness came to him that he would be obliged to tell a lie in order to escape a whipping. Like a thief in the night he sneaked down the steep hillside up which he had climbed so cheerily in the morning, and five minutes later he entered the shanty. So downcast was he and so furtive in manner that his mother's attention was called to him. Just at this moment a big bumble bee, wearing a black velvet vest with yellow stripes, blundered into the room.

"Are ye sick, Mickey?" said his mother, solicitously.

"No'm, I'm not sick, mother," said little Mike, "but me toe is hurtin' me."

"Well, what makes ye act so quare?"

This was uttered in such a tone of solicitude and so kindly a look that little Mike's eyes began to overflow as his mother tried to "shoo" the bumble bee out of the room.

"I'm glad you're not sick, Mickey, like thim Doolans," continued Mrs. Finn. "If ye were I'd be thinkin' that bumble bee 'ud be afther stingin' ye. Shure that's fwhat bumble bees does be doin'—stingin' little b'ys fur their sins!"

Slap went the end of Mrs. Finn's tassel against the wall and away sailed the bee out of the window like an animated jewel of jet and amber.

Little Mike was oppressed with fears. The haunting consciousness of wrong doing weighed him down like the guilt of a murderer. He felt a great load taken off his conscience when the bumble bee flew out of the window, for he believed implicitly that the insect had flown into the shanty for the purpose of stinging him because he had played hookey. He busied himself about the yard, milking the goat and chopping wood. He was so unusually zealous in this work and so quiet that his mother's suspicions were awakened.

"Faix," said he, "I'm afeerd me little b'ys been up to mischief, he's actin' that quare. Shure, he has berry stains on his face an' there's no berries at school. Musha, I'm afther thinkin' he was playin' hookey!"

Just then Mickey came into the shanty with another armful of wood. His mother looked at him closely unobserved by the boy, and saw that his knees were stained with grass juice, and that to the back of his jacket clung some tell-tale pine needles. But she kept her own counsel and awaited developments, satisfied that Mickey would confess his guilt. Another armful of wood had been thrown under the stove, and little Mike looked up to catch the expected approving glance of his mother, when Mrs. Finn cried in alarm:

"Tuk out Mickey; here comes the bumble bee fur ye!"

Again the fears of the boy were awakened, and turning quickly he struck a frantic blow at the bee. This evidently angered the insect, for it avoided the blow, flew over the boy's head and stung him on the back of the neck. Having punished the truant and satisfied its vengeance, the bumble bee flew out of the door. As Mrs. Finn bound a handful of mud upon the swelling wound little Mike looked up in his mother's face, and with a trembling voice full of remorse and pain, said in a hoarse whisper:

"M-m-m-other!"

"Yis, Mickey," said Mrs. Finn, knowing that the time of confession had come. The boy continued, with quivering lips:

"I know why the bee s-s-stung me. Bekase I—bekase—mother—I—I—I was playin' —play—playin'—hookey!"

As he hid his face in his mother's dress she stooped over him and her lips touched the bronzed, berry-stained face in the fond kiss of forgiveness. As her warm breath dried the brine upon his cheek the bumble bee was sucking honey from a blue and white morning glory which hung like an infant bell over the doorway.

WINNIE AND WALTER.

Welcome Wooing Won Winnie, Whose Womanly Warmheartedness Wards Walter's Welfare.

[Old Scrap Book.]

"'Warm weather, Walter! Welcome warm weather! We were wishing winter would wane, weren't we?'

"'We were well wearied with waiting, whispered Walter, wearily. Wan, white, woe-begone was Walter, wayward willful, worn with weakness, wasted, waxing weaker whenever winter's wild, withering winds were wailing. Wholly without waywardness was Winifred, Walter's wise, womanly watcher, who, with winsome, wooing ways, was well-beloved.

"'We won't wait, Walter; while weather's warm, we'll wander where woodlands wave, won't we?'

"Walter's wonted wretchedness wholly waned. 'Why, Winnie, we'll walk where we went when we were with Willie; we'll weave wildflower wreaths, watch woodmen working, woodlice, worms wriggling, windmills whirling, watermills wheeling; we will win wild whortleberries, witness wheat winnowed.'

Wisbeach woods were wild with wildflowers; warm westerly winds whispered where willows were waving; wood-pigeons, wrens, woodpeckers were warbling wild woodnotes. Where Wisbeach watermill's waters, which were wholly waveless, widened, were water-lilies waxen white. Winnifred wove wreaths with woodbine, whitehorn, wallflowers, whilst Walter whittled wooden wedges with willow wands. Wholly without warning wild wet winds woke within Wisbeach woods, whistling where Winifred wandered with Walter; weeping willows were wailing weirdly, waging war with wind-tossed waters. Winifred's wary watchfulness waked. 'Walter, we won't wait.'

"'Why, Winnie, Winnie?'

"'Winifred wavered. 'Why, where were we wandering? Wisbeach woods widen whichever way we walk; where's Wisbeach white wicket; where Winston's water-mill?'

"Wistfully Walter witnessed Winifred's wonder. 'Winnie, Winnie, we were wrong, wholly wrong, wandering within wild ways. Wayfaring, weather-beaten waifs, we're well-nigh worn out.'

"Winfred waited where, within wattled woodwork walls, wagons, wheelbarrows, wains, were waiting, weighty with withies, wicker-work. Walter was wearily wrapped with Winifred's well-worn wadded waterproof, was wailing woefully, wholly wearied. Winifred, who, worn with watching, wellnigh weeping, was wistfully, wakefully waiting Willie's well-known whistle, wholly wished Walter's well-being warranted. Well, well-timed, welcome Walter was! Wound with wide, white worsted wrappers, which wonderfully well withstood winter's withering, whistling winds. Wholly without warm wrappers was Winifred, who, with womanly wisdom was watching Walter's welfare, warding Walter's weakness.

"'When will Willie wend where we wait?' wearily wondered Walter.

"'Whist! Walter,' whispered Winnie; 'who was whooping?'

"'Whereabouts?'

"'Welcome whistling was waking Wisbeach woods with winter's windy warfare waxed weaker. 'Winnie! Walter!' Winfred's wakefulness was well-grounded. 'We're well, Willie; we're where Winston's wagons wait.' Without waiting, Willie was within Winston's woodwork walls. 'Welcome, welcome, Willie'; Winnie was welcoming with warmliness, with watching Walter, with wayfaring.

"'Why, Winnie! wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie,' Willie whispered, wheedlingly, 'we won't weep; Walter's well; what were Walter without Winnie?'

"Which question Winfred's well-timed, womanly wisdom, which well warranted weakly Walter's welfare. Whenever wandering within Wisbeach woods with Winnie, Walter would whisper, 'What were Walter without Winnie? wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie!'"

HE CARRIED THE BASKET.

How a Tacoma Widow Utilized a Swell Dude.

[Tacoma Globe.]

A lady who lives in the suburbs was down in the city last evening buying marketing. She had a large basket full and was going to the corner of Ninthrstreet and St. Helen's avenue for the purpose of taking the motor line for her home. She has a petite and rather youthful figure, but is about 50 years of age and has been a widow for a decade. A dapper young man, who was also a "masher," saw her and approaching, asked if he might not help her home with her basket. Now this young dapper young men are especially mashers; therefore she told the young man he might see her home and carry her basket. He thought he had made an immense hit, and he also thought in the dim light that the widow was a beautiful young lady. The widow transferred her basket to the dapper young man's arm and relinquished her idea of riding home in the horse cars, in order that she might have a large bushel basketful of fun, she started with her escort for a walk of about 15 life-size, full-length squares. The basket got frightfully heavy in about five blocks; in ten it was a huge white elephant, and by the time the two reached the lady's residence it was one of the pyramids of Egypt, and the dapper young man was badly blown and altogether broken in spirit. The widow rang the bell at her door and a grown young lady came, asking:

"Why, ma, what did you ring the bell for? The door was not locked." The dapper young man almost fainted, and when the widow said: "Won't you come in, sir? My husband would be very glad to see you," he was paralyzed. But he recovered quickly and went away from there, and that widow has been having convulsive fits of laughter ever since, in which she is ably seconded by her daughter and the remainder of the family. The masher has been taking iron and quinine ever since to build up his strength.

The Girls are Sly.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

You can tell pretty well how a girl feels towards you by the way she takes your arm. If she doesn't care a cent you know it by the indifference of her muscles. If she has great confidence in you the pressure tells it; and friendship is as distinct from love in that muscle of expression as in words or looks. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect comfort, even if she is six feet high and he is four.

But even if the two are just matched, she can make him feel disdain, contempt, discomfort, dislike, anything she likes, by the way she does not hold on to him. I am told there is a great deal of difference, too, between the way a girl fits her waist to one man's arm as compared with another; but I hardly believe it.

A Good Ways Around.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Why don't you go home?" queried an officer of a half-drunken man who sat on a bench in the Grand Circus Park the other night.

"I'm going to, but it's a long, long ways."

"How far?"

"Two blocks,"

"That's only a step."

"May look zhat way to you, shir, but radical difference to me. In making the las' 10 rods to get to zhis bench I travelled just 50 miles, and I've got to go clear aroun' zhe city to make them two blocks."

A Load Off His Mind.

[Texas Siftings.]

He—Will you become my wife?

She—Never!

He (gleefully)—Splendid! I'm glad to know that. We will keep right on taking buggy r

POLLY-PAUL AND PAUL-POLLY

Comical Fourth of July Experiences of a Scheming Pair of Twins.

By CORA STUART WHEELER.



IT'S no fun being a girl, anyway," said Polly. That was what led to the plan. You never would have thought it of the twins. Such demure little creatures, with eyes like stars and lips like cherries, with every motion as like each other as two yellow chicks under Dame Featherbrain's wings. They had always looked so alike from babyhood. Their names and clothing matching as nearly as their eyes, so that Paul and Pauline only discovered the difference in their destinies when Paul was put into knickerbockers, while poor Polly wept in vain for a like blessed emancipation from petticoats.

"No you can't," said Paul, "because William says, 'as you're the young leddy, it wouldn't be lookin' well,'" and Paul turned his fat calves about with infinite satisfaction for poor Polly's sighing approval.

Those knickerbockers had been the thin edge of the wedge of circumstance which ended in convincing Polly of the hopeless bondage of her sex; which conviction as Independence day approached drew from her the doleful assertion. "It's no fun being a girl, anyway."

Mrs. Stokely, the twins' mother, was very ill this June, and Paul was to go with Uncle Walter and some friends to Rangleiy lakes over the Fourth, and was at this moment busy making out a list of fireworks, this having been the bribe to take him willingly out of Boston just at the most exciting moment. Paul didn't care very much for the fishing party, especially as there were to be none of "the fellows" along, and at 10 years of age the fellows are of the utmost necessity in a boy's good time. Polly, on the contrary, hated the banging, in which her only share was the terror, so intense was her disgust when an invitation came from Aunt Kimberly to have her niece come to her for a week, as she would not leave New York until after the Fourth. The note of invitation added that she would not invite the other twin, as all boys were noisy. So Polly was booked for city noises and Paul for still pools and no Fourth of July explosions, except the box full he expected to carry along.

Seventeen duzzon arkits (he wrote.)

Ten flour potts—"That isn't spelt right," criticised Polly over his shoulder. "Arkits," she supposed were some new kind of which she was ignorant, but she knew how a garden "flower pot" should be spelled.

"What's a flower pott?"

"It's a pasteboard string—that's the pot full of powder—that's the flour," explained Paul. "And when you set her off, you shake the pot just as cook does the box that she peppers flour into the gravy, only this burns as it flies out, and looks fiery and splendid."

"O, I've seen thousands of those strings," said Polly, with petulant exaggeration. Paul having vindicated his spelling dropped the subject. Pretty soon Polly commenced again.

"I wish I was going with Uncle Walter! you might have your old fireworks, I want to see the lovely rustic houses Miss Helen tells about, with pine and hemlock beds and balsam pillows."

"I hate 'em!" exclaimed Paul. "feather pillows are good enough for me! B'sides. I know how't 'll be! I'll have to run my legs off, getting this and hunting that, while they're smoking; and then, just as I'm ready to have a little fun of my own kind Uncle Walter 'n his friends 'll want to go out rowing with Miss Helen Piper and her cousin (I hear them say they were going to be there) and he'll say: 'Now Paul, you want to be up early, so you you'd better get to bed.' You know I tried it two weeks last summer at Turner's Falls. How many packs of crackers do you think he'd stand, Polly?"

But Polly was lost in gloomy meditation' Lying on her back, with the bright eyes fixed on a patch of blue sky across which the horsechestnut leaves were lazily switching to and fro, while two very ill-tempered little fists were clutched deep in the grass on either side, only to pull it up in great ragged tufts, toss it into the air and return for a fresh handful. After a time the restless fingers grew quiet as the small girl became more absorbed. At length a look of decision took the place of her frown.

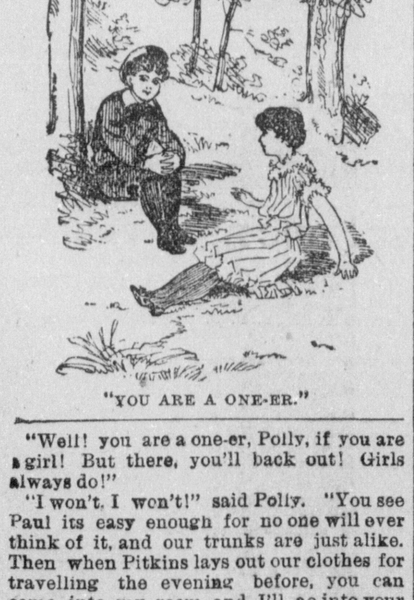
"Paulky." It was a very seductive tone of voice unusual with Polly. Had her brother been older he would have suspected mischief at once. As it was, the rare pet name caught his attention, as Polly meant it should.

"Paulky!" she repeated. "What's up?" said the twin, hesitating between 200 packages of torpedoes and half that number of firecrackers.

"Let's trade visits. You go to Aunt Kimberly's, and so be in New York on the Fourth, and let me go to Rangeley lakes in your place!"

"That's just like a girl! How can I? Aunt Kimberly won't have me because I'm a boy!"

"Well," cried Poll making a bold dash for liberty, "try being a girl till you get there and she won't send you home for fear of worrying mamma or making her worse. I won't let Uncle Walter know at all, 'cause I'd rather be a boy awhile. You won't need your rough suit in the city and can let me have that and your old tweed clothes for a rainy day and"—a whistle clear and sharp as a jackknife cut the air and Polly's breathless sentence at the same moment.


"YOU ARE A ONE-ER."

"Well! you are a one-er, Polly, if you are a girl! But there, you'll back out! Girls always do!"

"I won't, I won't!" said Polly. "You see Paul its easy enough for no one will ever think of it, and our trunks are just alike. Then when Pitkins lays out our clothes for travelling the evening before, you can come into my room and I'll go into your room and when we get up in the morning everybody will call you Polly and call me Paul, so we needn't tell any fibs about it."

"What a nipper it'll be! And—oh, say Polly, how does Pigskin wake you up mornings?"

"If you are going to be I," said Polly (gravely ungrammatical), "you'd better stop saying 'Pigskin' right off, or Pitkins will suspect you. Pitkins says: 'It is time little girls were up,' and raises all the shades!"

"Do you always get up at once?"

"Always!" said Polly. There was a momentary look of consternation in Paul's chubby face, then a new idea seemed to strike him with furtive glee as he turned upon Polly.

"If you are going to be me," with grave emphasis, "you'd better stop getting up at once, or Pitkins will suspect you." Paul's manner was a copy of his sister's to the very tilt of her button of a nose. The nonsensical little schemers decided, with many giggles, that if Polly could only learn to walk with her thumb in her pocket like Paul and whistle "The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to Sea," their plot was safe to succeed.

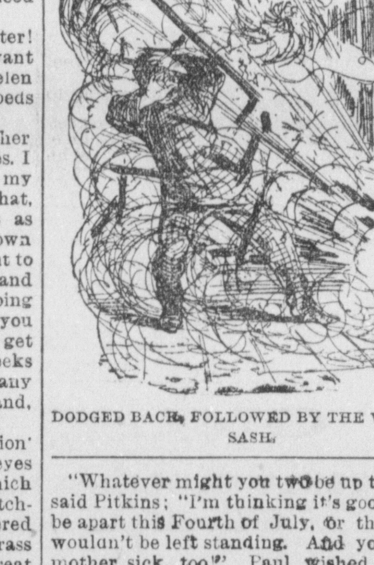
From this the twins had no demands upon their cunning save "masterly inactivity" until the morning before the start for Rangely, when Uncle Walter arrived with the box of fireworks for his nephew. Paul felt a little guilty as he took them, for he knew he was breaking his contract to go with Uncle Walter, who had taken his list to fill without a comment upon its proportions. Although his merry eyes did twinkle at the not at all modest and singularly spelled enumeration, especially at this item, "hunderd packs crackers—a fellow has to have 'em." As an offering to conscience he tried to get Polly to take them, using as a persuader that "Uncle Walter might miss them." But Polly's anguish at the prospect of seeing "a box full of bangs" every time she opened her trunk was proof against any less tangible fear of discovery; so Paul took them to Polly's trunk, soon to be his, and jamming the dresses aside in a way to horrify any real girl, he stored away the precious box.

"Paul Stokely! What are you doing? At Miss Pauline's trunk, too, as I live!" The voice of Pitkins Gooseflesh made mountain ranges up Paul's back, but he muttered something about "mistake in the trunk," moving along toward his own, while Pitkins went grumbling down the hallway.

The next morning Paul awoke in Polly's bed. A bright light from three staring windows dazzled him, and Pitkins stood over him speaking too gently to seem real. The gentlemen melted into horror as she cried, "Miss Pauline, whatever have you got on Mr. Paul's nightgown for?" He looked at the wrists where Polly's nightdress always showed a dainty frill of lace—

"Couldn't find mine," he grunted.

There was a sudden sharp turn of the good woman's head, for the abrupt sentence was unlike Polly's pretty speech, but her only comment was to quietly hold up the fresh nightdress, which lay just where she always laid it for Polly over night.


DODGED BACK, FOLLOWED BY THE WINDOW SASH.

"Whatever might you two be up to now?" said Pitkins; "I'm thinking it's good you'll be apart this Fourth of July, or the house wouldn't be left standing. And your poor mother sick, too!" Paul wished Pitkins would go. He felt very uncomfortable in his mind while she talked so, besides he did not dare undertake to get into Polly's clothes for the first time with nurse's sharp eyes upon him.

"It's lookin' rainy like, Miss Pauline, and you'd better wear your brown dress, though you don't like it so well as the blue." The expected remonstrance from Polly not coming, poor Pitkins went to arouse Paul in a sadly perplexed state of mind. She sniffed something unusual in the air, but found no clew. Rousing Paul was the daily result of a good half-hour's tussle, although Pitkins was too fond of her young charges to reveal to any one the means by which she got the young man down in time to escape his father's reproof each morning. Opening the door she found the inmate of the bed sleeping quietly, looking boyish and sweet in the simple gown, which Polly had luckily seen and donned, escaping the blunder of her heedless brother.

Accustomed to Paul's "playing possum," Pitkins advanced to the bed and without warning seized the sleeping child firmly under the arms, dragged her from the bed and landed her upright in the middle of the room. Startled and half awake she reeled dizzily, striking a camp chair with her shoulder and taking it with a clatter to the floor. Taught by daily encounters to expect instant retaliation from the boy Pitkins retreated behind the bed head, coming forth only when the noise of the fall prompted a reconnoisance. The still shape on the carpet startled her and she ran out of the room for the ammonia bottle just as Polly opened her eyes, and the connecting door of the twins' rooms unclosed softly: "Say, Polly, how do you keep these straps on your shoulders? Whew! What's the matter? Don't die there! Get up and shy a pillow at her head, or she'll know it ain't me!" The door shut, as Pitkins came through the other with the ammonia just in time to have it knocked out of her hand by a flying missile, sped by the now wide-awake Polly.

"Just one of his tricks again! I might a known it!" and Pitkins retreated to lace Polly's dress. This brown dress was Polly's special dislike. "To be laced up like a foot in a shoe!" she was wont to protest, disgustedly. When Pitkins got into the room what then was her surprise to find Polly and the brown dress both gone. Thinking she might have gone to get the parlor-maid to lace her up, Pitkins went in search, feeling quite upset by the various surprises of the morning, when Kate, the maid, said "Miss Pauline had gone straight out of doors," and further search proved vain. Paul spent the time until breakfast trying to get used to his new costume, coming in only in time to take Polly's usual place at his father's left. He was barely saved from disaster by the butler, who as usual drew back Miss Pauline's chair for her. This was an attention to which Paul was unaccustomed, for which reason as he took his seat the chair was drawn out from under him and he brought up against the servant's waistcoat, much to their mutual confusion.

Polly was a moment behind, but he noticed with critical delight the ease with which she strolled in, with her thumb in one pocket, and slid into Paul's seat with a little side motion so like himself that he felt like pinching his arm to see which was Paul. But what in the world was the matter with Polly? She gave one startled glance in his direction and her face grew scarlet with suppressed emotion of some kind as she undertook to telegraph something to her brother by the deaf and dumb alphabet. "Paul!" said his father, "what is the matter with your hand?" "Cramps!" said the culprit, while Paul started guiltily and furtively scanned two brown paws lying in his petticoated lap, the sight of which recalled to him the fact that he was no longer Paul.

It had been quite the customary thing for Paul to be excused early in the meal, while his sister sat listening to the chat of the older members of the family. But this morning Polly in Paul's clothes was only too glad to escape out of doors, where Paul in petticoats found her shortly rolling on the grass in convulsions of laughter.

"Do stop laughing, Pol—Paul. I mean—and tell me what's the matter. When I asked to be excused papa resettled his glasses on his nose and looked at me, saying, 'By all means, and go to Pitkins at once!' Then I heard him say to Uncle Walter, 'Nurse is getting very careless with Pauline's appearance since Clarice is ill!'"

"O Paul!—I mean, Polly—If you only knew how funny you look, as if your head was wrong side before! I must see Pitkin's face when she catches sight of you! Come on!" Paul-Polly arose and seized the fictitious Polly's hand, which was angrily jerked away.

"What's the matter, I say? I won't be made a fool of any longer!" Tears of vexation choked his voice.

"I wouldn't cry about it," said Polly, relenting. "You've faced up your dress waist in front, and it don't look quite right, you know. Come, you can change around here in the shrubbery, and I'll face it up for you right; but do let somebody help you dress at Aunt Kimberly's until you learn how yourself. You see you'll have to think every minute, and you'll act just like me, but when you forget you are not one bit like a girl!"

"I should say not!" said Paul, with pretended regret, but a real "glad-I-aint" note in his voice, after all. "You mustn't try to catch things with your hands, either!" "What then?" "Why, catch them in your lap!" "Humph!" said Paul.

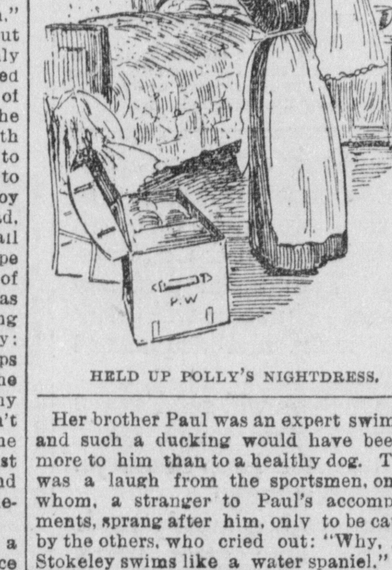
Loud cries of "Paul! Paul!" startled him into a flying leap in the direction of the voice, but his sister brought him up with a jerk, as she cried, "It is me they want, not you. Our train goes at 9 o'clock and we've got to start now to get the luggage checked in time. What fun, to be all ready without any fuss! I wouldn't be a girl again for anything!" At this Polly swung herself up by her uncle's side in the dog cart, with a delicious air of boyish abandon, while Paul stood kissing his hand to the traveller's in true Polly-fashion.

"She don't seem to mind pants one bit," he muttered, "and I feel just awful in these things. Polly's got a kind of a shirt to play tennis in, and I'm going to ask Pitkins to let me travel in it!" But the trunk would have to be opened, and the New York train left at 7 o'clock; so, fearing the premature discovery of his fireworks, Paul did not urge Pitkins for the blouse. Pitkins was to go with Polly to New York, when Aunt Kimberly's carriage and maid would meet them, leaving Pitkins free to pass the Fourth with her sister in Jersey City, and be ready to return with Polly at the close of her visit. On the way to New York the pretty little girl with her severely respectable attendant, attracted the attention of a group of Harvard men and one of them held up a superb bunch of grapes to catch her eye, which attention the real Polly would have gravely declined to notice—but Paul, seeing no disapproval in Pitkins' trustful glance, threw up his hands in true boy fashion to catch the proffered gift. "Miss Pauline!" exclaimed the horrified Pitkins. "Must have caught that trick from our catcher," laughed the young man, as the brown hands closed deftly on the fruit, while before nurse could interfere two grapes had been popped between the strong, white teeth. "Here's another for your maid!" said young Harvard. This time, tardily mindful of Polly's admonition, Paul spread his dress to catch the fruit, but as it came flying through the air an unlucky instinct brought his knees together with such force that the grapes bounded a foot away. "I never saw a girl do that before," said the young man, and then vaguely wondered why the pretty little girl blushed so furiously.

. . . .

"Move up a little more lively, Paul," called back his uncle Walter to Paul-Polly three days later; "you can't be tired this early in the day, and we want to join the other party as it comes in from the upper camp." The poor little make-believe Paul was tired through. The rustic lodges had been as picturesque as she expected, the spicy beds as sweet and springy, but mosquitoes had kept her awake, and the unwonted stiffness of Paul's stout walking boots had blistered both heels. The ladies looked so pretty and cool as they came away in the early morning, that now with the hot sun pelting down, and only a brimless cap instead of her accustomed broad brim, Paul-Polly plodded on with a pathetic wish that Miss Helen Piper had known that she was "little Polly," about whom Miss Helen had asked so smilingly, for then she could have stayed near the lodge and rested when she got tired.

"Move up, Burbeck: the launch is waiting and the other men are on board," called one of the party ahead. Walter Burbeck turned with unconscious impatience, in his hurry and excitement catching up the little loiterer and setting him hastily on the slimy plank which had been thrown to the launch as a footway by the guide, the others having gone on at the regular landing above. Polly sat unsteadily on the slippery wood, swayed aside as her uncle abruptly loosened his hold, and without a chance to save herself went headlong into the cold water.


HELD UP POLLY'S NIGHTDRESS.

Her brother Paul was an expert swimmer and such a ducking would have been no more to him than to a healthy dog. There was a laugh from the sportsmen, one of whom, a stranger to Paul's accomplishments, sprang after him, only to be caught by the others, who cried out: "Why, Paul Stokeley swims like a water spaniel." An instant and the small head came bobbing up, but instead of coming shoreward with swift strokes, was going down again, as the young man, who had first started, reached the spot. The fright and shock of the cold lake water had made Polly insensible and as she opened her eyes upon the grave faces watching her she shrank instinctively from all those men, kindly as they were, and putting her hand out appealingly to her uncle, she said, "Take me to Miss Helen, Uncle Walter." This was so unlike the plucky boy Paul that Mr. Burbeck reckoned his danger accordingly and hastened to put him safe in the hands of the ladies, who were themselves the best medicine for Polly. She was greatly tempted to throw herself upon Miss Piper's neck and tell of her strategy and its end, but timely remembrance of Paul's taunt, "You'll back out; girls always do!" saved her, and she remembered that the proposition had been hers. "Paul's fun need not be spoiled because I got a ducking," thought she, as she accepted the commiseration of the men each morning as they left her behind. The day of the Fourth all the anglers started for a two days' trip which was to end the sport, and in the confusion of return and departure for Boston Uncle Walter quite forgot to inquire how Paul-Polly enjoyed the box of fireworks.

. . . .

Meantime Paul had been distinguishing himself in quite another fashion than he anticipated.

Aunt Kimberly, a small, nervous woman, met the supposed Polly most kindly and tenderly. She had become morbidly sensitive to any noise, from a succession of nerve-wearing illnesses, dating from the oss of her husband, who was killed by a boiler explosion. So it was through no unkindness of heart that she had declined to invite Polly's brother with her, but only that she distrusted her own powers of endurance, in view of her past experience with boyish possibilities of tumult.

When Manetta, Aunt Kimberly's French maid, had disposed of the contents of the small trunk, she was very curious about the contents of the "so heavy" box that "Mees Paula would not her let to nudo." Finally, in despair, Paul told her that it was a music box to surprise Aunt Kimberly. So at last Manetta promised to say nothing, and the box was set safely in the closet. At bedtime, when Manetta had loosened the soft pink sash, folded and laid away the embroidered white dress and delicate pink silk stockings, Paul stretched his sturdy toes and sighed for the shoes which had already made their mark on Polly's tender feet. Then he went like a young cupid peering into the recess where he had left his box. To his dismay on one end was plainly to be seen the marks of a sharp instrument. The strong nails had proved, however, firmer than Manetta's scruples. Evidently he must search for a new hiding place. Prowling about he discovered just below the window ledge outside an iron basket work, intended to hold a window-box full of plants, but which Aunt Kimberly had never used. Into this receptacle, over the window sill, with much tugging and ingenuity, Paul managed to shove his treasure.

As there were no boys about the place to tempt Paul to climb, shy stones at the cats and set the dogs to fighting, he managed very well in his new clothes. After all, except that there were so many to wear at once, Polly's garments were loose and comfortable enough. Paul grew quite used to having Aunt Kimberly's callers drop soft hands on his round cropped head, and call him a "little darling." And the rides in the lovely parks were joy enough, or would have been except for the footman, who sat up so stiff and unseeing that he was a constant temptation to Paul's naughty soul to give one awful yell in his ear to see if he would move.

Paul had expected it would be an easy thing to reveal his identity to his aunt, picturing her to himself as a big woman with a loud voice, who would speak to him sharply and whom it would be in return a delight to torment in the thousand ways that the best of boys usually understand by instinct.

But this gentle, nervous, old lady, who seemed so anxious that her "little Pauline" should have a pleasant and amusing visit, quite took the wind out of his sails, and he found himself only anxious lest she should be in any way needlessly disturbed. A climax came when Aunt Kimberly took Polly-Paul up the Hudson river on the steamer one eventful day and the boy in Polly's clothes sailed past the Palisades and Idlewilde, listening to Aunt Kimberly's stories and legends of the beautiful, historic riverway, stopping a night and day with a Judge Tourmaline's family, where a merry, rollicking group of eight boys and girls made much of Polly-Paul. It was all so delightful and exciting that, on the return trip, Paul seriously resolved to repay Aunt Kimberly by giving the Fourth of July box to the coachman's children, thus sparing Aunt Kimberly the intended "surprise." "She's a regular one-er, if she is a woman!" said Paul to himself, as he made the resolution solid by telling the coachman. The man promised, with loquacious thanks to Miss Pauline, to take away the box, so quiet that never a whisper should reach Manetta herself, leave alone the mistress."

The days before the Fourth had been dry and hot, and the awning which shaded Paul's window had kept off any dews that might have injured even the carefully packed fireworks from that musty store on Franklin street, whose very odor fills a Boston boy chock full of patriotism. Independence day was to fall on Thursday. On Tuesday at the bright breakfast table Aunt Kimberly glanced up from her letters to her little guest. "Pauline, dear," said her gentle voice, "I shall have to turn you out of your room, for a friend of your mother's is coming with her nurse and baby to stay while her husband's yacht undergoes some repairs, and I want them to have the adjoining rooms." "Those fireworks!" cried guilty conscience, but Paul only asked aloud with Polly's voice: "Is it Mrs. Eaton?" "Yes, dear, do you know her?" 'Indeed, yes, and she's—a stunner, he was going to say, but added—just lovely!" continuing excitedly, "She can pitch a ball's straight's a fellow!"

"Can she?" asked Aunt Kimberly, with a lift of her straight brows. There was something difficult to understand about Polly on this visit, something never noticed before, not exactly vulgar—no—but unusual.

Directions were given to Manetta and the small guest's belongings all transferred to another room, except the box. Oh, how Paul wished it back in Franklin street as he racked his mind for a way to smuggle it out before Mr. Eaton arrived, knowing well that he would at once recognize its meaning. It never occurred to the little man that Mr. Eaton was the very one to help him out of his dilemma; so Thomas, the coachman, was instructed to watch his chance and as the footman would know he had no business in the house, Thomas selected a time when Manetta was chattering with the other man and the family were all at dinner.

When Paul first showed him the hiding place Thomas' quick eye saw at a glance that the box was so firmly wedged that it would not come out whole, so he was prepared with a valise and a chisel to pry off the cover and carry away the contents, without thinking it necessary to tell a girl of his own better plan. Having loosened one side of the cover, the good fellow lighted a match, carefully shading it with his hand as he peered over the sill, and quite unconscious of the bit of burning sulphur that dropped as he did so.

"Sawdust! and plenty of it. I never can take 'em away in a bag, that's true for me, for sawdust's the very mischief to fly about." So, carefully blowing out the light, Thomas, afraid to make a noise pounding, pressed the strips of cover on as well as he could, and concluded to wait until the company was gone before another attempt, not at all understanding that Miss Pauline's anxiety had anything to do with them.

When Paul dropped asleep he supposed the fireworks safe in Brooklyn, and slept, as boys do, the sleep usually attributed to "the just," and to "a clear conscience."

He was rewarded this time by the most wonderful dream, in which he stood on the top of Brooklyn bridge and began to send off fireworks, the most marvellous he had ever imagined, for an admiring crowd below in boats. All the fireworks seemed to be drawn out of one of Polly's pink slippers which had hurt his toe dreadfully at dinner. By and by he was holding out one of the flower-pots of which he had told Polly, and showering lovely sprays and clouds of sparkling color, which all at once carried him down, down in their flight to the river, and somebody else was setting them off above while he stood with Mrs. Eaton on their yacht, with only his scanty nightdress flapping about his legs.

The fireworks shot up and showered down, and the bells rang "boom, boom! boom!" He heard Uncle Walter calling "Polly," then he wondered why no one called "Paul."

"Polly!" cried somebody shaking his shoulder, "boom! boom!"

"Oh my goodness!" there were the bells, sure enough, and Manetta here in the dark calling, "Mees Pauline, Mees Polly." "No, it's me—I'm Polly," thought the bewildered child.

"Bang, bang! crash! bing, ping, sputter, whack, z-z-z-t, ksht, thud!" came from the hallway. A fire engine tears clanging up the street, and Paul flies at Manetta's heels to join a very saturnalia of ghostly shapes who stand huddled before what seemed to the newcomers very like the door of the fiery kingdom itself. Red-hot goblins seemed to be chasing other red-hot goblins up and down streaks of green, yellow and blue fire, that shot out with tremendous noises and filled the room with such odors as would make a tan yard fragrant as a rose garden by comparison. Pretty Mrs. Eaton stood clutching her husband's arm, while his face was smeared with blood. He had already made an effort to dislodge the source of all this premature celebration, dodged back just in time to be followed by one awful detonation and the whole window sash in fragments, one of which grazed his neck.

Just here the oilskin suit of a fireman pushed through the group. There was a black goblin in the midst of the fiery ones, a wrench and the guilty box flew into the street below. A "swish, slash, psst" from the well-directed hose put out the small tongues of flame which stretched up from the vines of the balcony below, or burned sullenly in the fanciful balustrade, where solid sticks of rockets and half-exploded bunches of crackers smouldered in unexhausted wrath.

At breakfast Aunt Kimberly was told with light laughter and many jests of the "small scare" of the night before, and the bit of court plaster on Mr. Eaton's cheek was kindly inconspicuous, so the whole matter ended in amiable but vain conjecture. No one could offer any solution of the mystery, at least no one did, but from


WENT HEADLONG INTO THE COLD WATER.

Mrs. Eaton's amused side glance at Polly-Paul, and his grateful look in return, it may be suspected that he had made a clean breast of it. It may be also that Mr. Eaton's sentence or two before breakfast to Thomas and Manetta, emphasized by a bank note, kept their tongues quiet. Then Thomas didn't care to tell about the match.

It was a glad moment to Polly-Paul when Manetta handed his trunk key to Pitkins, and Aunt Kimberly said what "a lovely visit she had enjoyed with dear, little Pauline." The hug, from which she emerged a trifle breathless, was a compound of remorse and honest boy love.

. . . . . .

The twins spent a long time under the horse chestnut which witnessed their first plotting, and the result of their confidences was summed up by Polly: "We won't tell anybody till mamma is well, and then we'll do just as she says about it; but it's more fun being myself!"

"Me, too!" assented Paul; "but I tell you, Polly, Mrs. Eaton is a one-er, if she is a woman!"

"Well, I guess a man would have told of you, quick enough!" cried Polly, defending her sex.

"Naw he wouldn't! Mr. Eaton didn't, now did he?" answered Paul promptly.

"Good reason why—his wife wouldn't let him!" and Polly had the last word.

AN ATLANTIC APPETITE.

A STORY OF THE CITY OF ROME.

By A. THESPIAN.

I am an actor, having crossed the ocean to engagements in America. I was never before remarkable for my eating propensities or capacities. Within the last month, however, I have developed a voracity which has threatened to bring me into serious trouble. I will proceed to relate the results of giving way to an Atlantic appetite.

Soon after leaving Queenstown in the City of Rome on her last trip, I began to realise that, eat as much as I would, I never seemed satisfied, and was always hungry. I was in the first set at the saloon meals, simply because I could not possibly wait for the second. I took my seat at the table a long while before there was any chance of being served, and during the whole time allotted for the first set I put in as much work as possible. The time was all too short to satisfy my cravings, and when lingering as long as possible, I saw the second set take their seats, I wished that I could commence again with them.

This had not continued very long before I made the discovery which led me to commit the crime which is to be here related. I found that a gentleman and his wife, whom I had noticed as being in the second set, had become so overpowered with mal de mer that they were either eating nothing at all, or having what little they could take on deck.

A bright idea occurred to me, and I took the earliest opportunity of entering into conversation with them. I soon learned that they felt worse in the saloon than on deck, and that they had formed the resolve not again to take their meals below. My course of action was soon determined. Being something of an amateur artist, I unobserved took a sketch of the gentleman referred to and produced a fairly good likeness on paper.

I have said that I am an actor. I had always been specially successful in my make-ups. Had I not impersonated young men and old men on the same evening in such a way that people had refused to believe it was one and the same performer? My friend, for I began to look upon him as such, was about my own height and build. That was a necessity for the success of my scheme. Nature had fortunately provided these resemblances—art should supply the rest.

That evening I took my seat at the 5-o'clock dinner, and did full justice to it. I left earlier than usual, however, and retired to the seclusion of my stateroom. After carefully bolting the door, so that no interruption might hazard the success of my scheme, I opened the baggage which contained the paints, powders, wigs, mustaches and all the various articles which go to make up a character actor's wardrobe.

Drawing the sketch from my pocket, I proceeded, guided by it, to make myself look so like the gentleman on deck that I could not help a feeling of pride at my talent as I glanced into the looking-glass. I felt confident that I could pass very well for Mr. De Keater (real name for obvious reasons suppressed) even under more trying scrutiny than that of a crowded saloon.

In my new character I took my seat at the second dinner, and at last began to feel that there was a chance of satisfying the wolfish craving which the Atlantic air had caused.

The steward expressed his pleasure on seeing me back in the saloon, and said he had heard I was not coming down again to meals.

I replied, with a good deal of self-possession, that I was sorry to say Mrs. De K. was unable to come down, but that I was feeling quite recovered, and would take my place at each meal as at first. This was considered perfectly satisfactory, and I saw that the deception was complete.

I will not take up the space to recount the various pieces of ingenuity I had to display in keeping up the deception. I met all inquiries and remarks with a suitable and plausible reply. I may remark that I had learned with diabolical satisfaction that Mr. De K. had become worse, and was unable to leave his stateroom, so there was less chance than ever of discovery. I continued to eat Mr. De K.'s meals—as well as my own—for several days with an industry and a relish which I am sure was impossible to the unfortunate gentleman himself. After each first meal I retired to my room for the purpose of making up for my second character.

"All went well, and many an inward chuckle did I enjoy as I consumed the savory dainties intended for Mr. De Keater. I was so chuckling one evening at dinner, when—horror of horrors!—on looking up I saw, to my unbounded confusion, no less a person than Mr. De Keater himself advancing to the table.

When he saw me in his place he looked paler than all the seasickness had made him. He simply stared spellbound. Meantime the steward came up, and looked first at one and then the other, like a man in a dream.

To add to the dramatic situation, Mrs. De K. immediately after appeared on the scene. Her bewilderment would have been most amusing to me but for the fact that I was in no humor to be amused at anything. "Is marriage a failure?" has been asked. It must have been so in her case, for she positively could not identify her husband.

The steward was the first to find his tongue. He tremblingly remarked:

"Which of these gentlemen is your husband, mum?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know! What shall I do! I think that one," she added, pointing to me.

On this the genuine husband recovered himself slightly, and took from his pocket a number of letters to prove his identity.

Like a flash it occurred to me that here was my chance to escape. I rose and said that I also could produce letters and would fetch plenty from my stateroom to prove my identity. I left.

In 10 minutes I had resumed my real character, and was back in the saloon, safe from recognition. I saw the three staring at the door, waiting my return. Since then on deck and everywhere I have observed Mr. and Mrs. De K. engaged constantly in earnest conversation. In order to clear up the mystery I now write this to the City of Rome Express, and assure my victims that the mystery, has nothing to do with the supernatural, but was simply caused by the cravings of an Atlantic appetite.

HUNKS.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' BABY," "BEAUTIFUL JIM," "ARMY SOCIETY," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.



IN the year of grace, 1856, a baronet of mature years was married with much pomp and ceremony at St. George's, Hanover square. The marriage had been arranged a few weeks before, and had come with something of a surprise to the bridegroom's large circle of acquaintances.

"Have you heard about Stanhope?" asked one.

"No. What about him?" asked another.

"He's going to be married."

"Married? Stanhope? Never."

"Fact, I assure you."

"But to whom?"

"Oh! Some little parson's daughter out of the country nobody ever heard of before," was the reply. "She's not 20 I'm told."

"But Stanhope must be 50."

"Eight-and-forty last month," said the first man, casually. "I happen to know, for his age came under my notice only yesterday."

"Bless my soul—it's incredible! Stanhope going to be married to a young girl under 20 that nobody ever heard of. Really, it's preposterous," and away he went to spread the news he had received with such consternation, with an even more casual air than his informant had shown about the latest bit of gossip.

And the latest bit of gossip turned out to be perfectly true. Sir Henry Stanhope, grave and learned statesman that he was, rich, powerful, and apparently a confirmed old bachelor, who had been for years the hope and afterwards the despair of all the mothers in England who were of a class to expect to secure cabinet ministers as their sons-in-law, had actually gone down into the country on a visit not unconnected with politics, and had fallen a victim at eight-and-forty years old to the charms of a country parson's daughter, who had never been to London in her life, and who did not, moreover, care a button about him. But she was very pretty, very graceful, and had been what is called very well brought up; brought up, that is to say, with the strictest possible ideas of duty and obedience.

There had been in pretty Doris Kevestan's young life a certain touch of romance; some tender and altogether idyllic passages of love between her and one Norman Dare, a handsome and daring lad a little more than a year older than herself, who had come to read up for the army with her father's curate.

Mr. Kevestan, however, was in nowise touched by the tenderness of this idyllic attachment when it came to his ears, as it very soon did, but promptly took vigorous means to put an end to it. Miss Kevestan was forbidden to leave her room while the dangerous young man remained in the neighborhood. To be sure that was not very long, for the vicar took a hurried run up to town and had a short interview with Norman Dare's father; the immediate result being that that young gentleman received instructions to leave his tutor at Wetheryl and take up his quarters quite a hundred miles away.

Thus the lovers were separated. Doris never dreamed, well brought-up little girl that she was, that in the matter of affection she was more vitally concerned than her father could possibly be. She received one last heart-broken letter from Norman, begging her to be faithful and true to him, and she sent him a reply by the same means as she had received his—a reply which, unfortunately, her reverend parent happened to get hold of, and which, naturally, never reached the destination for which it was intended. And so her girlish romance came to an end, and for years—two of them, as a matter of fact—she never heard word or sign to lead her to imagine that Norman Dare had not utterly forgotten her.

So when she was 19, and the great cabinet minister, Sir Henry Stanhope, came down from London to stay a day or two at Wetheryl Court, and, to the delight of her reverend father and the utter astonishment of the whole neighborhood, was taken with a fancy that Miss Doris Kevestan's pretty blue eyes were the prettiest of their kind, or for the matter of that of any other kind that he had ever seen in all his eight-and-forty years of life, no question was ever raised as to whether she should accept the brilliant marriage that was offered to her or not.

Everything was managed in quite the orthodox, old-fashioned way. Sir Henry conveyed his wishes to the reverend papa, and papa sent for Doris into his study, where she went in fear and trembling, expecting to get a wigging for some misdemeanor which she had unthinkingly committed.

"I sent for you, Doris," said Mr. Kevestan, in quite a new tone, which Doris did not understand at all—a tone in which the usual severity of his parental manner was distinctly tempered by respect for the future Lady Stanhope. "But you had better sit down, my dear; sit down."

Now this was all quite new to Doris; that she, the young person in whom the old Adam was so unfortunately strong, the special trial and anxiety of her father's closing years—she who at least once in each month of the year ran a near chance of bringing his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave—that she should for no apparent reason be asked, as politely as he would ask the lady of the court herself, to sit down in that sacred room, it was—well, it took her breath away.

But she sat down on the least comfortable chair she could find and said, "Yes, papa," in a meek voice of wonder.

Papa cleared his throat by a discreet little cough.

"The fact is, Doris, my dear," he said in a tone of much satisfaction, "the fact is, I have a great piece of news for you."

"Are they going to make you a bishop, papa?" cried Doris, responding to the kind tone as a rosebud responds to the warm sunshine.

"Not at present that I know of," returned the vicar, not displeased that his young daughter's first thought should be of advancement for him. "No, the news entirely concerns yourself."

"Me!" cried Doris.

"Sir Henry Stanhope"—the words came out each with their full value—"has been to see me this morning, and he does us both the honor to propose for you."

"For me—to marry me?" cried Doris.

"To marry you," returned papa, in a tone so redolent of satisfaction and pride that the girl knew her fate was sealed.

She sat for a moment, staring blankly at her father—blankly and blindly—for she did not see him. Instead there floated before her eyes the vision of a young, boyish face, the upper lip scarcely shaded as yet, the sunny hair all in confusion, the gray eyes dancing with light and love.

"Well?" said the vicar.

"He is very old," faltered Doris, nervously.

"Not at all. He is just eight and forty, in the very prime of his life," returned the vicar, quickly.

Doris, as it happened, did not particularly want to marry a man "in the very prime of his life." She wanted to marry Norman Dare, but she did not venture to say so.

"But he is a great deal older than I am," she persisted.

"He will be all the better able to take care of you," said the vicar.

"He's so stout," murmured Doris, after a pause.

"Sir Henry has a remarkably fine presence," said the vicar, relapsing into his old manner of severity.

"But—but I don't even know him—at least, scarcely at all," she burst out, with a last feeble effort to assert herself.

"That is a matter which time and Sir Henry will soon remedy," replied the vicar, rising from his chair. "Pray, my dear, let us have no arguments about it. You have had a great honor conferred upon you, and you are about to make a very brilliant marriage—far more brilliant than I ever hoped you would make, or than—I do not wish to pain you, Doris, but I am in justice compelled to say than your own deceitful past deserves. You have been greatly blessed, Doris, and I trust," he went on, lapsing from the severe and worldly parent to the more pious style, which he found most effective in the parish, "that you will be grateful to the good and all-wise Providence which has forgiven the past and cast your lines into pleasant and prosperous places. Stay here a few moments, my dear."

He went out of the room and closed the door behind him, and Doris was left to face the awful facts of her future alone. Poor child, what a mockery his last words had been to her. "Pleasant and prosperous places"—places in which there would be no Norman Dare, no fun, no life, no anything but a dreadful unknown and very tiresome Sir Henry Stanhope.

And after that Sir Henry came in and drew her on to the sofa, where she sat, a poor, little, trembling, shivering slip of a girl, while he made lukewarm sort of love in a ponderous and unaccustomed way, such as brought back her brave young hot-headed sweetheart to her mind, and almost made her scream with a mingling of real agony and genuine laughter as her thoughts contrasted the two. And by and by her father came back again, and blessed them both, and choked a little, and dashed something away from his eyes with his hand, very much to Doris' astonishment.

Thus the engagement became an accomplished fact. The news soon spread through the neighborhood and the lady of the Court came down, as she tenderly put it, to offer her help and undertake those offices which Doris' dead and gone mother would have performed had she still been living—to take the child up to town at once, to present her at the last drawing-room of the season—so that the following year Lady Stanhope might be presented "on her marriage," to superintend the choice of a proper and suitable trousseau for the girl-bride of a cabinet minister, and in short, to get as much "kudos" out of Doris as if Sir Henry had been marrying her daughter instead of Doris Kavestan.

And when once matters were fairly set in train, there was but little delay. Doris had her choice of everything—except her husband. The great Stanhope diamonds were all re-set, the little slender hands, that Norman Dare had loved and kissed two years before, were loaded now with costly jewels. She went to shops day after day with Lady Wetheryl, and spent a fortune in silks and laces and furs; day after day Sir Henry came and spent such time as he could steal from his parliamentary duties with her, bringing great posies and baskets of flowers, and gifts of jewelry, such as she had never before dreamed of: and passed all this whirl of splendor time went swiftly and relentlessly on, and in six weeks from the time of that momentous interview in her father's study she became Sir Henry Stanhope's wife.

I do not know that after the first shock of being suddenly thrown into an entirely new life, was over that she was actually unhappy, not actively so, at least.

In those days people had long honeymoons, and although Sir Henry was, owing to pressure of work, unable to remain very long in seclusion, he was yet free to take a honeymoon holiday such as nowadays would be considered preposterous.

They had a castle in bonnie Scotland lent to them by a noble duke, and there they spent three weeks by themselves, and as a true and faithful chronicler I must admit that several times Sir Henry yawned wearily during the last week, and finally, with an excuse about important papers, shut himself up in the library, leaving poor little Lady Stanhope staring out of the window, saying in her heart, "If life is going to be all like this, I hope and pray it won't be long."

Well, at the end of the three weeks they went a round of country visits, and then went to Sir Henry's own place in Devonshire, where they entertained a select party, and afterwards Lady Stanhope went to town, while Sir Henry did his turn of attendance upon his sovereign, and from that day they never spent three weeks, ay, and hardly three days alone together again.

They got on very well—very well, indeed. Sir Henry was much engrossed by his duties as a cabinet minister—Doris by hers as a woman of fashion, which, like most women who have the chance of becoming such, she very quickly became; and if ever a thought of Norman Dare came to disturb her, Sir Henry was never any the wiser for it.

And in due time there came a babe to the house—a son and heir.

"I should like him to be called Norman," said Lady Stanhope, the first time Sir Henry was allowed to enter her room.

Sir Henry looked more than doubtful.

"My dear," he said, kindly, "I am sorry to seem to go against you, but I must remind you that I am the fourteenth Henry Ughtred Stanhope in the direct line, and that it will be doing the child a positive injury if we do not make him the fifteenth."

"But I should like to call him Norman after the other two names," persisted Doris, who had become very fond of her own way since leaving the rather stiff and rigid nest at Wetheryl.

"We have always called all the children by their mother's surname, immediately before the family name," said Sir Henry. "For instance, I am Sir Henry Ughtred Power Stanhope."

"Then we will call him Henry Ughtred Norman Kevestan Stanhope," said his mother, smoothing the babe's fluffy head with her weak fingers.

So the heir of the Stanhopes was duly registered and christened "Henry Ughtred Norman Kevestan Stanhope;" and the initials thereof spelt "Hunks."

Mr. Kevestan was a little curious about the matter. "My dear," he said blandly, "the child's first and last names are intelligible enough—by why Norman?"

"I had a fancy for it," said my lady, coldly.

"Ah, I thought perhaps it was one of Sir Henry's family names," he said carelessly. "What made me ask was that the initials make such a dreadful combination."

"I don't suppose anybody will ever notice the initials," said Lady Stanhope rather crossly.

But they did! When young Norman was seven years old Sir Henry died, and was laid to his fathers with much pomp and ceremony. His widow was very sorry; she cried very effectively at the funeral, and wore the very deepest of crape for twelve months. After that she began to wear rich silks and a few jet ornaments, to put an edge of white in the collars and cuffs of her gowns, and to go to dinner parties and suchlike quiet entertainments, only showing a little of her pretty white neck and arms. Then when that period came to an end, and Sir Henry had been dead two years, she blossomed out into delicate silver grays and soft mauves, in which she positively looked younger and much prettier than she had done as a bride 10 years before; and while she was in the silver-gray and mauve period her boy showed some slight symptoms of a chest delicacy, and she promptly took him off to Italy for the winter.

At Genoa they stopped and made a long stay, partly because the climate seemed to suit young Norman, partly because two English families of title, each with a goodly allowance of boys of Norman's age, were there also.

Fine fun these youngsters had together and unending was the mischief into which they managed to get. They ran fairly wild about the old streets and up and down the the terraces and steps with which La Superba abounds. Finally, however, their pranks came to an abrupt termination, for one day young Hunks, as the boys one and all called him, either slipped or was tripped, and fell from top to bottom of a long flight of marble steps, where he has like a log, senseless and still.

Down the steps, in an agony of fright, came the half-dozen youngsters, to find Hunks already lifted from the ground by a stranger, who had been lounging near at the time.

"He's not dead sir, is he?" grasped the eldest of the half dozen.

"Oh, no; a bit stunned, that's all," was the answer. "Get some water, or a lemon—anything to bring him round again.

By the help of a few drops of water the boy opened his eyes.

"Hunks, old man," said the boy who had first spoken to the stranger, "are you much hurt?"

"Not much. I've cracked my head a bit," the boy replied. "It's not bleeding, is it, sir?" to the stranger.

"A little," the stranger answered. "The best thing you can do, my friend, is to go home and lie down quietly for an hour or two. Where do you live?"

"Just up there," said one of the boys, pointing up the steps.

"Ah. Well, I'll go up with you," he said.

"And I'll go on and tell your mother, Hunks," said the eldest boy.

"All right. Don't frighten her," Hunks replied.

"Hunks! Is that your name?" asked the stranger as they went up the steps.

"My nickname, sir," said the boy, who as yet was young enough to be very proud of anything so manly as a nickname. "My own name is Stanhope—my mother is Lady Stanhope."

"You are Lady Stanhope's son?" the stranger cried.

"Yes. I am Sir Norman Stanhope."

"Norman—you are called Norman—why—" but just then Lady Stanhope herself came running along the terrace, frightened by the report of her boy's play fellows, and expecting to see him a battered corpse, or next door to it.

"Oh! you are all right," she cried joyously; then looked up at the stranger. "Why, Norman," she cried out. "Norman—Oh!"

"It's all right, mother," said Hunks, thinking she was speaking to him.

"Yes," said Lady Stanhope softly, as Norman Dare caught her hands. "Yes; it is all right—now."

MODELS FOR PICTURES.

Men and Women Who Live by Posing.

Who They Are, Where They Come From and What Pay They Get.

How Symmetrical Proportions Bring Profit to Their Possessors.

Early one morning a few days ago a reporter climbed to the top of Beacon Hill, and as he was mounting the steps of one of the stately houses upon the side of the street opposite to the Common, where one of Boston's foremost artists resides, a young girl with an exceedingly fair, round, blonde face, with flaxen, curly hair and tender, baby-blue eyes, a graceful form, all clad in the most fashionable of gray fabrics, and head covered with a jaunty little flower-smothered toque, opened the glass-panelled door at the top of the steps and tripped lightly out and down to the street. As the reporter and young lady met at the bottom of the flight of steps, she gave him a frightened, bashful little glance, and then was about to start on her way down the hill when the house door above opened. The gentleman whose form appeared was apparently about 50 years of age. His hair and closely cropped mustache were gray, and his form was clad in a loosely fitting brocaded house gown.

"Emily, will you come and sit for me tomorrow?" he called after the departing feminine figure.

"Tomorrow, at what hour?" the young lady replied.

"Two o'clock; can you?"

"Yes, I will come; but I cannot stay but an hour, because I have a dentist's engagement that I must keep at 4 o'clock."

Then the handsome damsel tripped gracefully on her way, and the reporter climbed to the top of the steps, and received a cordial welcome from the gentleman standing at the door.

"Mr. H.," the newspaper man said, "I have come to interview you about a matter connected with your beautiful profession.

I Wish to Tell the Public

from you something about the models who in a humble way sit to enable you to create some of the most magnificent works that go forth from your studios."

"Ah, yes, the models. The young lady who has just left me, and whom you met upon the steps, is one of my favorite posers. But come into the studio. Here we can sit where we can survey the scenes of changing life upon the street and Common.

"Now, the parts which the models play in the drama of art life are most interesting ones. And important parts they are, too, although there are but few artists who will admit this. The novelist cannot depend entirely upon his imagination to furnish him the figments for his stories. Neither can the painter hope to draw entirely from his own mind all of the figures that go to make up a popular picture. Circumstances must be produced by the mind: figures must come from life. If I wish to produce a scene on the coast of England, I must be familiar with the sea-line scenery of the British Isles. I must also have a costumed sailor boy and a costumed sailor lass to draw my life-like moving figures from.

"In regard to the number of models and the general details of the daily life, I suppose that Boston artists keep about 30 of the posers busy in their studios nearly all of the time. A dozen of these, I should estimate, are men, while the rest are young ladies.

"The men models charge us the most for their services, their pay being $5 per hour, and they will not sit for us more than two hours at a time under any circumstances. Some of these model men are, of course, more

Sought After by the Painters

than are others. The desiderata that a person who is to pose must possess are those that go with perfect health and development of physical powers. You take a man whom I now have in mind. I always endeavor to get him to sit for me when I have a male subject to draw. Every moment of his time is occupied, and he easily earns $20 per day, spending only four hours in the artists' studios. Every hour when he is not at work he tells me he is caring for his physical health and development. No athlete could lead a more abstemious life than he does. A specified number of hours each day are spent with the gymnasium apparatus. His diet is a kind calculated to produce brawn and muscle, and the result is that he is in appearance a veritable Achilles. The same qualities are, of course, desirable in a female as in a male model. And here let me tell you that there is no reason why the work of the lady model should be associated with anything that is immoral or immodest. The vulture will find the foul places in the fairest landscape. So you can by prostitution of the imagination make the human body in all its divine beauty and perfection symbolic of impure and unpleasant things. But mark right here the people who would look down upon a professional model because of her occupation are of the kind that destroyed all of the grand beauty of the finest works of art that the world ever saw in the Slater art gallery at Norwich. There is such a thing as prudery, and there is at the same time such a thing as modesty. The one should not be confounded with the other. The ladies who, for the love of art, give their services to Boston artists to

Aid Them in Their Work,

are all of them pure, true and beautiful women. Were there no other reason why they should lead honest lives than that of self-interest, this alone would keep them from dissipation. A perfect body cannot be kept very long by a woman who allows herself to disregard any of the rules of health. That is one reason why there are so very few women who are fitted for the poser's throne. You may run through the list of the handsomest women in Boston society. How many of them have really beautiful, perfect faces or forms? There are beautiful faces, and graceful and handsome forms, but how seldom are the two possessed by the same lady. The young ladies who are now posing in Boston studios are now, as they have always been, mainly girls who are art students, and who know what art and artistic methods are. They have no false modesty, and they look upon this branch of their work as something almost sacred. It is gratifying to them to know that they can assist in the creation of some of the finest pictures that the art world is to see. As a matter of fact, there is not now much of the posing in the nude done by the models. Most of the sitting is done for character pictures, wherein the model assumes the costume of the creature she is to represent. The young ladies get very liberal pay for their services as posers, sometimes their pay running as high as that of men, or $5 per hour. Although there are a few professional models, nearly all of the ladies are amateurs and students as I have told you, and for this reason the numbers in their ranks are changing almost constantly. New girls step in as models and old ones step out of the lists, having completed their studies.

"Then, outside of the list of the regular models who exact pay for their work, there are many young ladies and matrons in society who pose for artist friends as pastime."

Her Glass Eye Didn't Work.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

A very curious cause lately came before the justice of the peace of Neuilly, France. Some time ago Mme. Pluyette, a widow of 50, but who still attaches much importance to personal appearance, had the misfortune in playing with a lapdog to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes, and being recommended to apply to an expert manufacturer in this way named Tamsier, she gave an order for a glass eye for which the optician charged 100 francs ($20). Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the justice of the peace.

Mme. Pluyette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the judge asked her why she refused to pay the bill which M. Tamsier had sent in.

"For a very good reason," replied the defendant. "I can see no more with this eye than I could before."

"What?" said the judge. "Did you really imagine that you would be able to see with a glass eye?"

"Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame. "Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for except to see with? I ordered the eye for use, and until M. Tamsier makes me one with which I can see I will not pay him a sou."

The justice of the peace endeavored to convince Mme. Pluyette that glass eyes were for others to look at, and not for the wearer to look through; but, finding all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand. When the defendant heard the decision she became furious with anger, and, after dashing her glass eye on the floor, she rushed out of the court amid the laughter of the crowd.

"CAMPING OUT."

How It is Done and What It Costs.

Pleasures of Life in a Tent.

Where the Best Fishing is to be Found.

Dishes and Utensils Necessary for Camp.

Hints That Will be Helpful to Masculine "Cooks."



CERTAINLY nature has provided bountifully for lovers of the gentle art. Fishing may be indulged in alike by the poor man and the one richly endowed with gold.

Everywhere there are spots of beauty, inviting the disciples of old Isaak to poise the rod, throw the line and bait the hook. The variety of fishing offered is infinite and of all grades, and it is needless to say that fun and pleasure can be got out of all kinds of fishing.

No more enthusiastic fishers can be found than the boys and men who stand for hours at the edges of the city wharves and docks, with their simple pieces of twine and rough hooks, angling for eels, sculpins and flounders.

Watch them as they get a bite. How their faces round out in smiles. How deftly they pull in their lines. With what glee they throw the fish aside on the living pile between the boxes and baskets encumbering the docks. So it is with all who fish. It may be the beautiful trout, the gorgeous salmon or the noble bass that the sportsman is after, it's all the same, there's something fascinating about the art of fishing that charms and holds the fisherman. And everybody goes a fishing. Just now fishing-tackle men are as busy as bees, selling rods, lines, hooks, leaders, artificial bait, baskets, trolling spoons, reels, nets, floats and other necessary paraphernalia.

Hundreds of young men are starting off equipped for their vacation and they will wander along the coasts, camp out on hidden rocks, climb mountains in search of quiet streams, running in the valleys below, angling for the finny beauties and drinking in pure ozone, living lives of rest and peace away from the hum of the city. Older folks, too, with their fishing outfits, are making ready for a "gentle" tour in sylvan shades, watered by silver streams.

What hotel at summer resorts can be found without its fishing crowds of enthusiasts discussing flies, rods, lines and big fish over their cigars? Then they stroll down to whip the streams to see if a rise can be obtained from a lonely, unsuspecting bass, who has not been caught by their fellow-guests. Then there are the bait fishermen who, after digging worms and catching grasshoppers and helgramites, sally forth to carry destruction among the perch, sunfish and eels in profitable localities. Sometimes they get caught and not the fish.

How many stories are told of luckless wights who go to the wrong place. A traveller at his inn raised a good laugh as he related the following incident:

"Between Newburyport and Salisbury," said he, "the locomotive broke down, and we lay for an hour while repairs were being made. There was a small lake near by, and the colonel got out his fishing tackle, hunted up a frog for bait, and tried his luck. He fished that pond lengthways and sideways and up and down and across for three-quarters of an hour, and he was still at it when a man came through the woods.

" 'Had any luck?' " he asked.

" 'Not a bit,' " replied the discomfited colonel.

"Fishing for fish?" was the laconic query.

"Of course," was the equally laconic answer.

"Just to pass the time?" said the stranger.

"Yes," was grunted out by the colonel.

"Then it's all right," was the tantalizing reply.

The colonel's dander rose, as he asked, "Well, now, stranger, suppose I wasn't fishing just to pass the time?"

"Then I'd feel it my duty to tell you that this lake was drained off last week and every blessed fish scooped out. This 'ere water came in from the last rain."

As the colonel handed round his flask he thought how important it was that a fisherman should know something of the waters he set out to fish in.

And so it is. Luck has a good deal to do with fishing, but other things being equal, there's nothing like using some judgment as to the water and the kind of fish one is after.

Fishermen can spend any amount of money on tackle, they can live at expensive hotels and go in for style. But good, practical working tackle may be bought cheaply and plain, homely living enjoyed in a tent, if the fisherman is not afraid of roughing it.

"A" tents, about 7 by 7, are large enough for two cronies who want to get some fun out of a fishing trip. The material to be used is drilling, and if it is not convenient to make one's own, comfortable tent quarters, strongly manufactured, with good poles and pins ready to be put up anywhere, can be bought for $5. Of course there are all sorts of company outfits, and all styles tents, and as in fishing tackle, a large latitude of taste and fancy may be indulged in by the fisherman. To satisfy the camping out fever many requisites are necessary. One must hit upon a pleasant place, and for tent life there must be clean water, plenty of fireroom and some game and fish ready to hand. But with these and a cosy nook for shelter, and a view on the shores of a lake or on the banks of a stream, and good weather, the fisher's life in a tent is pretty enjoyable. Camping-out in a storm does take the starch out of a fellow, but even bad weather can be borne, when the heart is in the fun. The Androscoggin lakes being 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and entirely surrounded by mountains, the air is sharp and bracing.

Three weeks of life in a tent at a high altitude will give any dyspeptic an appetite which will astonish him and do him more good than all the doctors could in three years.

As to the cost of tackle:

For bass bait fishing here is a serviceable and cheap outfit: Rod, $1.50; reel, 75 cents to $1.50; line, 50 cents to $1; two-yard leaders, 30 cents to 50 cents; hooks, 35 cents to 50 cents a dozen; artificial bait, trolling spoon and minnow, 20 cents to $1 each. This affords fishermen a very low-priced outfit suitable for all practical purposes of bait fishing.

For perch or pickerel fishing even a cheaper outfit is at hand, the rod costing 75 cents to $1.50; reel, 35 cents to 75 cents; line, 20 cents to 50 cents; hooks, 15 cents to 75 cents a dozen; trolling spoon, 35 cents to 65 cents.

For fly fishing a practical lancewood rod, $3 to $5; reel, $1.25; line, $1 to $2.75; leaders, 40 cents to 50 cents each; trout flies, $1.25 to $1.50 a dozen, and bass flies, $1.25 to $2.50 a dozen.

Besides the cheap tackle within the reach of the poorest who desire to go a fishing there is a medium-priced tackle and also silver-mounted paraphernalia of the most expensive kind. Outfits may be bought at any price from $10 to $150, according to taste or fancy.

As to fishing points, near and afar: Every line of railroad will convey the angler to his wished-for paradise by the lone sad sea, the bubbling brook, the flowing river, or the mountain stream.

Good fishing can be had at Silver lake, Wakefield, Spot pond, Malden, off the rocks at Nahant and Marblehead, on Paddock island, opposite Hull, off Boston light in the harbor, around Brant rock, Mass., in Cut river, near Marshfield, at the head of which is a rock in the deep sea, in the ponds at Plymouth, Mass., and all over New England, in New Hampshire and Maine especially. For fly fishing Maine cannot be beaten—Moosehead lake, and the Rangeley region leading as fishing grounds. Then there is Massapoag lake at Sharon, and the numerous ponds near Wakefield, Lynnfield and Beverly. Plymouth county, Mass., by the way, contains more available ponds for bass, perch and pickerel than any other known territory in New England. Fine salmon can be caught in the Merrimac river, between Lawrence and Lowell.

On the Central Vermont there are many picturesque places where excellent fishing may be had, places offering rest and quiet, delightful scenery and stimulating air.

With rivers that move in majesty
And complaining brooks.

"Paul Smith's" famous fishing grounds may be reached from Boston by this road. This resort is in the "howling wilderness" on the north side of the lower St. Regis lake. A writer thus describes the place: "Paul Smith's is a surprise to everybody,



"CAMPING OUT" AT MOLECHUNKAMUNK LAKE.

an astonishing mixture of fish and fashion, pianos and puppies, brussels carpeting and cowhide boots. . . . Out on the lake the theoretical veteran casts all manner of flies; in the parlors the contents of huge Saratoga trunks are scientifically displayed and nets are spread for a different kind of fish." A telegraph line connects this fishing resort with the outer world. The lower St. Regis lake is about two miles long by one broad, and discharges west through the middle branch of the St. Regis river. It is about 1600 feet above tide, and the surrounding country is diversified by a multitude of small lakes and ponds.

Rouse's Point, situated at the north end of Lake Champlain, commanding many fine views, embracing numerous islands, affords excellent opportunities for good fishing, and it is moreover an attractive resort, but it is 288 miles from Boston.

Highgate Springs, about 279 miles from Boston, is a favorite place for professors of the gentle art. Here is Missisquoi bay, two miles wide, which teems with finny tribes throughout its entire length of 30 miles—pickerel, black bass and muskalonge being found in great abundance.

St. Albans is a stopping place, 265 miles from Boston, from which a drive of but two and a half miles brings the fisherman to St. Albans bay, an arm of Lake Champlain. Extending the drive along the bay to Hathaway's Point, abundant facilities for fishing may be found. This locality, known to piscatorial sports as the Great Back Bay, is quite famous with all who love the rod and reel, and affords fine angling for bass and pike.

The Vermont fish laws allow black bass, wall-eyed pike or pike perch to be caught between June 1 and Feb. 1; trout, land-locked salmon, salmon trout, or 'longe, between May 1 and Sept. 1; black bass less than 10 inches long to be returned at once to the water and set free, fishing with pound-net, trap-net, set-net or any device other than hook and line or angling being unlawful.

On the Grand Trunk there are numerous fishing resorts, in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire. The fishing territory reached on this road is vast and excellent, and the company send out a well-arranged guide as to the best spots, the time for fishing, bait, etc. The Muskoka lakes are a beautiful range of waters, adjoining each other for 50 miles, and they are situated at an altitude of 750 feet above the level of Lake Ontario, the waters being filled with the choicest varieties of the finny tribes.

In Island pond, county Essex, Vt., there is good fishing. There are here a number of ponds full of trout which are easily reached. Land-locked salmon and lake trout may be caught in Seymour and Maidstone lakes and Echo pond. Pickerel waters too are numerous. The trout streams slightly distant are Black branch North branch, East branch, Yellow branch, Mulhiggin river and Ferron's river. There is a fine trout pond at Nortons Mills, in the same county, with fishing through July, August and September, baits used, worms flies and minnows.

The chain of lakes known as the Androscoggin, lying near the western boundary of Maine, are good fishing grounds. These lakes are severally named, Oquossoc, Capsuptic, Mooselucmaguntic, Molechunkamunk, Welokennebacook, and Umbagog.

Little Kennebago is a pond affording good fishing, and the Seven Ponds, a great place for trout fishing, may be reached by following up the stream from Little Kennebago.

Parmachenee lake, 50 miles north of Umbagog, is situated in a vast wilderness, a gem of its kind, with a peculiar beauty of its own, and is fast coming into notice as a resort for fishermen. It waters are filled with trout and the scenery round about is enchanting.

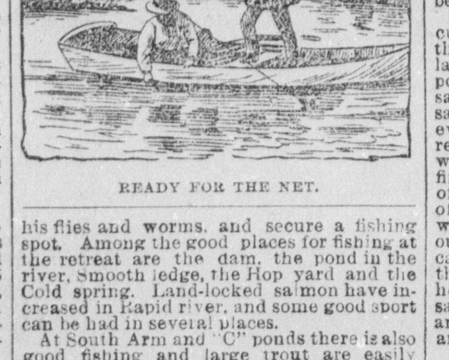
Campers out will find the Androscoggin lakes region a veritable fishers' paradise.

Tyler cove is a beautiful expanse of water, met just after passing Bear island in this region. At the head of this cove is a fine sand beach. It is an excellent place for trout, and camping parties delight to pitch their tents here for a few days.

Above Pine Point, the wildest point of Umbagog lake, is the inlet where the Rapid river ends its wild career. Crossing the bay Sturtevant cove is reached, then a rocky headland, and in front of this is the deep fishing ground where specimens of the salmo fontinalis, weighing from three to eight pounds, are taken from their natural element to find themselves later on in the frying pan.

At Sunday Cove landing connection may be made for the Anglers' retreat, five miles distant, where there is a camp.

This retreat is a favorite stopping place for ladies, and offers fine facilities for fishing, with excellent accommodations. If the visitor is an enthusiastic fisherman he will have a try at the trout before dinner. Off he will go with his rod and landing-net,



READY FOR THE NET.

his flies and worms, and secure a fishing spot. Among the good places for fishing at the retreat are the dam, the pond in the river, Smooth ledge, the Hop yard and the Cold spring. Land-locked salmon have increased in Rapid river, and some good sport can be had in several places.

At South Arm and "C" ponds there is also good fishing and large trout are easily caught. On towards Upper Dam can be seen Camp Whitney, as the mouth of Mosquito brook wherein spring and summer time small trout can be taken, and where during September the fishing is excellent. Some of the best fishing places at the Upper Dam are in the piers and apron of the dam and trout cove, and it pays to take a rowboat up to the head of the lake and throw a fly round the mouth of Richardson brook. Beaver brook and the west arm of the islands.

Extraordinary catches of trout are reported from the region of the Upper Dam. Besides the big trout landlocked salmon are freely taken. Ladies are successful fishermen in this region. Camp Caribou, located on Treat's island, offers fine trout fishing in September at various near-by points.

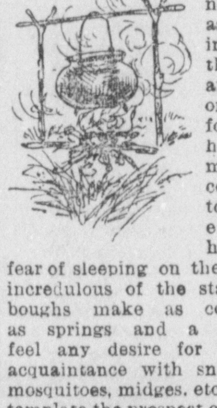
"Among the many natural beauties of New England," says a writer, "its lakes and streams command a noble and conspicuous place. From the placid loveliness of the lowland ponds, environed by grassy hills and rich farm lands, to the wild picturesqueness of the far Northern lakes, where the weird cry of the loon is heard at night and the moose and deer come down to drink, there is almost every variety of water-scenery and of attractions for the lover of nature and the sportsman. When the tired city man closes his ledgers and his desk and reverts to thoughts of the joys of younger days, he cheerily says, 'I go a-fishing,' and starts off for the grassy banks and rocky shores and darkling forest pools, when the trout and bass and pickerel may be drawn flashing in the fair summer sun."

Among other fishing grounds are: Lake Winnipesaukee, Lake Winnisquam, for winter fishing, Asquam lake, Spofford, Sunapee, Webster, Mascoma, Newfound, Willoughby, Memphremagog, Connecticut, Megantic and Sebago lakes, and the Dead river.

To those wearied by the sea and the mountains, the great lake country of New England offers many attractions, especially to the fisherman. Then there is frontier fishing for the man who would stray from the States. The entire frontier of New Brunswick is lined with splendid fishing regions. Trout fishing may be had on the St. Croix and the Chipuneticook lakes, in the great Netunk of the Schoodic lakes, and from St. Andrew's opens the famous fishing region of Lake Utopia and the connected waters.

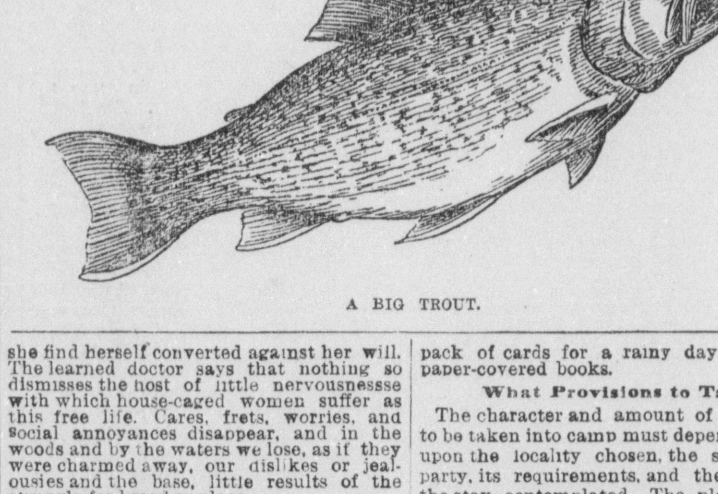
CAMP COOKERY.

How One May Boil, Bake Bread and Perform All Necessary Culinary Operations in a Gypsy Kettle.



CAMPING OUT is said to be a thoroughly American mode of getting a vacation, and it is certainly gaining in popularity each season among our people. Men do not need much urging as a general thing to induce them to try this method of life, and a taste for it once acquired is never forgotten. Women, however, at least most women, must be coaxed a little at first to make them try the experiment. They have a wholesome fear of sleeping on the damp ground, are incredulous of the statement that pine boughs make as comfortable a bed as springs and a mattress, do not feel any desire for a more intimate acquaintance with snakes, spiders, ants, mosquitoes, midges, etc., and cannot contemplate the prospect of spending hours of each day over a brush fire cooking for a hungry crew with insufficient utensils and no kitchen conveniences, as one of unalloyed bliss.

Let not such a woman read Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's essay in "Doctor and Patient" on "Outdoor and Camp Life for Women," lest



A BIG TROUT.

she find herself converted against her will. The learned doctor says that nothing so dismisses the host of little nervousnesse with which house-caged women suffer as this free life. Cares, frets, worries, and social annoyances disappear, and in the woods and by the waters we lose, as if they were charmed away, our dislikes or jealousies and the base, little results of the struggle for bread or place.

The man who lives out of doors awhile acquires better sense of moral proportions, and thinks patiently and not under stress, making tranquil companions of his worthy thoughts. This is a great thing, not to be hurried. There seems to me always more time out of doors than in houses, and if you have intellectual problems to settle, the cool quiet of the woods or the lounging comfort of the canoe, or to be out under "the huge and thoughtful night," has many times seemed to me helpful. Thought is more sober; one becomes a better friend to one's self.

But the Cooking?

Well, it must be confessed that the cooking is the most difficult of all the difficulties in the way of camping out to the mind of the average woman. She knows very well that things do not cook themselves in camp any more than in the kitchen at home. She knows that campers-out always have huge appetites according to their own testimony, and she judges, quite properly, that a process which is laborious and often disagreeable over a modern kitchen range, with hot and cold water, tables, and plenty of dishes and other utensils at hand, does not become any easier when all these conditions are lacking. "It may be fun for you, but its death on the cooks" is her rather bitter prognostication when enthusiastic schemes are laid before her.

There are, however, many mitigating circumstances which are not at first seen. In the first place there is really much less labor involved than at first blush seems possible. There are big appetites to be satisfied it is true, but they are so easily satisfied. The sauce of hunger seasons everything, and the plainest fare has a relish that makes it seem delicious, and wins for it compliments which Delmonico's finest dishes would not get from the owners of jaded town palates, spoiled by all sorts of indulgences. Indeed if a housekeeper wishes to have her skill as a cook thoroughly appreciated she should take up camp cooking for a time. She will find that those who could not be pleased with her best efforts in town are now more than satisfied with far less ambitious attempts, and she will be happy accordingly. Quantity and not quality will be the thing desired.

Then, too, the dishes which are prepared in camp, besides being necessarily simpler in construction are much fewer in number. A man who demands an elaborate "course" dinner in town will dine contentedly in camp on baked beans, or a chowder, or fried fish, or whatever the one dish may be, provided only it is good and there is enough of it.

Cooking in town moreover, is greatly complicated by the setting of tables, the clearing away, the washing of dishes and the like. But in camp all these processes are reduced to the minimum and are easily disposed of with the energy which the out-of-door life always brings. In fact, so much do these and other minor circumstances modify the case that the dread cooking is always found, by those who once get their courage up to the sticking point of making the attempt, to be in reality no longer a labor, but only one of the numerous forms of recreation attendant upon camp life.

Stove, Fire and Dishes.

The question of what one shall take or leave is so modified by the size of the party, place to which one goes, the method of getting there, the length of one's stay and subsequent movements, that it is impossible to lay down any but the most general rules on this subject. The cardinal principle, however, in every case and under all circumstances should be to take just as little baggage as possible. It is a bother to have much when in camp, it is a nuisance to cart about and look after, and an expensive luxury in many instances when conveyances are hard to obtain.

Let this rule guide the selection of every article taken to camp.

There are a great many devices for camp-stoves in the outfits made up for camping parties, and some of them are excellent contrivances. A stove, however, is a heavy and cumbersome article at the best and should not be taken if it can be avoided. A gypsy fire will do all the necessary cooking for a small party, though it might be well to have an oil stove for rainy days. The top of a common cook stove, with covers and pipe to fit, which can be bought at any junk store for a trifle, makes a very good arrangement for dry weather. This may be placed over stones piled up closely to form the sides, or a place may be dug out in the side of a bank and walled up, over which to lay the stove top. Be sure said top is well balanced and securely held in place, else down will come cover, dinner and all some fine day. The draught may be regulated by an opening in front, closed when necessary with a flat stone. Don't get a stove top and carry it for miles when the country village nearest your camping place can furnish it at much less expenditure of money and trouble. This hint might be extended to other items also. Supplies of meal, flour, molasses, kerosene, codfish, beans, pork, and many other of the necessities of life may be obtained at the last village if one intends going far into the wilderness; or if one camps within five miles of a town such supplies can be renewed easily when failing.

For cooking utensils and table dishes, take an iron kettle with cover, large, with round, smooth bottom; a second kettle smaller, packing inside the first if convenient; a big iron "spider"; a broiler, or two, if possible, so as to keep one exclusively for fish; a saucepan or two with covers; coffeepot and teapot, of granite ware, with lip instead of spout, riveted on; tin plates, cups, steel knives, plated forks and spoons enough to "go around," with a few extra ones; two or three sharp knives, large and small, for preparing vegetables, fish, meat, etc.; large pails, one of wood and one of tin, and dippers for water; tins for baking biscuit and other bread, if an oven is to be used; a farina kettle for oatmeal, mush, hominy, etc., which may be taken instead of the second iron kettle named above if the baggage threatens to be too large a package; tin pans in which to wash dishes; can for milk; guns, ammunition and fishing tackle; stout drilling bags for provisions; an iron bean pot with cover, if it can be carried conveniently.

In the way of miscellany may be mentioned matches, soap and sapolio for bathing and washing dishes and clothing, dish towels and an iron dishcloth, strings and ropes, a small lantern and kerosene oil, a stout bag or two thread, needles and pins, shovel, axe and hatchet, hammer, saw and nails, court plaster, Jamaica ginger, pocket knife, scissors, can-opener, small flask of brandy, mosquito mixture and netting, pack of cards for a rainy day and some paper-covered books.

What Provisions to Take.

The character and amount of provisions to be taken into camp must depend entirely upon the locality chosen, the size of the party, its requirements, and the length of the stay contemplated. The place of the camp determines the nature of the commissary supplies more than anything else. If near a village, where the staples of life may be bought at the country "store," one need not take from home many things which may be found there. If the camp is inland, certain kinds of food might be taken which would not be necessary on the seashore—salt codfish, for example. So, after all, each camper-out must use his own judgment to a great degree in selecting his stores. Some articles, however, may be mentioned as "standard," as useful in the woods as on the shore, and absolutely necessary, whether taken from home or purchased at the last village on the frontier of civilization before the final plunge into the wilderness.

Of these are Hecker's prepared flour—wheat, rye, Indian and graham, which ensures good bread and griddle cakes. Where this is not readily obtained the ordinary flour and meal, with baking powder, or soda, must be taken. Salt pork, smoked ham, breakfast bacon, dried beef, salt fish, where fresh cannot be obtained, eggs, pilot bread and crackers, cheese, canned fruit and vegetables, if fresh are not at hand, potatoes, beans, onions, molasses, sugar, salt, pepper, ginger, vinegar, butter, tea, coffee, chocolate, rice, oatmeal, condensed milk, if fresh cannot be found. All the above will be found very useful in camp, though a few of the articles might be classed under the head of luxuries.

Among camp luxuries, which may be taken provided transportation is a simple matter or the stay is to be a long one, may be mentioned sardines, olives, mixed pickles, jellies, and pots of jam or marmalade, fancy biscuit or sweet crackers in tins, a photographic outfit, potted meats and fish.

Many who are very good cooks at home, with a well arranged and well stocked kitchen at command, might fail ignominiously in camp through lack of experience in doing things in very simple ways, which shall yet bring about good results. For the benefit of these, as well as for the men who rush rashly into camping out, evidently expecting to be fed like Elijah of old, a few recipes and general directions are given below. Some of these are drawn from the experience of an old camper-out, while for others various valuable works on culinary topics have been consulted, including Mrs. Lincoln's "Boston Cook-Book," Miss Parloa's "Camp Cookery," Flora Haines Loughead's "Quick Cookery," Sallie Joy White's "Housekeepers and Homemakers," Hubbard's "Summer Vacations at Moosehead Lake," etc.

How to Cook in Camp.

If a stove is taken it is, of course, used as any stove; but a gypsy fire is not so easily managed. Choose a flat, hard spot on which to build the fire, and be careful that it is not near pine needles, along which fire runs as if bewitched if set by a chance spark or scattered brand. Dried leaves or grass are also dangerous, and great care should be taken in the woods not to start a dangerous and expensive forest fire. Drive a very stout, green, forked stick on either side the fire, and lay a stout green stick across for a crane. This may be fixed at the right height to swing the kettle directly upon it, or it may be made higher if a big hook has been brought to lower the pot so that it is near enough to the fire. A few thin flat rocks are a great assistance in cooking, being excellent to broil fish upon, as was described in THE GLOBE article on "Picnic Days," last Sunday, as well as useful in keeping the coffee hot and in various other ways.

While the principal dish of the day—the stew, chowder or what-not—is steaming away in the big kettle, a bed of coals may be drawn to one side of the fire on which to cook the coffee, spider cake or biscuit, and thus several operations may be going on at once, as in the most modern of kitchens.

Bread, the staff of life, shall come first in this consideration of camp delicacies.

A Hoe Cake.

This is one of the most appetizing of camping out dainties and is made as follows: Pour boiling water over one cup of Indian meal until the meal is well scalded and the batter thin enough to spread easily; add half a teaspoonful of salt; spread the mixture by tablespoonfuls on a hot frying pan or griddle which has been well-greased by a salt pork rind, and fry until brown, but take care not to scorch it. When browned upon one side turn and brown upon the other. If the frying pan be not at hand spread the hoe cake mixture on a floured board, slant it up before the open fire, and cook the hoe cake in its original fashion. A smooth flat stone, which has been heated and sprinkled with flour, may be substituted for the board if more convenient.

Ash Cakes.

These are made of meal, cold water and salt, in the proportions of one quart of meal, one teacupful cold water and one teaspoonful salt. Mix together and shape with the hand into long oval cakes; have a good fire and a clean place just before it on which to place the cakes. When they have dried a little draw the hot ashes over them, covering them completely, and let them remain till done. Try one of them after they have been in the ashes for 15 minutes. If dry and firm they are done. When drawn from the fire brush off the ashes and eat hot. These are the genuine, old-fashioned a h-cakes, or corn "pones," as they are called in certain portions of the South. They are particularly nice when eaten with a glass of fresh buttermilk; and if camp chances to be near a farmhouse the camper-out is advised to watch for churning day, and accommodate his "pones" to the chances of getting some from the farmer's wife.

A Short Cake.

Take one quart of flour, three heaping tablespoonfuls of baking powder (unless the Hecker flour is used), and half a teaspoonful of salt; mix well, and rub in two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter; mix with cold water into a dough soft enough to roll easily. Roll half an inch thick, cut into rounds and bake slowly on griddle or frying-pan, greased with a pork rind, and set over the hot coals. If the bread board and rolling-pin are at home lay a napkin or a clean, smooth piece of thick brown paper on a board, flat box, seat of a boat or flat stone; and for a rolling-pin take a round stick of wood, peeled for the purpose, a bottle or a round tin can. The top of the baking-powder box makes a good cake cutter, or the dough may be cut into squares with a well floured knife. Of course it is understood that board and rolling-pin are to be well floured also, to prevent sticking.

Drop or Batter Cakes

are delicious. They are cooked on a frying pan or griddle and must be eaten hot. Take one pint Indian meal, half a pint of flour, two eggs and a pinch of salt. Beat up the eggs thoroughly, stir in the salt, then meal and flour, and add sweet milk to make a thin batter. Drop by spoonfuls on griddle, and when one side is brown turn and cook the other. Butter while hot.

The above give a goodly variety of bread stuffs, with the biscuit, pilot bread, etc., brought from home. But if a further variety is still sought one might try

Scotch Scones.

Take two-thirds of a cup of warm, sweet milk, and butter size of an egg, dissolved in it: two heaping cupfuls sifted flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, half a teaspoonful salt; mix, roll out into a stiff, flat cake, half an inch thick, and bake on a buttered griddle 15 minutes, browning on both sides. Split and butter while hot.

If sweet milk is not at hand and buttermilk may be obtained then make thus: Sift one quart of flour, to which you have put half a teaspoonful of soda, and mix with buttermilk until the dough is as stiff as that for rolls made with soda. Roll this dough half an inch thick and bake it on a hot griddle in two large cakes. Jam or marmalade is eaten with them.

Hominy, Oatmeal, Etc.

These are very nice in camp. Especially the hominy, which is good served with any sort of meat, warm or cold, with milk or butter or syrup, and excellent fried in slices or made into griddle cakes. Wash a cup of hominy in two waters, stir into one quart of boiling water with a little salt and boil from 30 to 60 minutes, better if the longer time can be allowed. To make hominy griddle cakes add a pint of milk or water and a pint of flour to one pint warm boiled hominy. Beat up two or three eggs and stir into the batter with a little salt. Fry on hot greased griddle.

Milk toast is good made of pilot bread. Put a quart of milk into a spider or a tin pail set into a kettle of water. When boiling add two spoonfuls of flour wet up to a paste with a half cup of milk or water, a spoonful of butter and salt to taste; let this boil a few minutes and then add the toasted pilot bread, or any pieces of stale bread which may be on hand.

Cooking Fish.

If the camp be established by the seashore fish will be the "chief of the diet" of the camper out; the appetizing ways in which the various fishes may be cooked are simply innumerable, and it is hard to choose among them all.

Fish Chowder.

Take a five-pound cod or haddock, clean thoroughly and skin, remove the backbone, and cut into small pieces. Pare and skin a quart of potatoes and put to soak in cold water. Fry four slices fat salt pork cut into fine pieces in the bottom of the big kettle in which the chowder is to be made. Fry slowly till all the fat is out, but take care it does not burn. Skim out the bits of pork and put into the hot fat two onions sliced, and the potatoes, cover with boiling water and cook 10 minutes; add salt, pepper and a little butter. Put in the fish and cook for eight minutes. Add a quart of hot milk



"IN CAMP."

and a tablespoonful of flour wet up in cold water. Add a dozen crackers at the last moment.

Fish may be fried, broiled or baked as preferred. Some sportsmen like trout rolled in indian meal and fried in salt pork fat, as is done by the housewives in the Catskill regions; but the gourmand knows that the delicate flavor of this fish is retained better if broiled. Eels are delicious if skinned, allowed to stand for a few minutes in boiling water and then cut into pieces and fried.

A Clam Chowder

may be made like the fish chowder described above, using the clam water instead of milk if preferred, and adding the clams towards the last, giving them time to heat through only, as long cooking toughens clams.

A regular Rhode Island clambake was described in last Sunday's GLOBE.

There are some excellent lessons to be learned from a camping-out experience. One is that of husbanding one's resources, and another is that of making the most of everything. The thrifty camp housekeeper grows to appreciate at their full culinary value the cress by the brook side, the dandelion leaves for greens, the sorrel for salad, the mushrooms of the pasture, the frog which disturbs her slumbers but is excellent broiled, the eels and other "small fry" which she would never think of buying at home, but which make such capital camp dishes. The housekeeper learns, too, the great variety of wholesome and appetizing fare which may be evolved from a limited range of raw materials by thought and skill—and with all this gain of wisdom, together with browned skin, strong body and freshened mind, her vacation has indeed been a most profitable one for her.

JEAN KINCAID.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

EVEN INFIDELS PRAY.

Talmage Describes Scenes in Johnstown.

Avalanche of Wretchedness and the People All Plucky.

Bibles Not Thrown Away, 'Tis a Scoundrelly Falsehood.

NEW YORK, July 19.—The World received today the following letter from Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, giving his impressions of Johnstown's horror:

JOHNSTOWN, Penn., July 19, 1889.

First of all when I came here was I impressed with the courage and pluck of the survivors of the catastrophe. They will, with the help of outsiders, rebuild their city, and in five years it will be a more prosperous place than it ever was. They are an honest people, and can get any amount of commercial credit they ask for. Many of the citizens temporarily absent will return, and comfortable homes, large storehouses and great factories will stand where now are awful ruins.

The stories circulated about the Johnstown people having lost their faith in God and given up the Christian religion because of this calamity I denounce as false and scoundrelly. The pastors tell me that there was not one such case. On the contrary there is more prayer and Christian devotion than ever before. Even infidels pray. One of them the afternoon of the disaster in the upper room of a house which was rapidly filling with water was overheard to pray:

"Oh, God, if you can give me any aid at this time I will be very much obliged to you."

All that story published through the land about the people of Johnstown in disgust burning their Bibes is a hemispheric lie.

The work that has been done here by their own ministers and physicians and good men and women, and without compensation, should be spoken of everywhere. In applauding the outside workers we have neglected to appreciate the Johnstown Howards and Florence Nightingales, who may be counted by the score, though they saved nothing from the wreck except the clothes on their own persons.

Let all the people North, South, East and West and on both sides of the sea understand that in their gifts to the flooded districts they did not do too much or give too quickly. Not 5 per cent. of the anguish has been told. My heart is wrung with what I have seen today.

Can it be possible that this is the beautiful and hospitable Johnstown that I saw in other days?

Where once was a street, suggesting Euclid avenue, Cleveland, is a long ridge of sand strewn with broken planks and twisted iron.

At the moment when a great freshet, which had been raging for hours, had begun to assuage a wave from 12 to 20 feet high rolls over the already angry waters and on that surmounting wave floated 800 houses. 28 locomotives from the roundhouse and hundreds of people, many dead, many dying, a mass of helpless and appalled humanity.

Two thousand dead discovered and 2000 missing make me believe that the story of how many thousand perished will never be told until the resurrection trumpet will sound.

To show how accustomed to scenes of death this district has become, today, while a human body was being taken out of the ruins and I stood looking aghast at the spectacle and the laborers, no crowd gathered and workmen 100 feet away did not stop their work.

Such an avalanche of wretchedness never slipped upon any American city.

Horrors piled on horrors.

Woe augmenting woe.

Bankruptcy or phanacy, widowhood, childlessness, obliterated homesteads, gorged cemeteries and scenes so excruciating it is a marvel that any one could look upon them and escape insanity.

No fear that sympathy for Johnstown be overdone!

The $2,500,000 contributed is a small amount compared with the $30,000,000 by this flood demolished.

Was the work of devastation as great as I supposed?

Far worse.

Types cannot tell it; only the eye can make revelation. But the worst part of it cannot be seen. The heart wreck caused by the sudden departure of so many can be open to only one eye, and that the All Seeing.

Think of one family of 14 all dead except one, and that the wife and mother, and she the witness of their drowning.

I saw the grave trench in which 260 were buried, and the whole graveyard is like a national cemetery, in which the unrecognized dead have a particular number placed above them and recorded in the undertaker's rooms, with a description of the body and clothes.

I can well understand how many of the survivors who had buried their kindred before this disaster occurred, thanked God that they were gone, saying: "Oh, I am so glad that they escaped this."

Long after contributions of money have ceased Johnstown will stand in need of the sympathy of all nations. Let those who tonight have roofs over their heads and their families around them, or the bodies of their dear departed in garlanded sepulchres, give at least one prayerful thought to the shattered homesteads of Johnstown, and those who know not in what depth of river or what pile of debris the beloved form of father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or child may be slumbering.

Among the Johnstown people who have been heroic, assiduous and self-denying, I mention Rev. David J. Beale, D. D., who has presided over the morgue and been an inspiration and hope and cheer to all the people. On the night of the disaster, having escaped with his family from the topmost windows of his house, and climbing across the roofs of floating houses he entered the windows of a tall building where there were on three floors 250 people, and he spent the night going from floor to floor praying with the distressed and frantic, and uttering words eloquent with good cheer.

But room would fail to write not the five but the 500 acts of this tragedy of centuries.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A Wonderful Development.

[Electrical Review.]

There are now in use in the United States more than 5650 central electric stations for light and power. There are 210,000 arc lights and 2,600,000 incandescent lamps. There were 59 electrical railways in operation in March last and 86 roads in process of construction. The increase of capital in electrical investments during 1888 was nearly $70,000,000. These are very significant figures and they point unmistakably to the course of inventions and discoveries.

An Explanation.

[Texas Siftings.]

Would-be Purchaser—These cigars are smaller than usual?

Tobacconist—Yes; you see the cigar manufacturer noticed that the last two inches of the cigar are always thrown away, so he makes them now that much shorter.

"Pearl-top" lamp-chimneys do not break in use; they are made of tough glass by Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh. Your dealer probably has them, if not he will thank you to make him acquainted with them.

The makers will send you a primer on glass, tough glass, lead glass, for lamp-chimneys. Lead glass is tough.

Chimneys are mostly made of brittle lime glass, partly because it is cheap, and partly because it is brittle. Makers are apt to think the sooner things wear out or break the better for business. It may be for business, but not, we suspect, for *their* business.

Macbeth & Co. pay a dealer to give new chimneys for any that break in use.

wy2t jy24

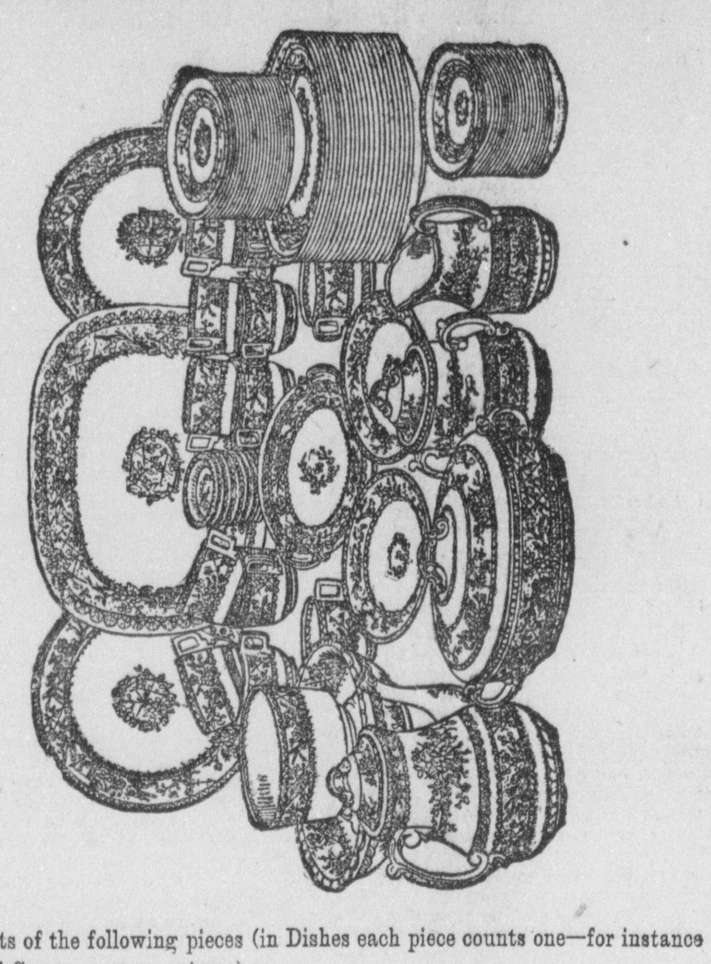
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HEIRS wanted for $8000; Charles E. Swanson, John E. Swanson and Alma D. Swanson, children of Augustus Swanson, deceased, formerly of Bangor, Maine, will find it to their advantage to write to MOSES J. TAYLOR, Executor, at Eustis, Florida. wy13t m1

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Consists of the following pieces (in Dishes each piece counts one—for instance Teapot and Cover count two pieces):

1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 pieces). 2 Butter Plates, 5 in. 1 Meat Plate, 12 in
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